

SUPERMAN

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Post-**CRISIS**
ON INFINITE EARTHS

Legends

Post-**CRISIS**
Legends

Volume
11

SUNG IN THE CATHEDRALS, WHISPERED IN THE SHADOWS... EVER UNCHANGING, SELDOM UNCHANGED... BRIGHT INCANDESCENCE, THE BLACK OF THE PIT... SUCH IS THE STUFF OF...

LEGENDS

"ONCE UPON A TIME...!"

BEYOND THE BRITTLE BARRIERS OF SANITY, THERE IS THE PLANET APOKOLIPS...

HERE, WHERE EVEN MILES-HIGH COLUMNS OF FLAME SPEWED CEASELESSLY BY AWESOME ENERGY-PITS FAIL TO PENETRATE THE ETERNAL DARKNESS, JOY IS UNKNOWN AND HOPE IS A CAPITAL OFFENSE...

6-2675
HERE, THERE IS NO PRIDE, THERE IS NO PASSION, THERE IS NO PITY; THERE IS ONLY ORDER--

--COMPLETE, ABSOLUTE, IMMUTABLE!

JOHN
OSTRANDER
PLOTTER

LEN
WEIN
SCRIPTER

JOHN
BYRNE
PENCILLER

KARL
KESEL
INKER

STEVE
HAYNIE
LETTERER

TOM
ZILKO
COLORIST

MIKE
GOLD
EDITOR

ABOVE THE SPRAWLING DECADENCE AND SQUALOR, THE ARCHITECT OF THIS DARK NIGHTMARE PROWLs HIS HIGH TOWER AND SURVEYS WHAT HIS CALLOUSED HAND HAS WROUGHT--

--AND HE IS PLEASED BY WHAT HE SEES...

FOR A TIME, HIS SLAVES--HIS HUNGER DOGS--HAD REBELLED AGAINST HIS ORDER, BUT NOW THAT TIME IS PAST...

ONCE AGAIN, THERE IS BUT ONE LAW, ONE VOICE, ONE WORD ON BLEAK APOKOLIPS--

--AND THAT WORD IS DARKSEID!

BEHOLD PERFECTION, CUNNING DESAAD!

IN THE GUTTERS BELOW US, NO MOUSE STIRS, NO HEAD IS RAISED.

THEN ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE, SIRE.

AYE, I HAVE FORGED ORDER FROM CHAOS AS WAS MY UNALTERABLE DESTINY--

--AND YET I AM ILL AT EASE!

YOU ARE CLEVER, DESAAD...

...TELL ME WHY!

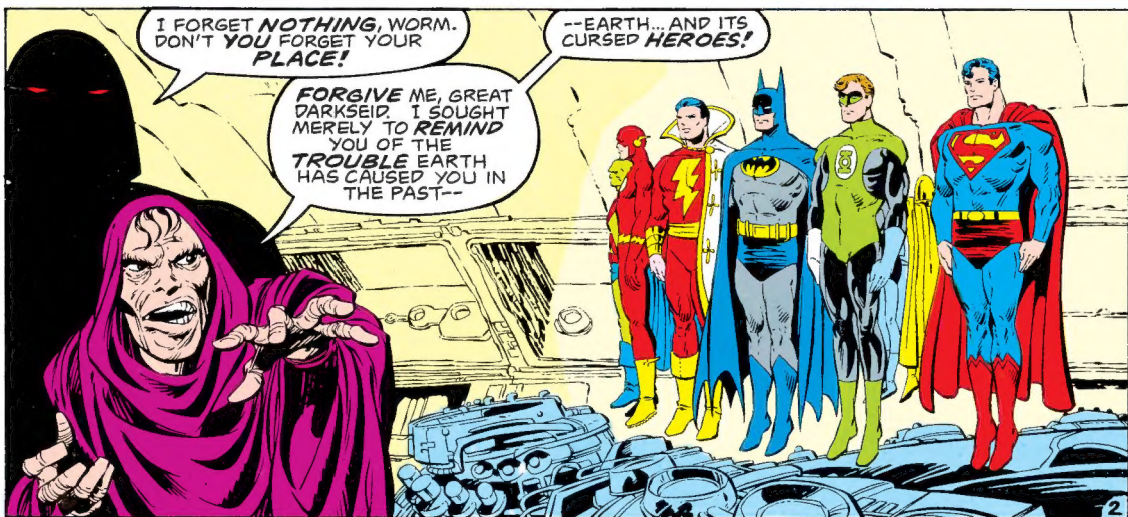
PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE ALL IS NOT IN ORDER, MASTER--

--OR HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN THAT IRRITATING LITTLE PLANET CALLED EARTH?

I FORGET NOTHING, WORM. DON'T YOU FORGET YOUR PLACE!

--EARTH... AND ITS CURSED HEROES!

FORGIVE ME, GREAT DARKSEID. I SOUGHT MERELY TO REMIND YOU OF THE TROUBLE EARTH HAS CAUSED YOU IN THE PAST--





AYE, TO SOME THESE PUNY CREATURES ARE **LEGENDS**, THE STORIES OF THEIR **GREATNESS** INSPIRING **OTHERS** TO GREATNESS AS WELL!

PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE AT THE **CORE** OF THE PROBLEM --TO DESTROY THE VERY **CONCEPT** OF SUCH **LEGENDS**!

THEN, PERHAPS, HUMANITY WILL BECOME MORE... **COMPLIANT**.



DESAAD, SUMMON **GLORIOUS GODFREY** AND **DOCTOR BEDLAM** TO MY CHAMBERS! THE TIME IS AT HAND TO--

YOUR **PARDON**, SIRE--BUT THEY ARE **ALREADY HERE**!

OH?

THEN SHOW THEM **IN**!



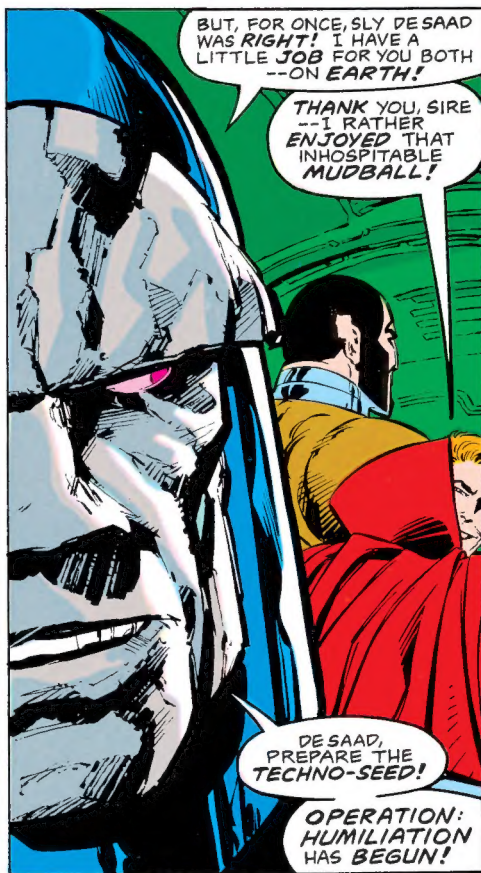
AND HAVE YOU TWO NOW BECOME **MIND-READERS** AS WELL?

HARDLY, YOUR **RADIANCE**! DESAAD **SENT** FOR US A SHORT **WHILE** AGO.

HE SAID YOU MIGHT HAVE **NEED** OF US!

OH, DID HE **NOW**?

HOW... **CONVENIENT**.

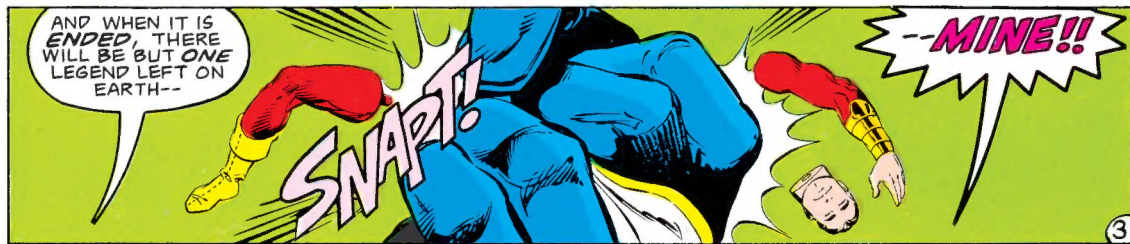


BUT, FOR ONCE, **SLY DESAAD** WAS **RIGHT**! I HAVE A **LITTLE JOB** FOR YOU BOTH --ON **EARTH**!

THANK YOU, SIRE --I RATHER **ENJOYED** THAT **INHOSPITABLE MUDBALL**!

DESAAD, PREPARE THE **TECHNO-SEED**!

OPERATION: HUMILIATION HAS **BEGUN**!



AND WHEN IT IS **ENDED**, THERE WILL BE BUT **ONE** **LEGEND** LEFT ON **EARTH**--

SNAPT!

--**MINE!!**

A UNIVERSE AWAY, ON THE AFOREMENTIONED PLANET CALLED EARTH, IN A CITY ALTERNATELY CALLED THE BIG APPLE AND OTHER NAMES QUITE UNPRINTABLE, AT THE QUEENS FACILITIES OF AN ORGANIZATION CALLED SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCED RESEARCH...

YOUR HELP HERE HAS BEEN IMMEASURABLE, PROFESSOR STEIN.

FRANKLY, I CAN BREATHE A LITTLE EASIER, KNOWING THE DESIGNER OF THE HUDSON NUCLEAR FACILITY IS WITH US, AS WE TEST OUR GIANT FUSION GENERATOR!

JUST GLAD VANDEMEER UNIVERSITY WAS ABLE TO SPARE ME FOR THIS, DOCTOR KLYBURN...

AND, PLEASE --CALL ME MARTIN.

THOUGH, TRUTH TO TELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY YOU NEEDED ME--

--SINCE THE LIMITED FUSION PROCESS YOU'VE BEGUN HERE SEEMS TO BE MOVING ALONG FLAWLESSLY!

SO IT WOULD APPEAR--

--BUT, THEN, MARTIN STEIN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MASTER OF BAD TIMING...

...FOR DARKSEID'S TERRIBLE TECHNO-SEED CHOOSES PRECISELY THAT MOMENT TO MATERIALIZE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE NUCLEAR GENERATOR--

--AND THE RESULT IS SPONTANEOUS CHAOS!

THE GENERATOR'S GONE BERSERK--!

IT'S SUCKING IN ALL THE POWER IN THE ENTIRE FACILITY--

--AND-- MY GOD-- SOMETHING IS GROWING INSIDE IT--!!

SOMETHING--INHUMAN!!

BEHOLD THE FALLEN ANGEL KNOWN AS-- **BRIMSTONE!**

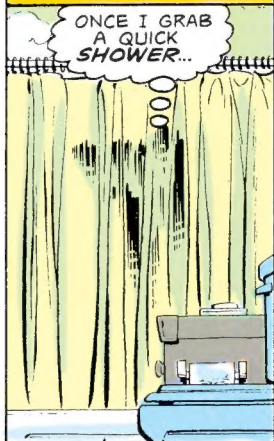
GAZE INTO MY EYES, YE MIGHTY --AND DESPAIR!

THIS IS MADNESS!

I'VE GOT TO SUMMON-- FIRESTORM!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

WHILE, ON THE PITTSBURGH CAMPUS OF VANDEMEER U., FRESHMAN RONNIE RAYMOND ENJOYS HIS FIRST LAZY DAY IN WEEKS...

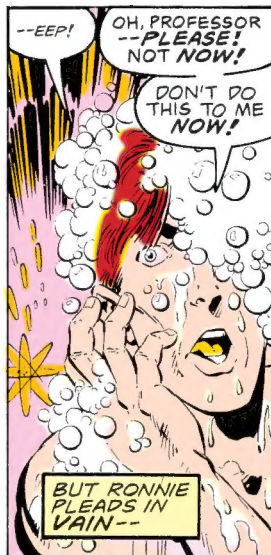


ONCE I GRAB A QUICK SHOWER...



...AND TOSS ON THOSE NEW DUDS I BOUGHT...

...I'LL SHOW DOREEN DAY A TIME THAT'LL GIVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD--



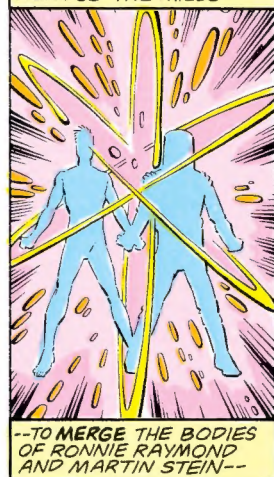
--EEP!

OH, PROFESSOR --PLEASE! NOT NOW!

DON'T DO THIS TO ME NOW!

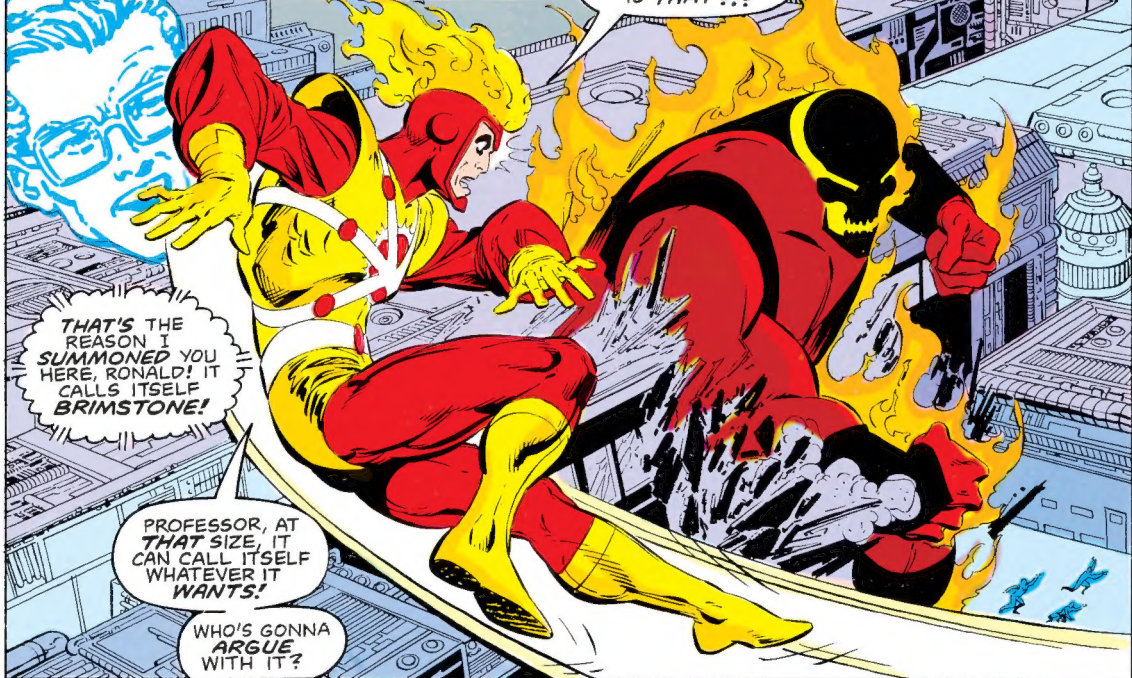
BUT RONNIE PLEADS IN VAIN--

--AS THE WEIRD MOLECULAR BOND BETWEEN STUDENT AND TEACHER REACHES ACROSS THE MILES--



--TO MERGE THE BODIES OF RONNIE RAYMOND AND MARTIN STEIN--

--INTO THE FAR MORE FLAMBOYANT FORM OF-- FIRESTORM, THE NUCLEAR MAN!

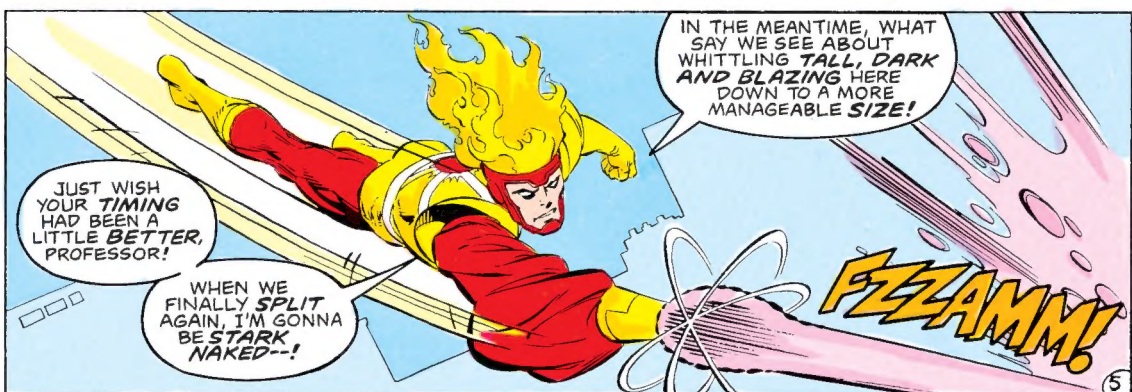


HOLY SMOKES! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT???

THAT'S THE REASON I SUMMONED YOU HERE, RONALD! IT CALLS ITSELF BRIMSTONE!

PROFESSOR, AT THAT SIZE, IT CAN CALL ITSELF WHATEVER IT WANTS!

WHO'S GONNA ARGUE WITH IT?

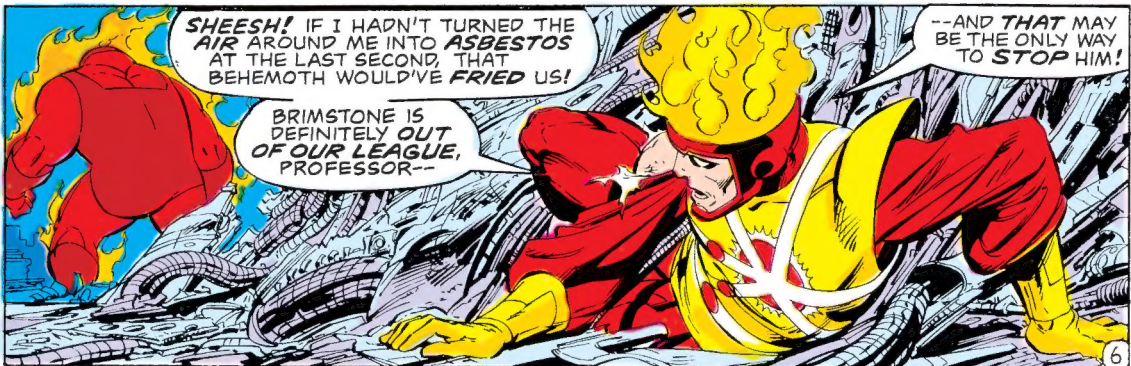
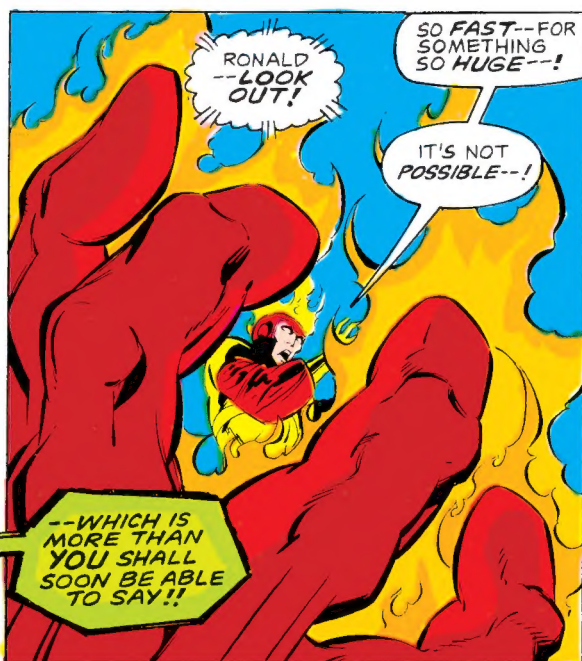
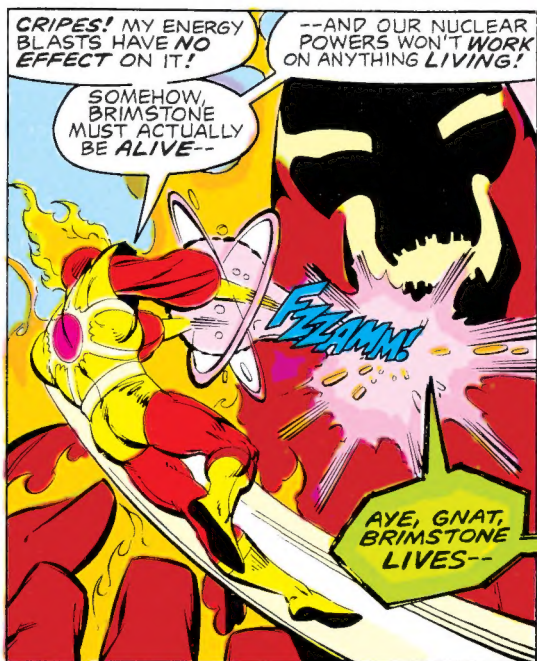


IN THE MEANTIME, WHAT SAY WE SEE ABOUT WHITTILING TALL, DARK AND BLAZING HERE DOWN TO A MORE MANAGEABLE SIZE!

JUST WISH YOUR TIMING HAD BEEN A LITTLE BETTER, PROFESSOR!

WHEN WE FINALLY SPLIT AGAIN, I'M GONNA BE STARK NAKED--!

FZZAMM!



WHILE, ACROSS THE EAST RIVER, IN THE CROWDED MANHATTAN FINANCIAL DISTRICT COMMONLY CALLED WALL STREET...

I'M WARNING YOU, SPEEDSTER-- STAY AWAY FROM ME!

YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH--

DEADSHOT!

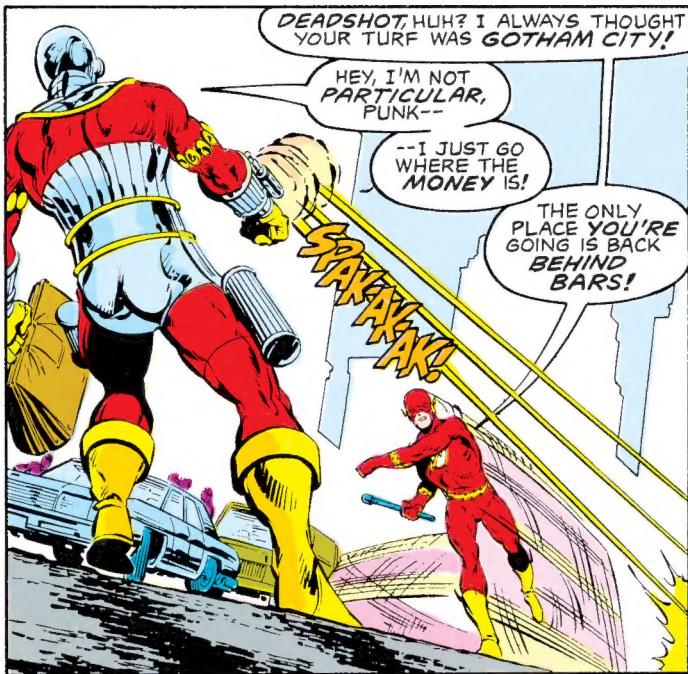


DEADSHOT, HUH? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOUR TURF WAS GOTHAM CITY!

HEY, I'M NOT PARTICULAR, PUNK--

--I JUST GO WHERE THE MONEY IS!

THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOING IS BACK BEHIND BARS!



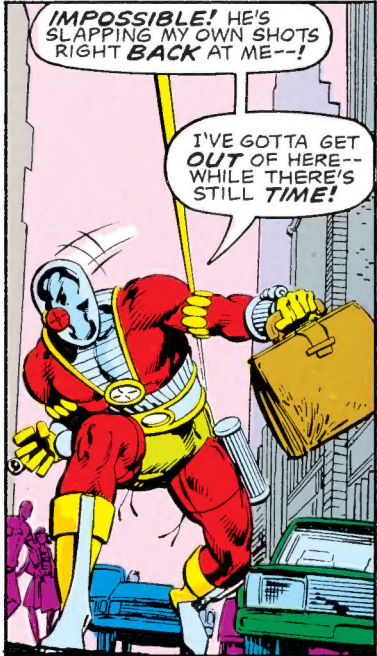
NOT AS FAST AS I USED TO BE-- CAN'T OUTPACE A BULLET--!

BUT I'M STILL FAST ENOUGH TO SWAT 'EM ASIDE WITH THIS STEEL PIPE!



IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S SLAPPING MY OWN SHOTS RIGHT BACK AT ME--!

I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE-- WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!



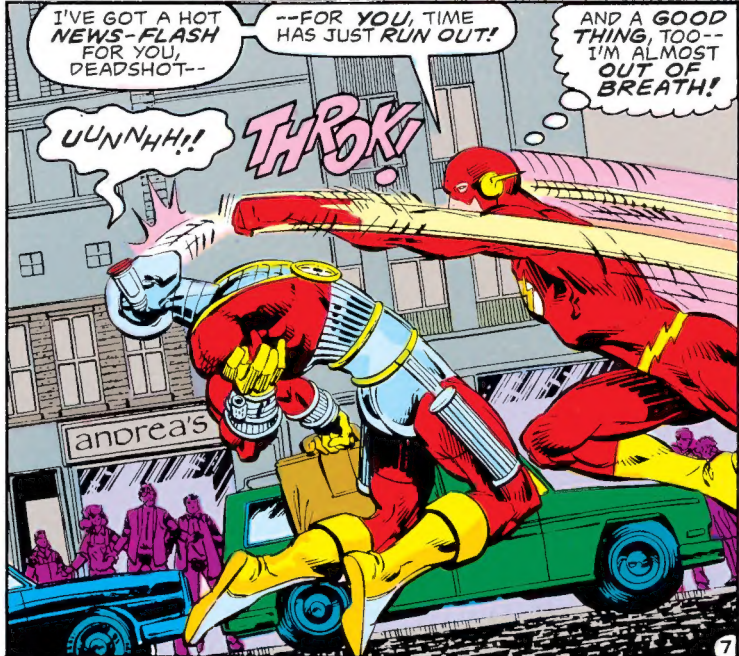
I'VE GOT A HOT NEWS-FLASH FOR YOU, DEADSHOT--

--FOR YOU, TIME HAS JUST RUN OUT!

AND A GOOD THING, TOO-- I'M ALMOST OUT OF BREATH!

UUNHHH!!

THROK!





EVER SINCE THE ANTI-MONITOR'S **ENERGY-BLAST** ALTERED MY **BODY CHEMISTRY**, THUS CURING THE DISEASE THAT WAS **KILLING** ME EVERY TIME I USED MY **SUPER-SPEED**--

--I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO **RUN** ANY FASTER THAN THE **SPEED OF SOUND**, AND MY **STAMINA** JUST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!

STILL I KNEW THE JOB WAS **DANGEROUS** WHEN I TOOK IT!



WOW, YOU'RE **THE FLASH**, AREN'T YOU?

SAW YOU ON TV ONCE.

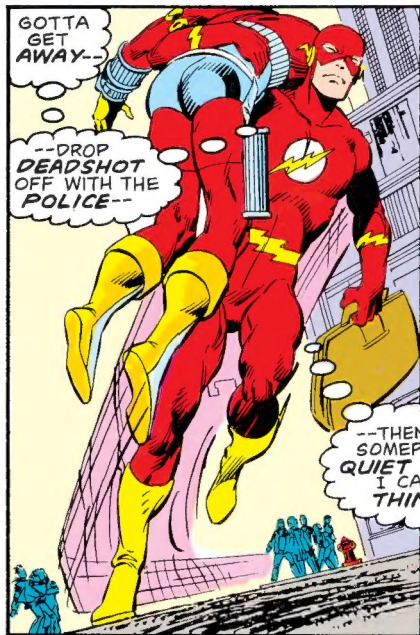
HEY, WHY DIDN'T YA JUST **CATCH** THEM BULLETS--OR **VIBRATE** THROUGH 'EM?

GEE, DIDN'T YOU USETA BE **TALLER**?



SO MANY **QUESTIONS**--

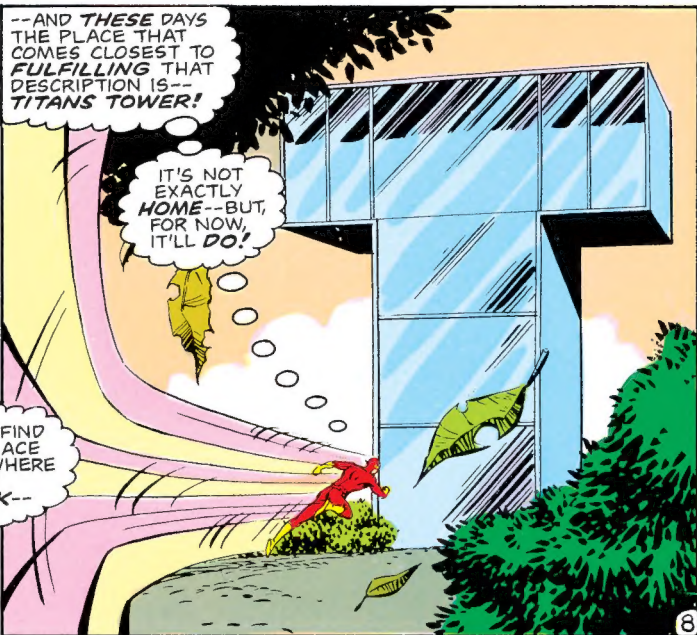
--QUESTIONS I CAN'T EVEN **BEGIN** TO ANSWER--!



GOTTA GET **AWAY**--

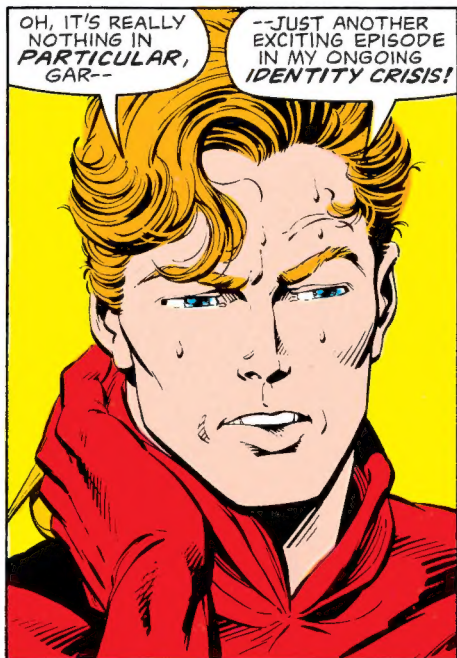
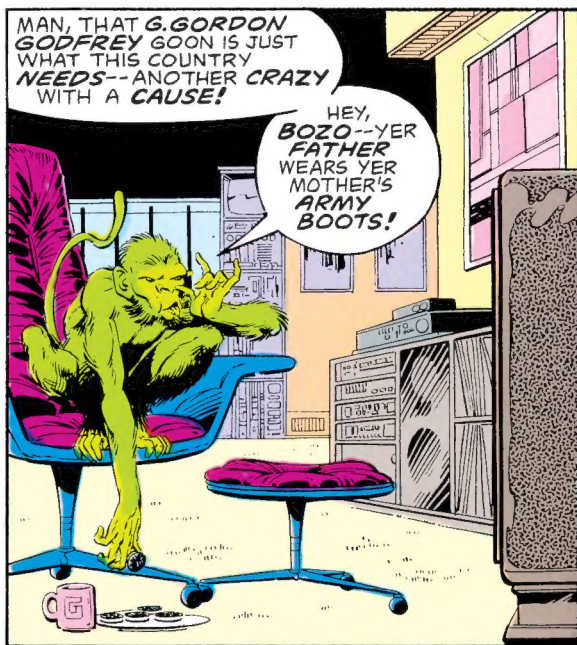
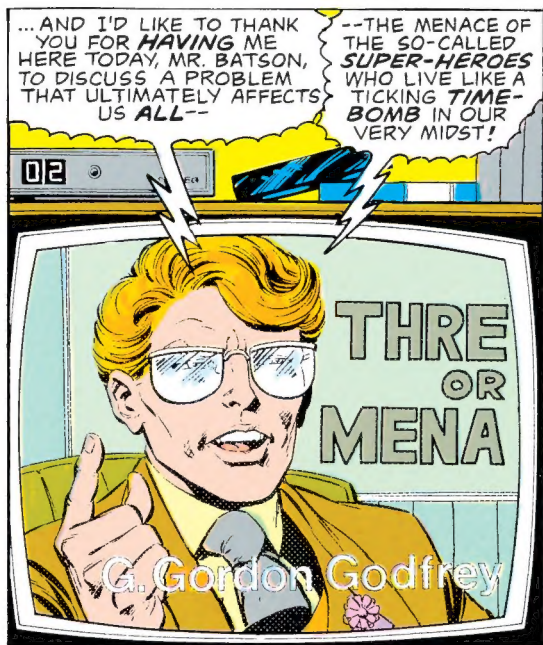
--DROP **DEADSHOT** OFF WITH THE **POLICE**--

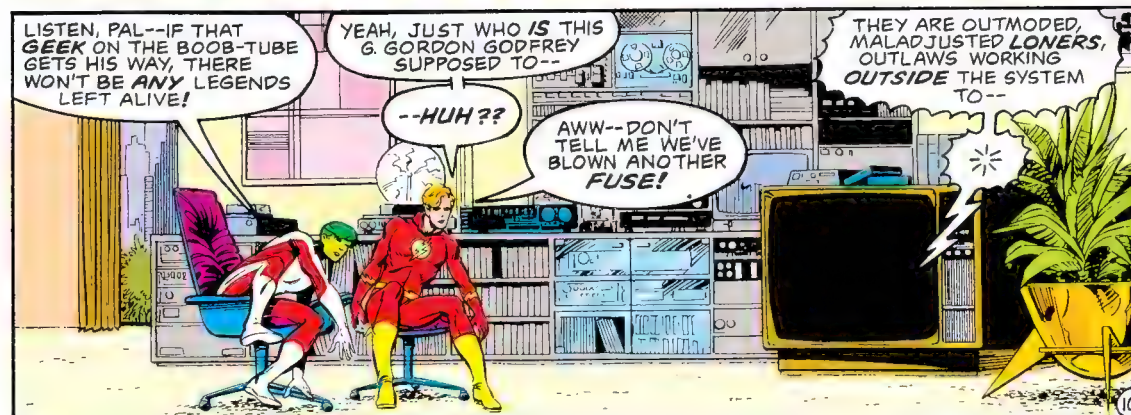
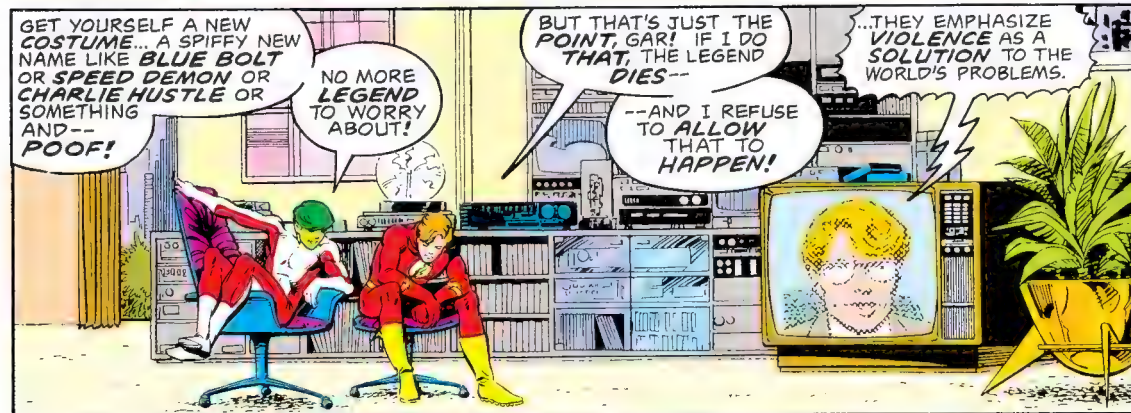
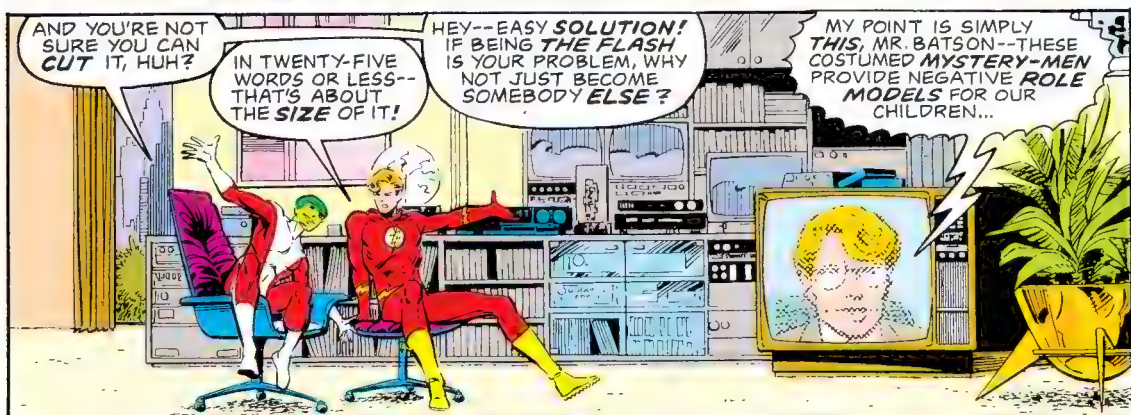
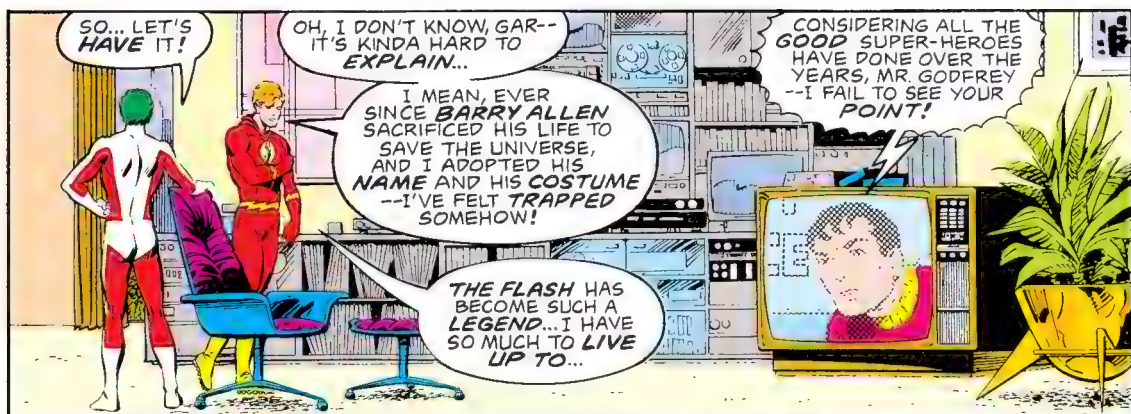
--THEN FIND SOMEPLACE **QUIET** WHERE I CAN **THINK**--

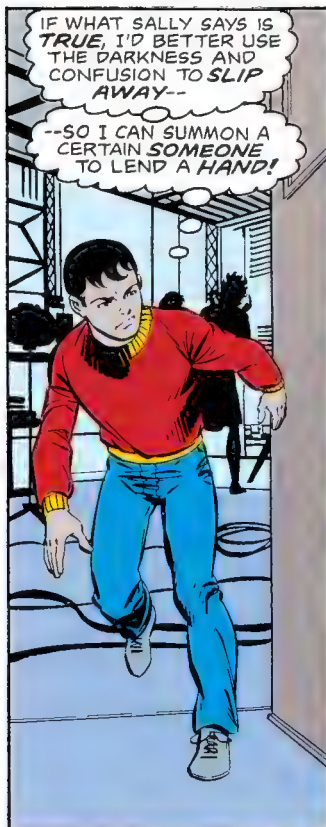


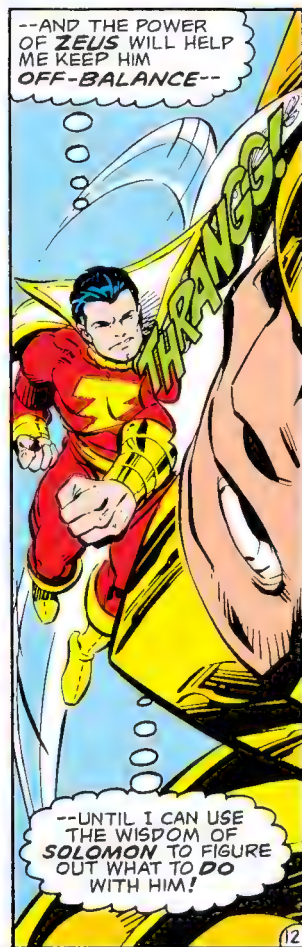
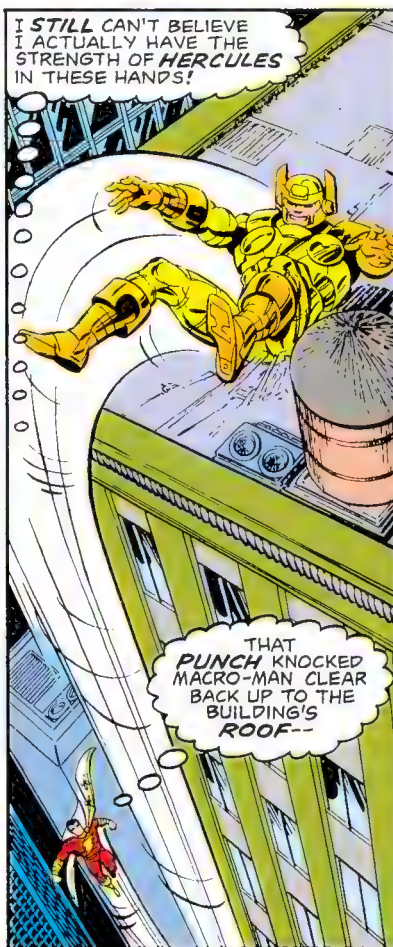
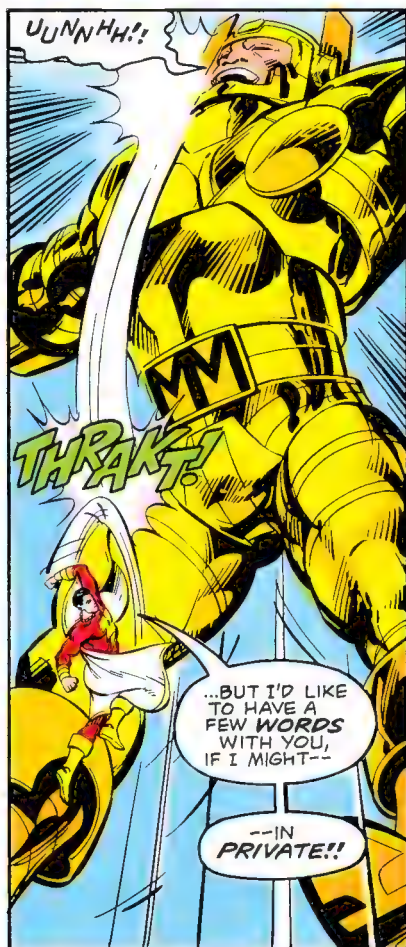
--AND THESE DAYS THE PLACE THAT COMES CLOSEST TO **FULFILLING** THAT DESCRIPTION IS-- **TITANS TOWER**!

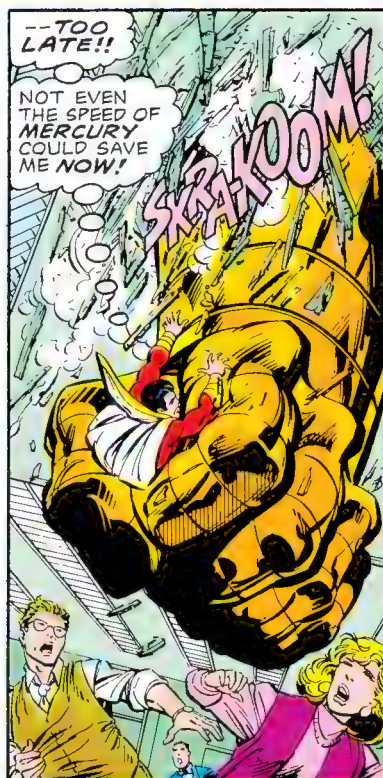
IT'S NOT EXACTLY **HOME**--BUT, FOR NOW, IT'LL **DO**!











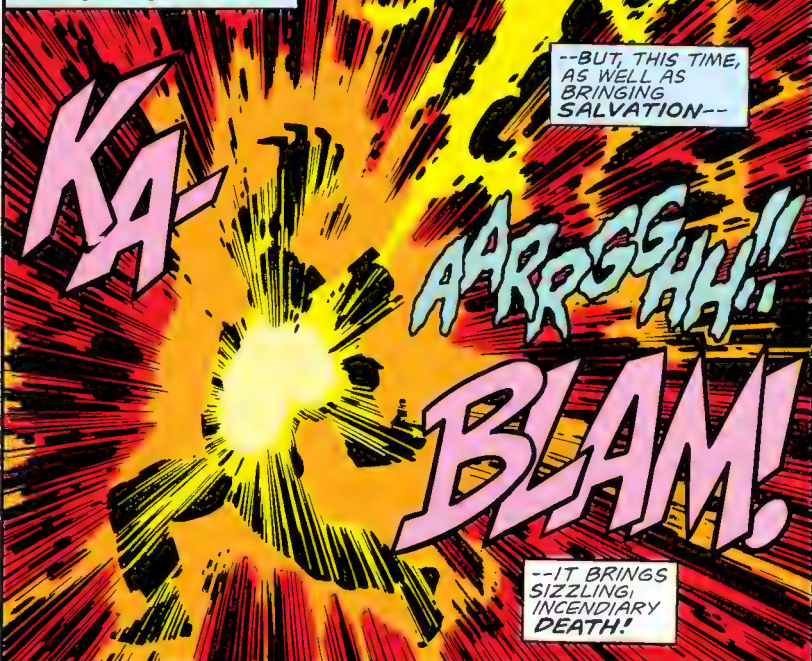


CAPTAIN MARVEL MAY BE TOO LARGE TO SLIP OUT OF MACRO-MAN'S GRIP--

--BUT BILLY BATSON IS ANOTHER STORY ENTIRELY!

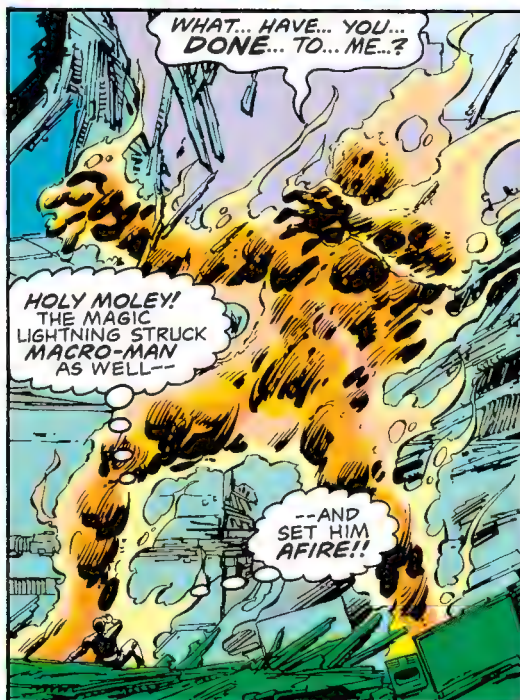
SHAZAM!

ONCE AGAIN, A BOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING STREAKS DOWN FROM A CLOUDLESS SKY--



--BUT, THIS TIME, AS WELL AS BRINGING SALVATION--

--IT BRINGS SIZZLING, INCENDIARY DEATH!



WHAT... HAVE... YOU... DONE... TO... ME...?

HOLY MOLEY! THE MAGIC LIGHTNING STRUCK MACRO-MAN AS WELL--

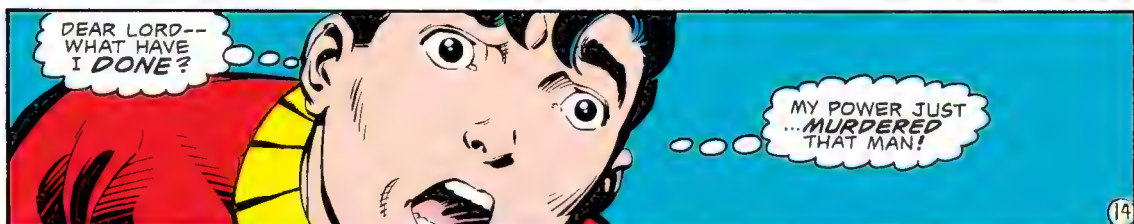
--AND SET HIM AFIRE!!

BEFORE BILLY BATSON'S HORRIFIED EYES, THE MONSTROUS MOLTEN FIGURE STAGGERS BACKWARDS--



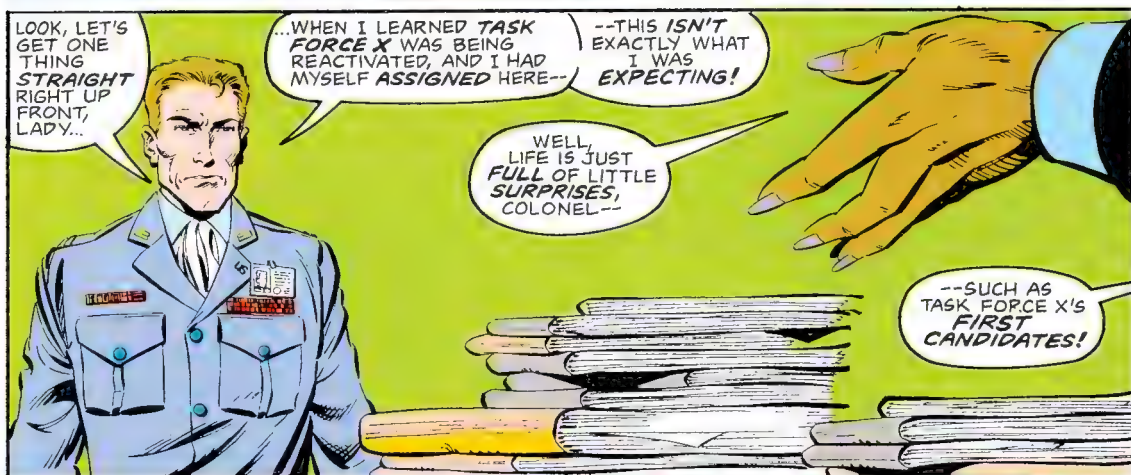
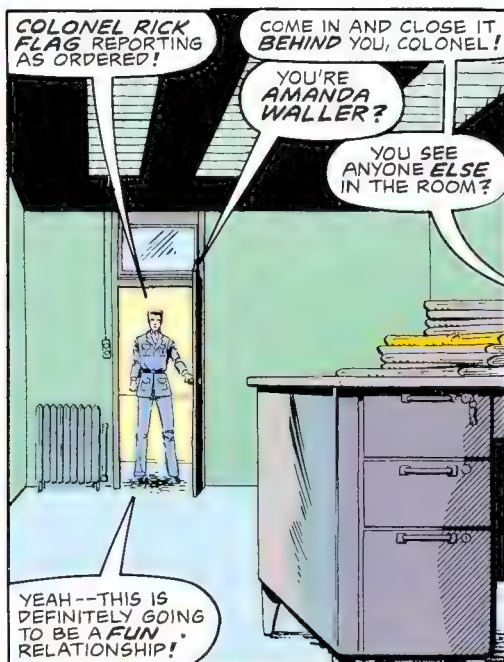
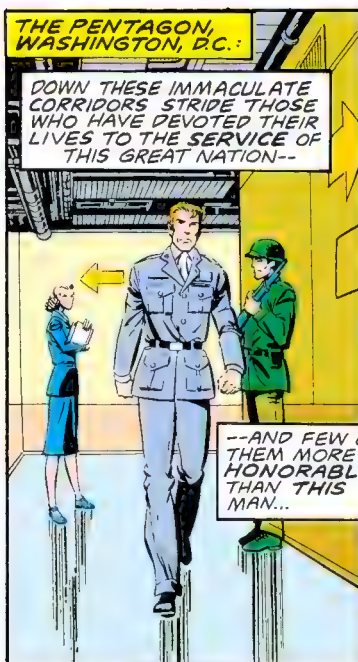
--CRASHING THROUGH THE REINFORCED WINDOW AS IF IT WERE SO MUCH CELLOPHANE--

--THEN PLUNGING LIKE A ROMAN CANDLE TO THE HUNGRY CONCRETE WAITING SO MANY FLOORS BELOW!



DEAR LORD-- WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MY POWER JUST ...MURDERED THAT MAN!





20TH CENTURY EARTH: ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING FORMATIVE PERIODS IN THE PLANET'S HISTORY, NOTED FOR ITS SEVERAL "WORLD WARS" AND ITS PREDOMINANTLY ORGANIC CUISINE. --TIME INSTITUTE GUIDE FOR THE CASUAL TRAVELLER

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY SITTING HERE IN AN ACTUAL DINER IN 1986--

--EATING AN ACTUAL GREASY HAMBURGER, READING AN ACTUAL NEWSPAPER WITH THE ACTUAL PRINT COMING OFF ON MY GLOVES--!

FOR AN AMATEUR HISTORIAN, THIS IS HEAVEN!

HOPE LYDDA IS ENJOYING HER SHOPPING SPREE AS MUCH--!

WANNANUDDER CUP'A JAVA, KID?

EH?

OH... YOU MEAN COFFEE, DON'T YOU?

YES--I'D LOVE ONE!

YER FROM OUTTA TOWN, AIN'T YA?

I C'N ALWAYS TELL AN OUTTA-TOWNER BY HIS--

--HUH?!?

SKRA-KOON!

GREAT GALAXIES!!

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY MY REGULAR TERRITORY--

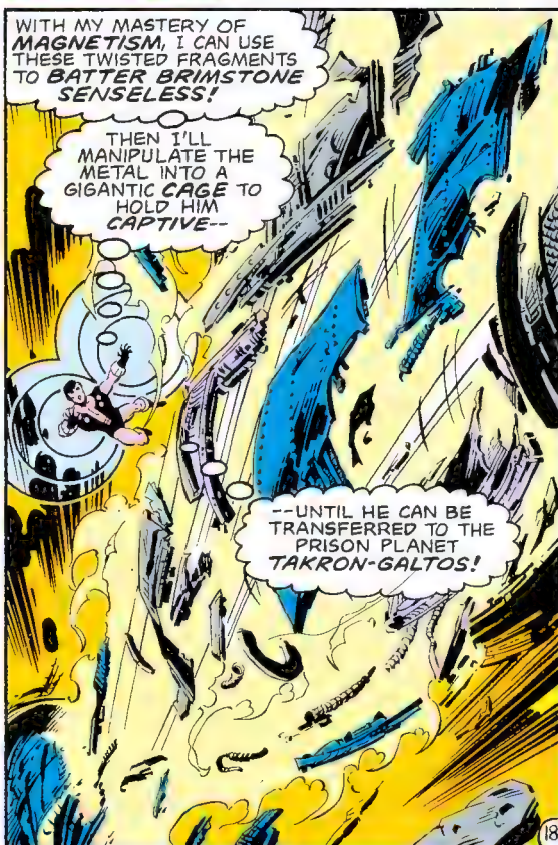
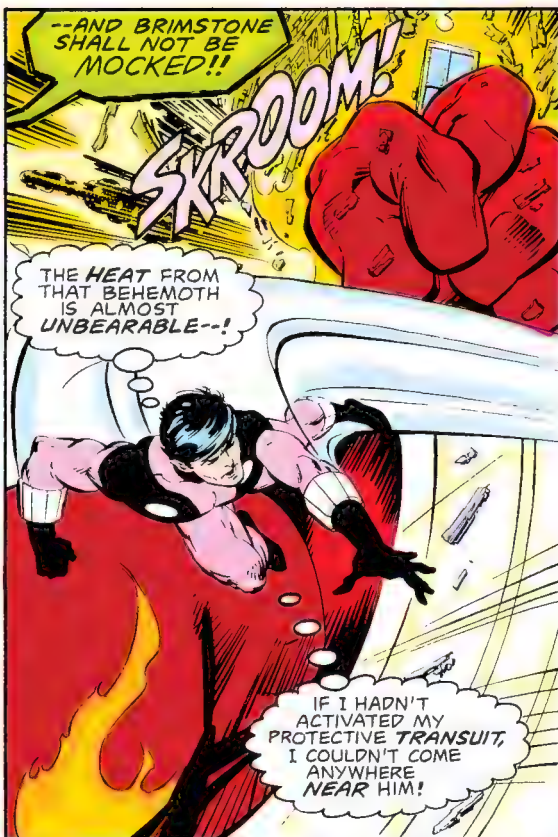
--BUT WHATEVER BLEW OUT THE DINER WALL IS DEFINITELY A PROBLEM FOR--

--COSMIC BOY!

GOOD GOD, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!

IT DWARFS VALIDUS--!

MAKES THE INFINITE MAN SEEM LIKE AN INFANT BY COMPARISON --!





"NO GOOD!
THE METAL
EVAPORATES
EVEN AS IT
HITS HIM!

"HAVE TO THINK
OF SOMETHING
ELSE BEFORE--"



YOU TASK ME,
SINNER--BUT NOT
FOR LONG!

THERE IS MORE OF MY
MASTER'S WORK TO
BE DONE--

SHRAK!

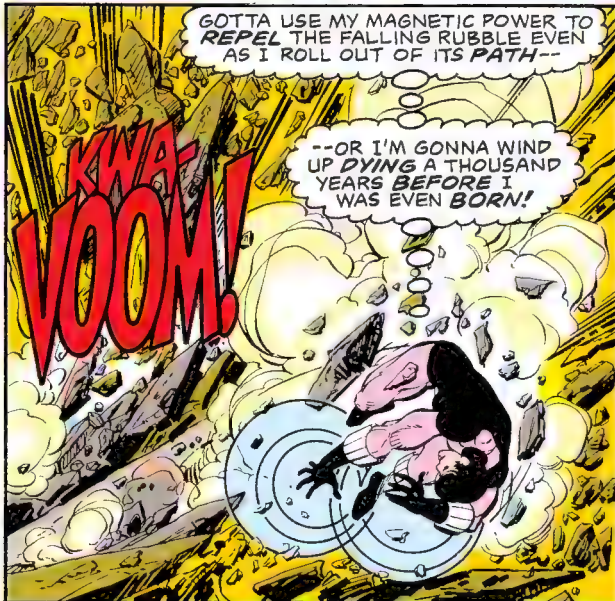
--RIDING
THIS PRECIOUS
PLANET OF YOU
AND YOUR KIND!



SOON THERE WILL BE
BUT ONE GOD-- ONE
MASTER OF ALL
THE EARTH!

GREAT
GALAXIES!
HE'S DROPPED
AN ENTIRE
BUILDING
ON ME--!

SSKRRROOM!



GOTTA USE MY MAGNETIC POWER TO
REPEL THE FALLING RUBBLE EVEN
AS I ROLL OUT OF ITS PATH--

--OR I'M GONNA WIND
UP DYING A THOUSAND
YEARS BEFORE I
WAS EVEN BORN!

KWA-
VOOM!



NEED A HELPING
HAND, FELLA?

WHO
--?!?



NAME'S
VIBE,
AMIGO!

THEY CALL
ME **THE
ELONGATED
MAN**!

J'ONN J'ONZZ--
**THE MARTIAN
MANHUNTER**!

I'M
VIXEN!

I ANSWER
TO **GYPSY**!

MY CODE-
NAME IS
STEEL!

AND EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE
NUCLEAR MAN MAKES IT
AN UNEVEN **BAKER'S HALF-
DOZEN**!

BUT, FOR
SIMPLICITY'S
SAKE, PINKIE--
JUST CALL US...

**JUSTICE
LEAGUE of
AMERICA**

WELL,
YOU'RE NOT
EXACTLY THE
LEGION--

--BUT, BOY,
AM I GLAD
YOU'RE
HERE!!



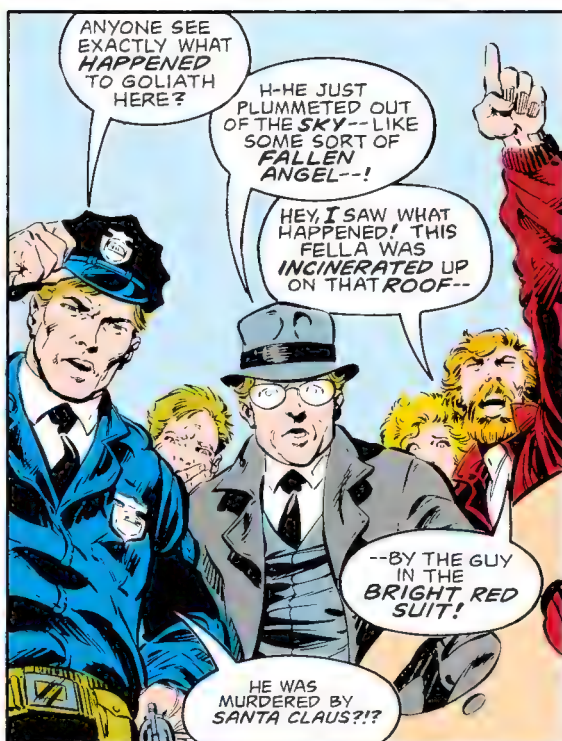
WHILE...

GOD,
WHAT A
MESS!

WHY DO THESE
THINGS ALWAYS
HAPPEN ON
MY BEAT?

YUUUCK!
HOW
GROSS!

SMELLS
LIKE
BURNED
SKUNK!



ANYONE SEE
EXACTLY WHAT
HAPPENED
TO GOLIATH
HERE?

H-HE JUST
PLUMMETED OUT
OF THE SKY--LIKE
SOME SORT OF
FALLEN
ANGEL--!

HEY, I SAW WHAT
HAPPENED! THIS
FELLA WAS
INCINERATED UP
ON THAT ROOF--

--BY THE GUY
IN THE
BRIGHT RED
SUIT!

HE WAS
MURDERED BY
SANTA CLAUS?!?



DEAR
GOD, IT'S
TRUE--!

I DIDN'T
DO IT ON
PURPOSE--

--BUT THAT
STILL DOESN'T
CHANGE
WHAT I DID!



CAPTAIN MARVEL
IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEATH
OF MACRO-MAN...



...AND THAT
MEANS I MUST
NEVER BECOME
CAPTAIN MARVEL
AGAIN!

NEVER
AGAIN!

FIRST BLOOD TO DARKSEID!

NEXT MONTH:
THINGS GET WORSE!
**"BREACH OF
FAITH!"**
BE HERE!

SUNG IN THE CATHEDRALS, WHISPERED IN THE SHADOWS...
EVER UNCHANGING, SELDOM UNCHANGED... BRIGHT
INCANDESCENCE, THE BLACK OF THE PIT...
SUCH IS THE STUFF OF...

LEGENDS

"BREACH OF FAITH!"

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF THE
END OF THE WORLD?

TO THE STILL-SMOLDERING HUSK THAT WAS
ONCE KNOWN AS MACRO-MAN, IT WAS
THE ANGRY CLASH OF THUNDER
ACCOMPANYING A JAGGED BOLT OF
MAGIC LIGHTNING--

--LIGHTNING THAT ALL BUT
INCINERATED HIS MONSTROUS FORM,
EVEN AS IT HURLED HIM FROM A
BATTLE-TORN ROOFTOP--

--TO IMPACT WITH A
THUNDER OF HIS OWN
AGAINST THE FILTHY
PAVEMENT WAITING
FAR BELOW!

FOR MACRO-MAN, AT LEAST,
THE WORLD ENDED WITH A
BANG, NOT A WHIMPER!

JOHN
OSTRANDER
PLOTTER

LEN
WEIN
SCRIPTER

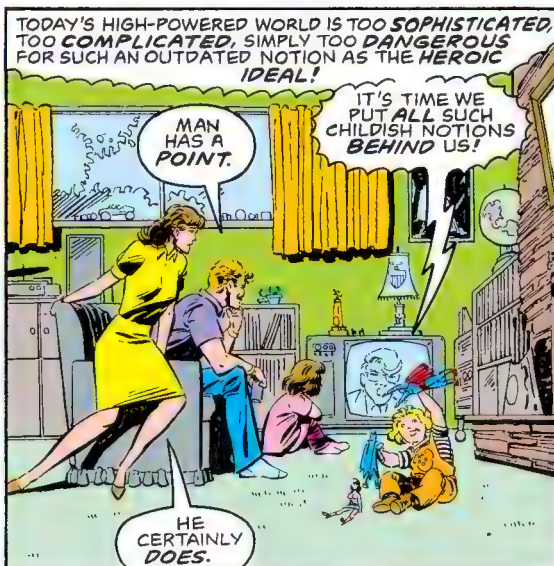
JOHN
BYRNE
PENCILLER

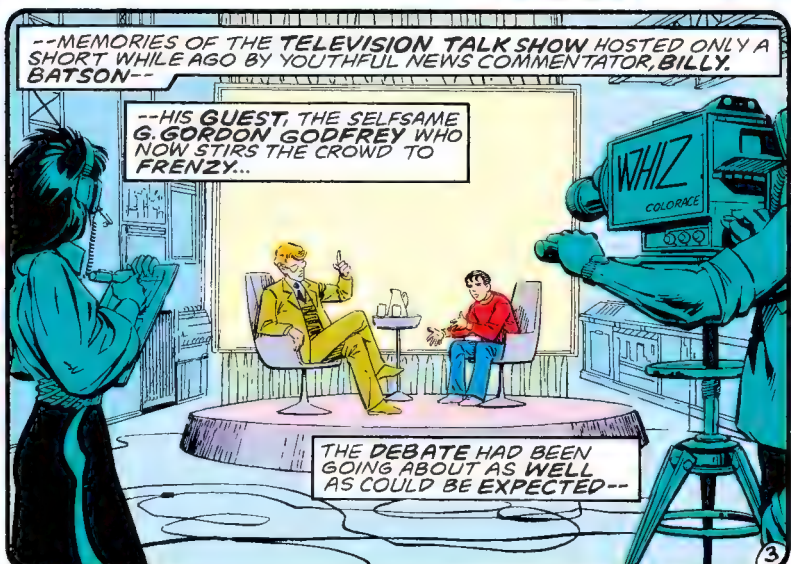
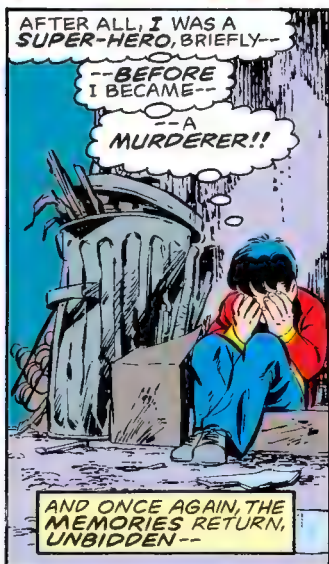
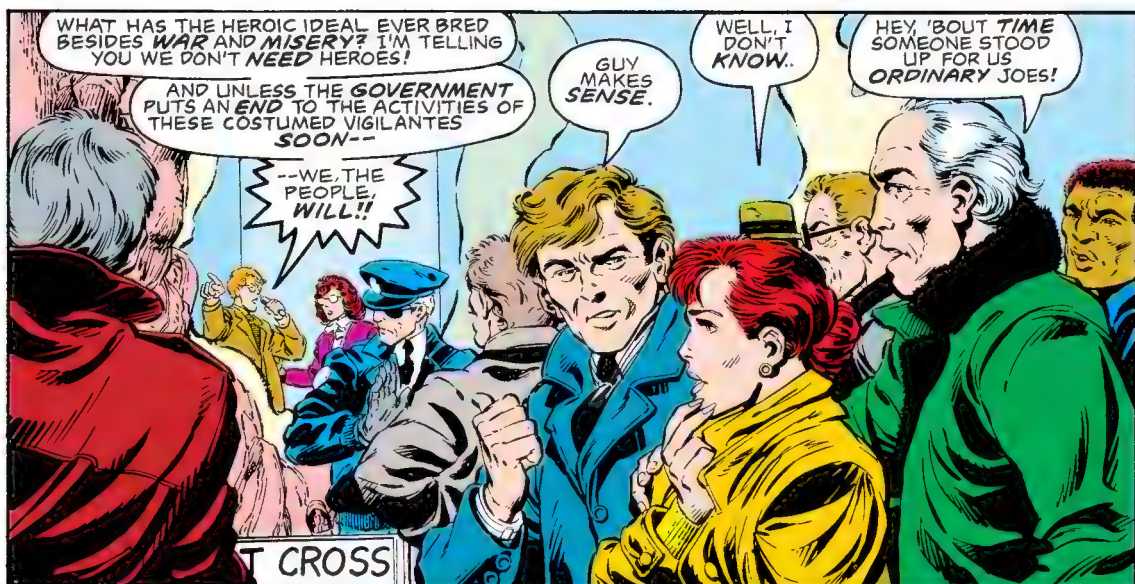
KARL
KESEL
INKER

STEVE
HAYNIE
LETTERER

TOM
ZIUKO
COLORIST

MIKE
GOLD
EDITOR





--UNTIL SOME IDIOT
TURNED OUT THE
LIGHTS!



SLIPPING QUIETLY AWAY,
BILLY SPOKE THE
MAGIC WORD GIVEN
HIM BY AN ANCIENT
DYING WIZARD--

--AND A BOLT OF MYSTIC
LIGHTNING INSTANTLY
TRANSFORMED HIM INTO
EARTH'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL--



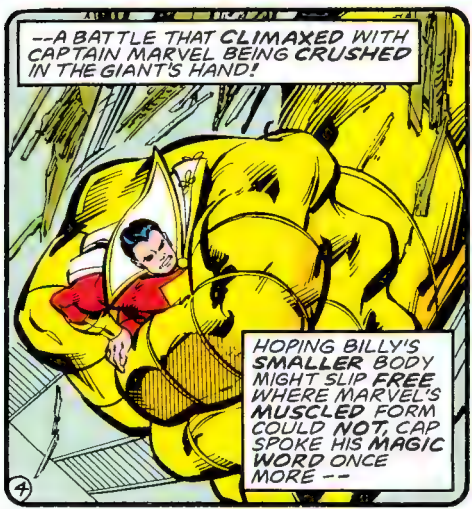
**--CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

RACING OUTSIDE, CAP CONFRONTED AN
ARMORED GIANT CALLED MACRO-MAN,
WHO THREATENED THE CITY WITH
DESTRUCTION--



--AND THE INEVITABLE
BATTLE SWIFTLY
ENSUED--

--A BATTLE THAT CLIMAXED WITH
CAPTAIN MARVEL BEING CRUSHED
IN THE GIANT'S HAND!

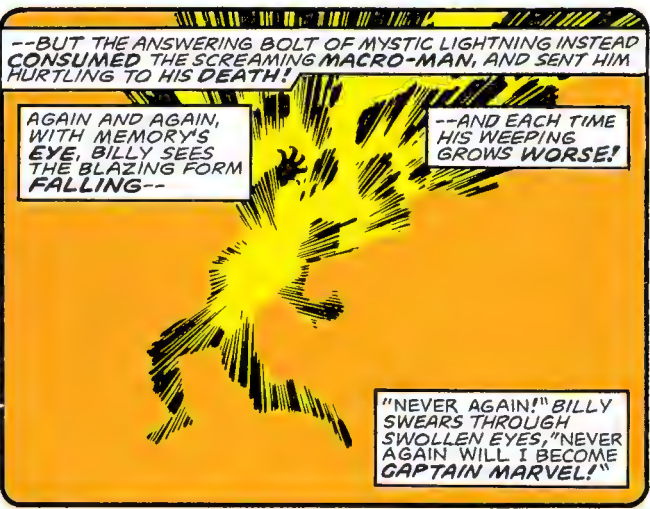


HOPING BILLY'S
SMALLER BODY
MIGHT SLIP FREE
WHERE MARVEL'S
MUSCLED FORM
COULD NOT, CAP
SPOKE HIS MAGIC
WORD ONCE
MORE --

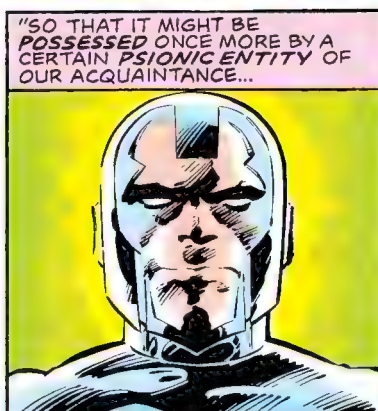
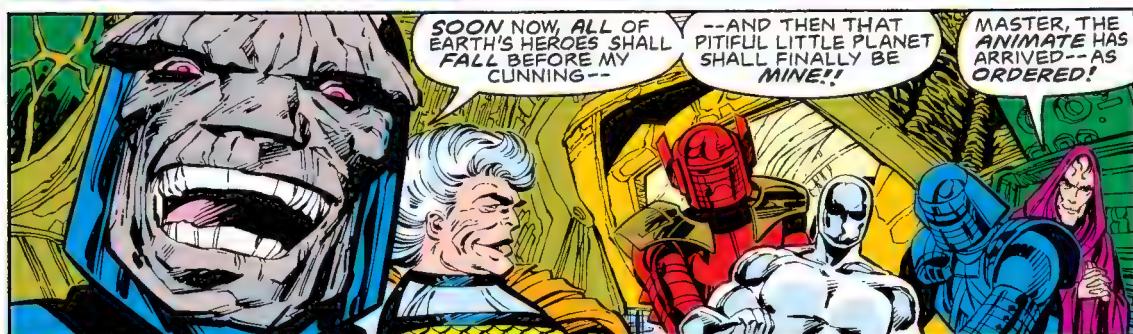
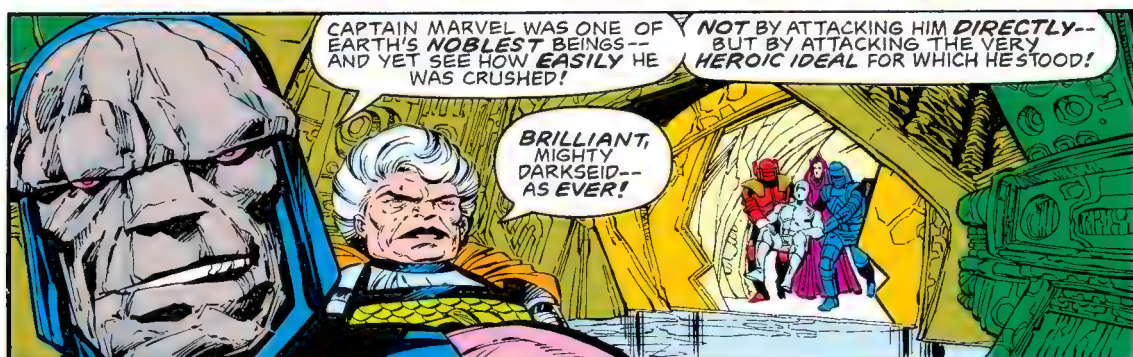
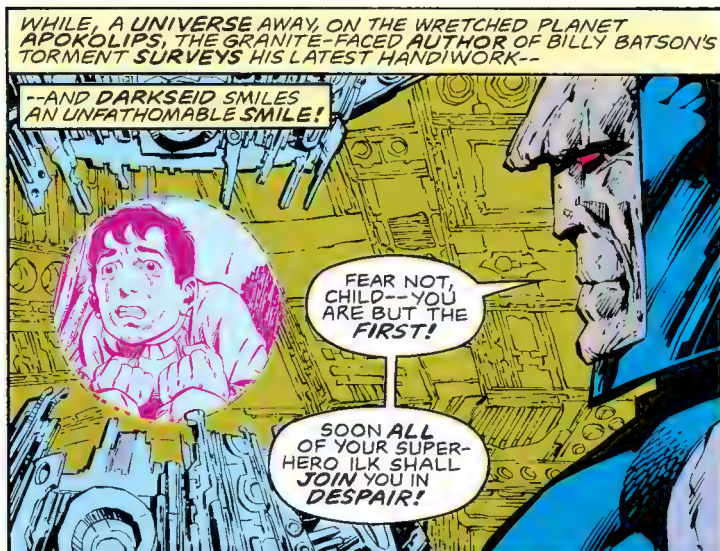
--BUT THE ANSWERING BOLT OF MYSTIC LIGHTNING INSTEAD
CONSUMED THE SCREAMING MACRO-MAN, AND SENT HIM
HURLING TO HIS DEATH!

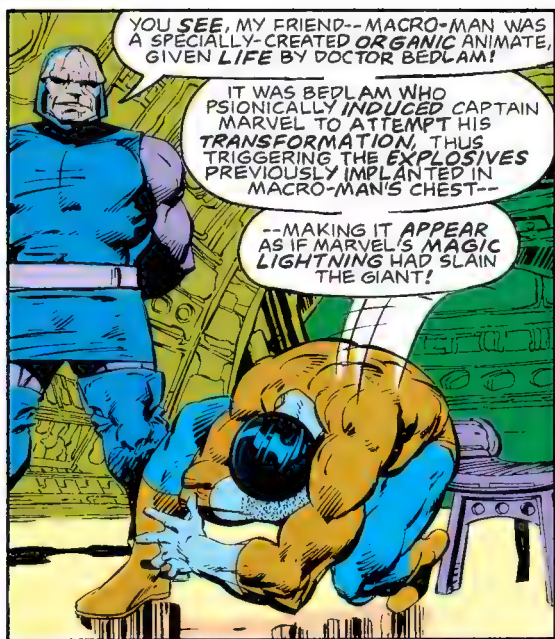
AGAIN AND AGAIN,
WITH MEMORY'S
EYE, BILLY SEES
THE BLAZING FORM
FALLING--

--AND EACH TIME
HIS WEEPING
GROWS WORSE!



"NEVER AGAIN!" BILLY
SWEARS THROUGH
SWOLLEN EYES, "NEVER
AGAIN WILL I BECOME
CAPTAIN MARVEL!"





YOU SEE, MY FRIEND--MACRO-MAN WAS A SPECIALLY-CREATED **ORGANIC** ANIMATE, GIVEN **LIFE** BY DOCTOR BEDLAM!

IT WAS BEDLAM WHO PSIONICALLY **INDUCED** CAPTAIN MARVEL TO ATTEMPT HIS **TRANSFORMATION**, THUS TRIGGERING THE **EXPLOSIVES** PREVIOUSLY IMPLANTED IN MACRO-MAN'S CHEST--

--MAKING IT **APPEAR** AS IF MARVEL'S **MAGIC LIGHTNING** HAD SLAIN THE GIANT!



APPARENTLY, BEDLAM FULLY **EXPERIENCED** MACRO-MAN'S DEATH--AND WAS THOROUGHLY **TRAUMATIZED!**

BUT HE WILL **RECOVER**--GIVEN THE PROPER **INCENTIVE!**

GRANNY GOODNESS, THAT IS **YOUR** SPECIALTY!

DO TRY TO RETURN HIM **INTACT** THIS TIME?

IF YOU **INSIST**, MASTER.



THUS **PHASE ONE** OF OPERATION: HUMILIATION PROVES **UTTERLY SUCCESSFUL!**

SO, MY FRIEND--WHAT DO YOU **THINK** OF MAN'S ULTIMATE NOBILITY NOW?

MY OPINIONS REMAIN **UNCHANGED**, DARKSEID!



YOUR TWISTED CONCEPT OF UNIVERSAL **ORDER** REMAINS LITTLE MORE THAN **FASCISTIC PARANOIA!**

ORDER MUST BE **CHOSEN**, NEVER **IMPOSED!**

WHAT YOU PERCEIVE AS **CHAOS** IS ACTUALLY LIFE'S GREAT **RICHNESS**. IT'S INFINITE **VARIETY**--

--THE **BLESSING** OF **FREE WILL!**

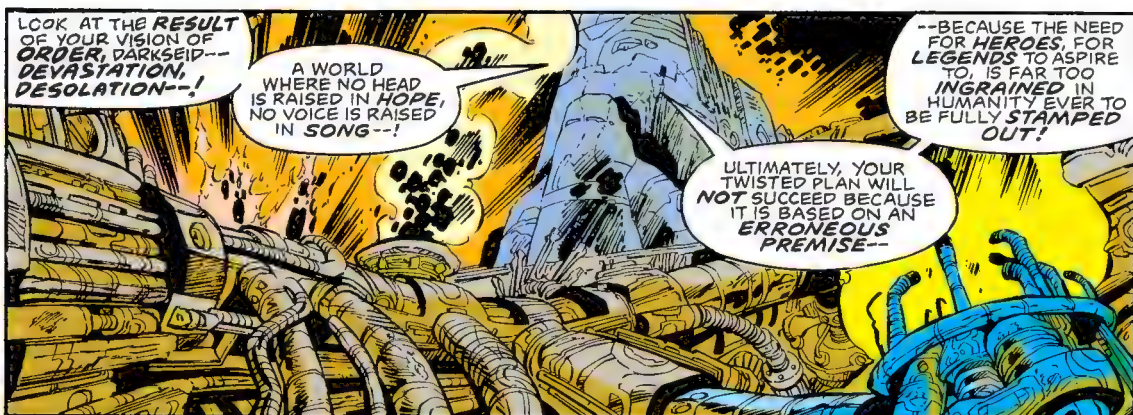


ROMANTIC DRIVE! FOR MOST, **FREE WILL** IS A **BURDEN**--

--A **BURDEN** I INTEND TO **ALLEVIATE!**

YOU ARE NOT THE **FIRST** TO ATTEMPT IT, DARKSEID--

--AND I **FEAR** YOU WILL NOT BE THE **LAST!**

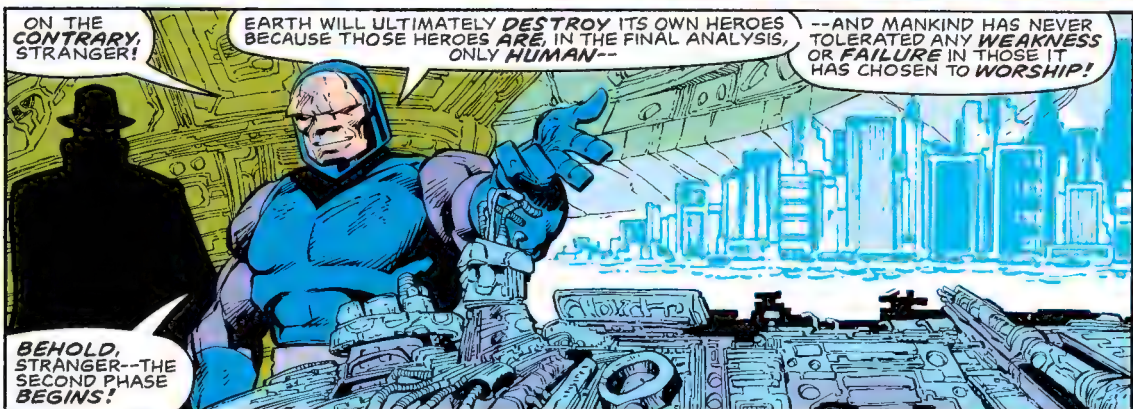


LOOK AT THE RESULT
OF YOUR VISION OF
**ORDER, DARKSEID--
DEVASTATION,
DESOLATION--!**

A WORLD
WHERE NO HEAD
IS RAISED IN **HOPE**,
NO VOICE IS RAISED
IN **SONG--!**

--BECAUSE THE NEED
FOR **HEROES**, FOR
LEGENDS TO ASPIRE
TO, IS FAR TOO
INGRAINED IN
HUMANITY EVER TO
BE FULLY **STAMPED
OUT!**

ULTIMATELY, YOUR
TWISTED PLAN WILL
NOT SUCCEED BECAUSE
IT IS BASED ON AN
**ERRONEOUS
PREMISE--**



ON THE
CONTRARY,
STRANGER!

EARTH WILL ULTIMATELY **DESTROY** ITS OWN HEROES
BECAUSE THOSE HEROES **ARE**, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS,
ONLY **HUMAN--**

--AND MANKIND HAS NEVER
TOLERATED ANY **WEAKNESS**
OR **FAILURE** IN THOSE IT
HAS CHOSEN TO **WORSHIP!**

BEHOLD,
STRANGER--THE
SECOND PHASE
BEGINS!



I AM
BRIMSTONE
THE **FALLEN
ANGEL--**

--COME TO PURGE
THIS **FRAIL EARTH**
OF **FALSE GODS**
AND **GRAVEN
IDOLS!**

COME UNTO
BRIMSTONE,
SINNERS-- THAT
YE MAY BE
CLEANSED!



NOW *THAT'S* THE SORT OF INVITATION THAT'S HARD TO *TURN DOWN!*

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A *FIGHT*, BEHEMOTH--
--THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER IS MORE THAN WILLING TO *OBLIGE!*

J'ONN--
WAIT!

YOU'RE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT!

THAT MONSTER IS COMPOSED OF LIVING FIRE--



--AND FIRE IS A MARTIAN'S GREATEST WEAKNESS!

ELONGATED MAN IS *RIGHT*, OF COURSE!

I ALLOWED MY EMOTIONS TO *OVERWHELM* ME FOR A MOMENT--

--AND THAT COULD HAVE PROVEN *DISASTROUS!*



YOU ARE ONE BIG *UGLY* SUCKER, AMIGO--

--AND TOO HOT TO GET *CLOSE* TO!

BUT WITH THESE SPECIAL *VIBRATORY* POWERS OF MINE--



--OL' VIBE DOESN'T HAVE TO GET *NEAR* YOU, GOLIATH--

--TO BRING YOU *DOWN!!*

SKRAK-KOOM!!



YOU MOCK
BRIMSTONE,
SINNERS--

--BUT
BRIMSTONE
SHALL LAUGH
LAST!



I AM THE INSTRUMENT
OF JUSTICE OF A
DARK AND ANGRY
GOD--

--HIS TERRIBLE
SWIFT SWORD!

SKLAMM!

FEEL NOW,
SINNERS,
THE WRATH OF
BRIMSTONE--

--AND LET
THE WORLD
BE FOREVER
RID OF
YOU!!



HE'S BRINGING
THE ENTIRE
BUILDING
DOWN ON TOP
OF US--

--MORE RUBBLE
THAN EVEN I
CAN HANDLE!

SKRAKT!

TAKE
COVER,
JUSTICE
LEAGUE!



TOO
LATE--!

NOWHERE
TO
HIDE--!

WE'RE ALL
GONNA BE
BURIED--

--ALIVE!!



WHAT IS THE SOUND OF THE
END OF THE WORLD?

HAHAHA

TO COSMIC BOY AND THE
JUSTICE LEAGUE OF
AMERICA, IT MAY WELL BE
THE TORTURED SCREAM
OF SHATTERED GLASS AND
TWISTED METAL--

LAHA

--AND THE SIBILANT
HISS OF SETTLING
DUST!

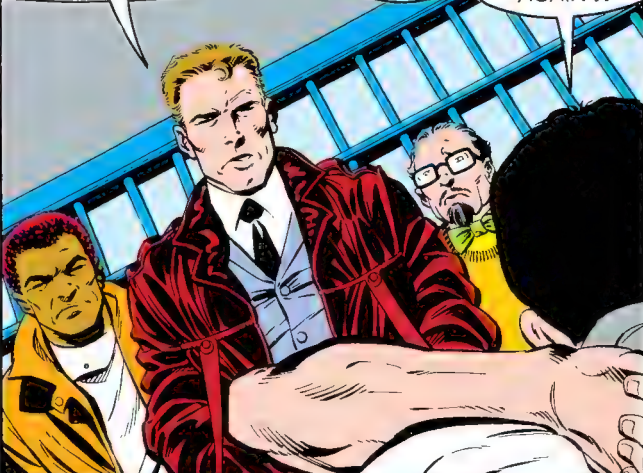
TO PRISONER #23964, THE CONCRETE WALLS OF RIKER'S ISLAND ARE NO DIFFERENT THAN THOSE OF THE OTHER PRISONS HE HAS KNOWN...



YOU'RE FLOYD LAWTON--A.K.A. DEADSHOT?

AND WHAT IF I AM?

DON'T TELL ME I WON THE LOTTERY AGAIN?!



I'M COLONEL RICK FLAG!

IF YOU ARE LAWTON, I HAVE AN OFFER TO MAKE YOU-- A LITTLE JOB THAT HAS TO BE DONE!

IF YOU ACCEPT THE ASSIGNMENT, COMPLETE THE ASSIGNMENT, AND SURVIVE THE ASSIGNMENT--

--ALL CURRENT CHARGES AGAINST YOU WILL BE IMMEDIATELY DISMISSED!



WELL, JUST SUPPOSING I SAY YES, FLYBOY...

WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM PULLING A VANISHING ACT THE SECOND I'M BACK IN HARNESS?



WELL, FOR ONE THING, MY FRIEND HERE WILL BE FORCED TO RIP OFF BOTH YOUR LEGS--AND BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH 'EM!

AND THAT'S A PROMISE!



AND THIS JOB IS DANGEROUS, YOU SAY?

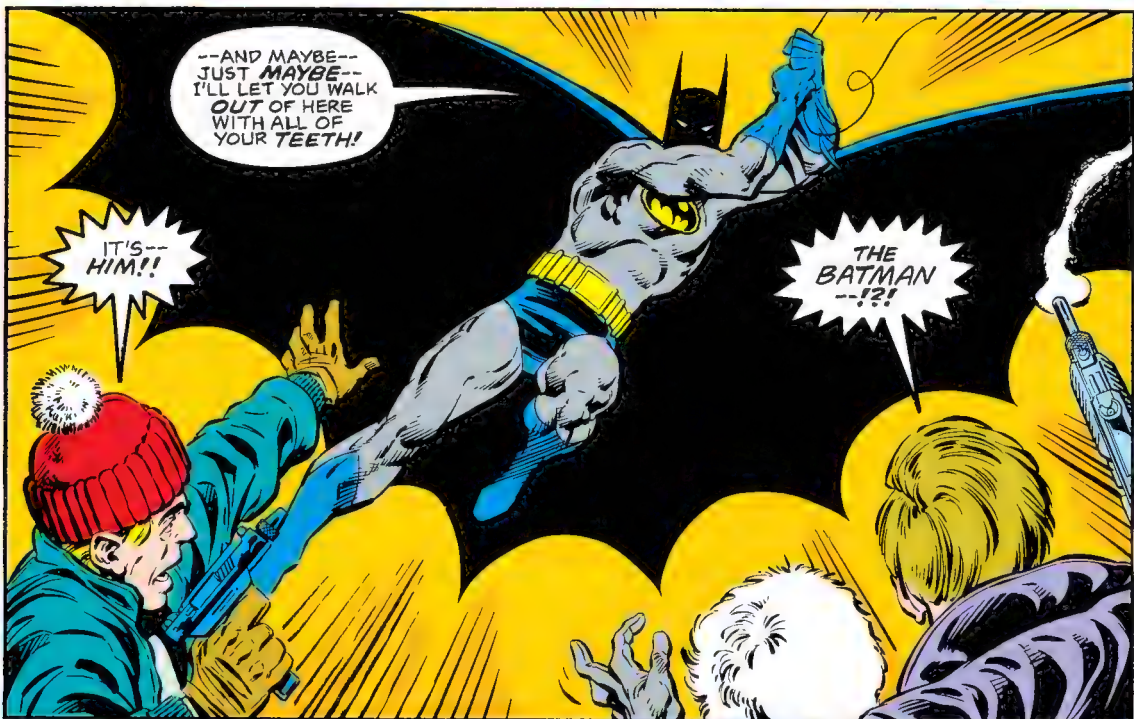
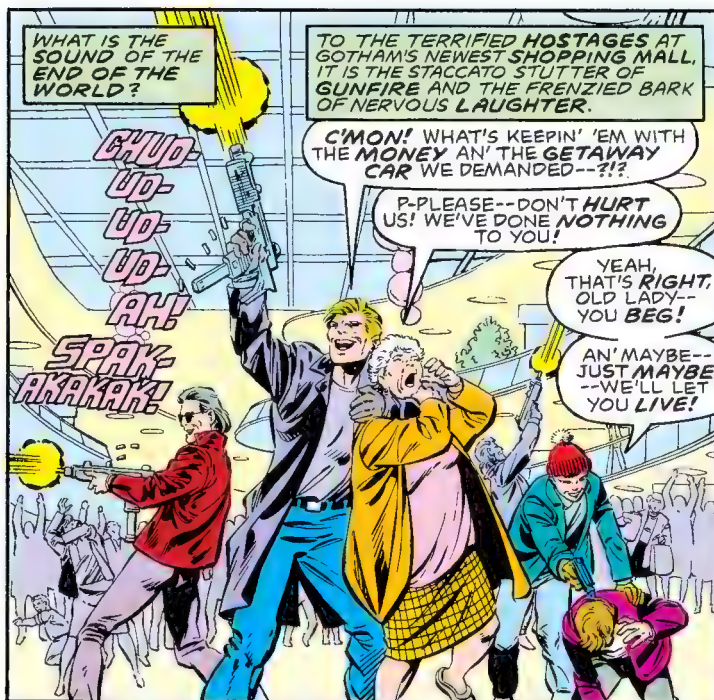
IN A WORD--IT'S SUICIDE!

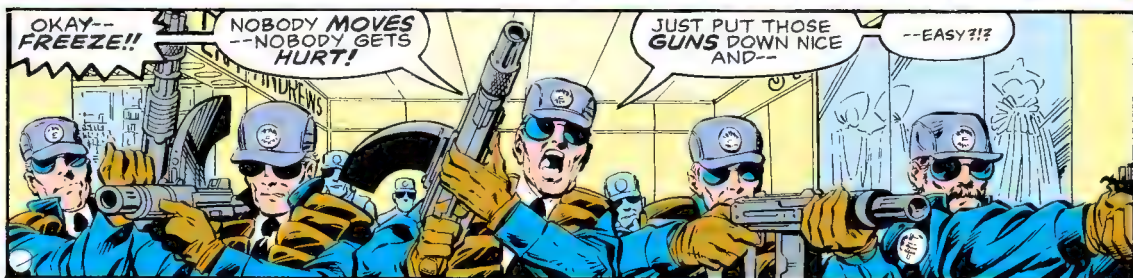
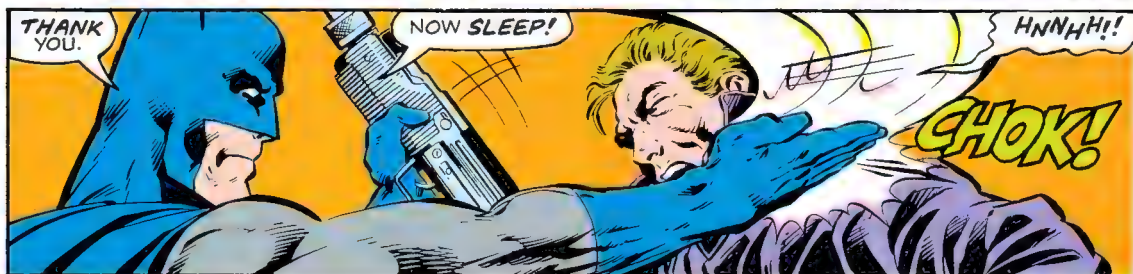


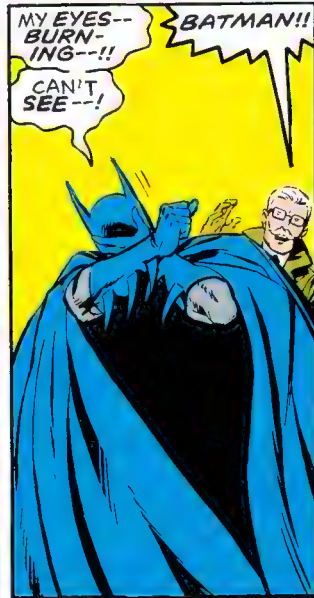
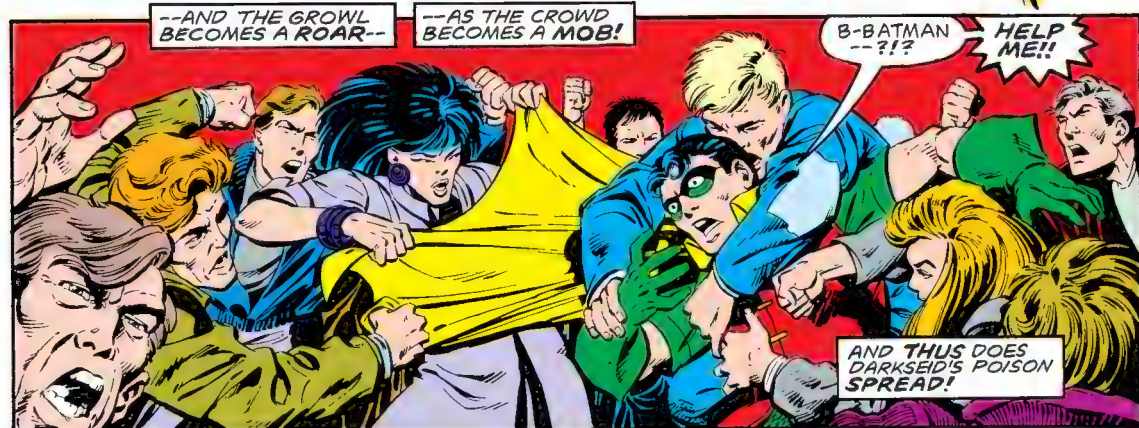
THEIR COURT ORDER ALLOWS THEM TO TAKE LAWTON--

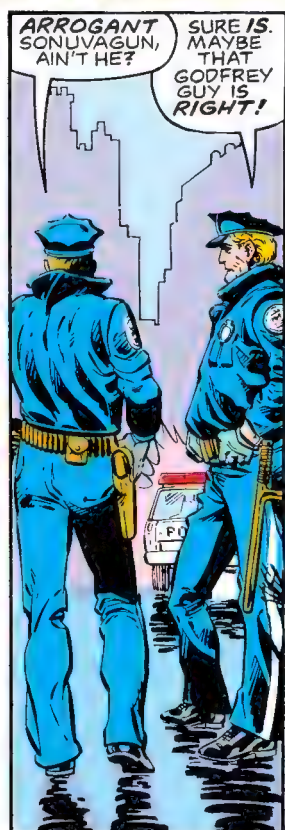
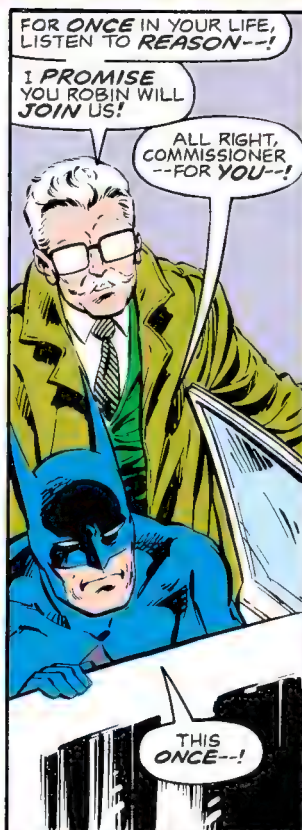
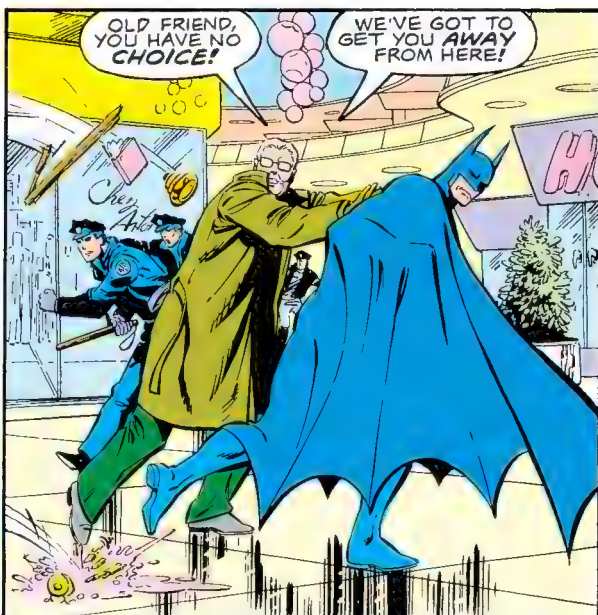
--BUT JUST WHAT THE HELL IS TASK FORCE X?

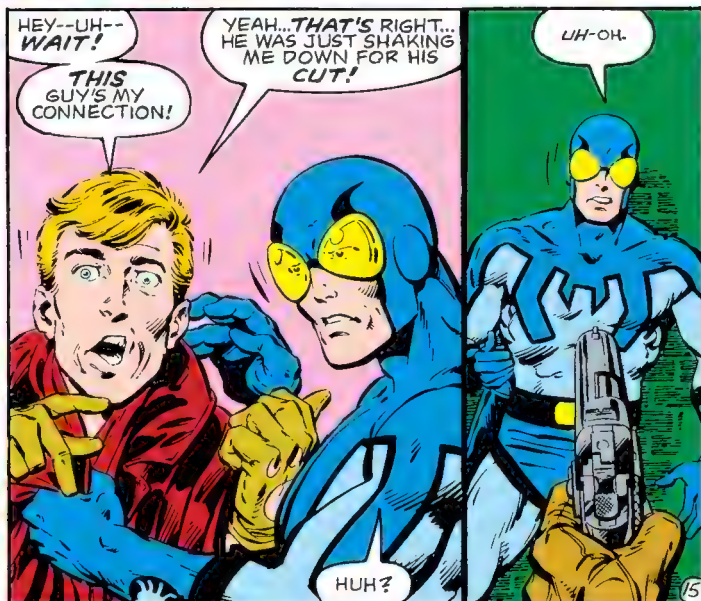
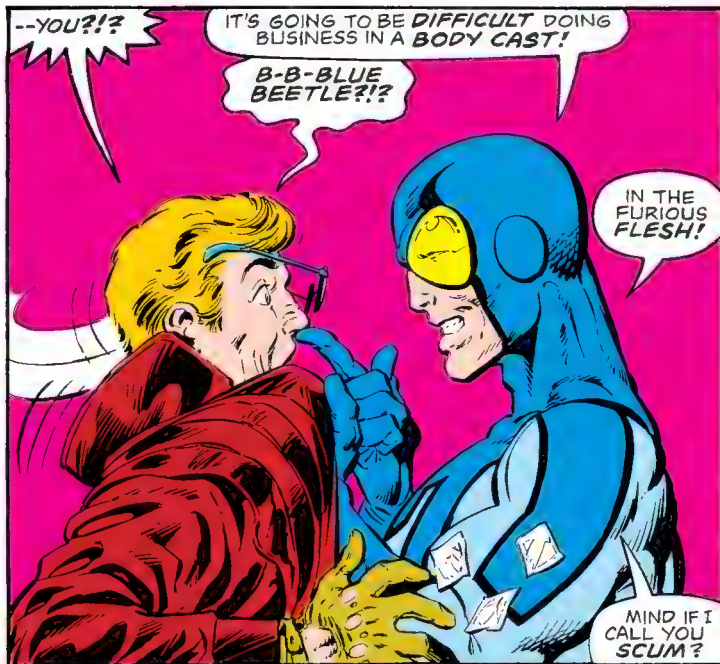
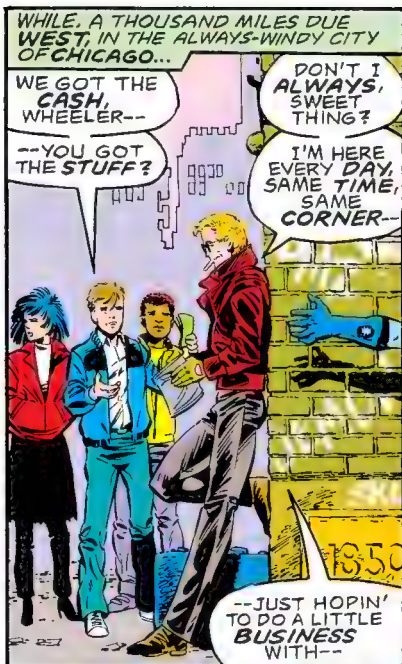


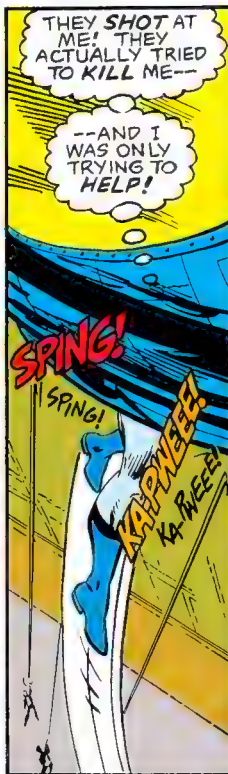
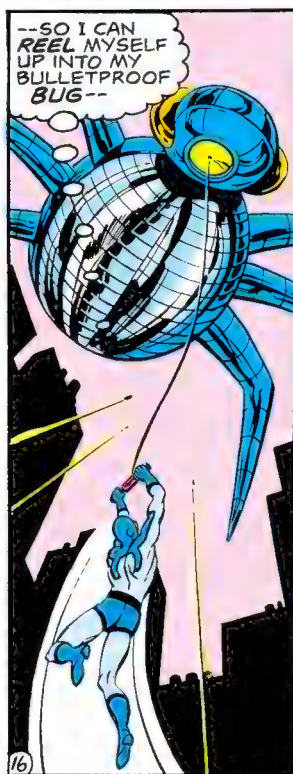
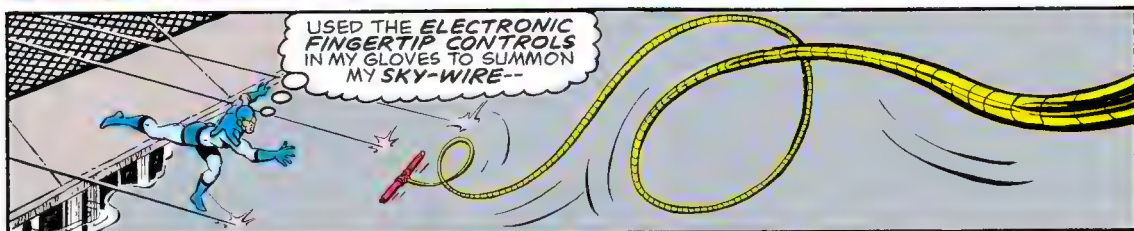
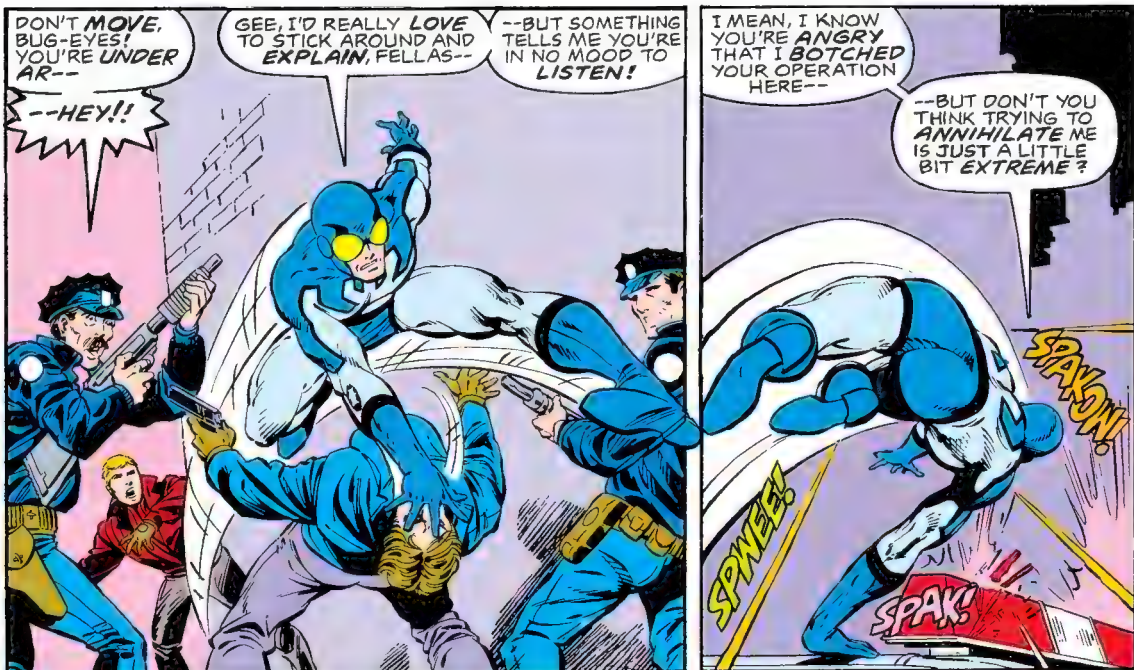


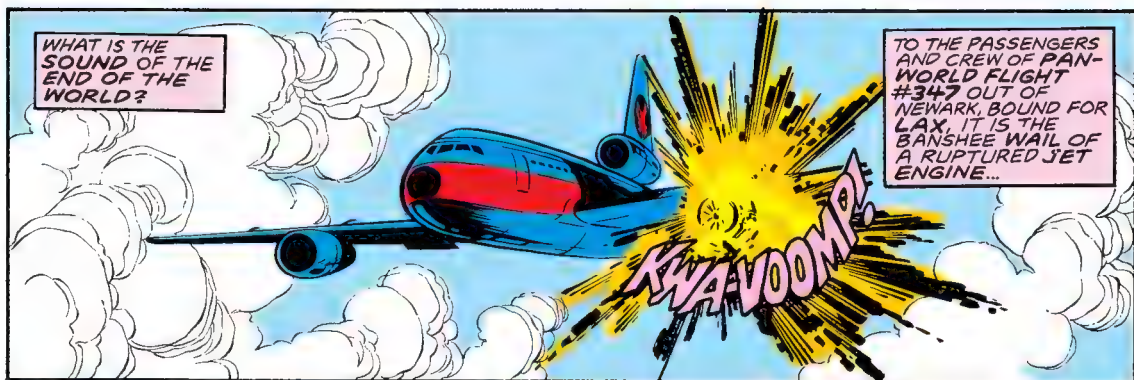












WHAT IS THE
SOUND OF THE
END OF THE
WORLD?

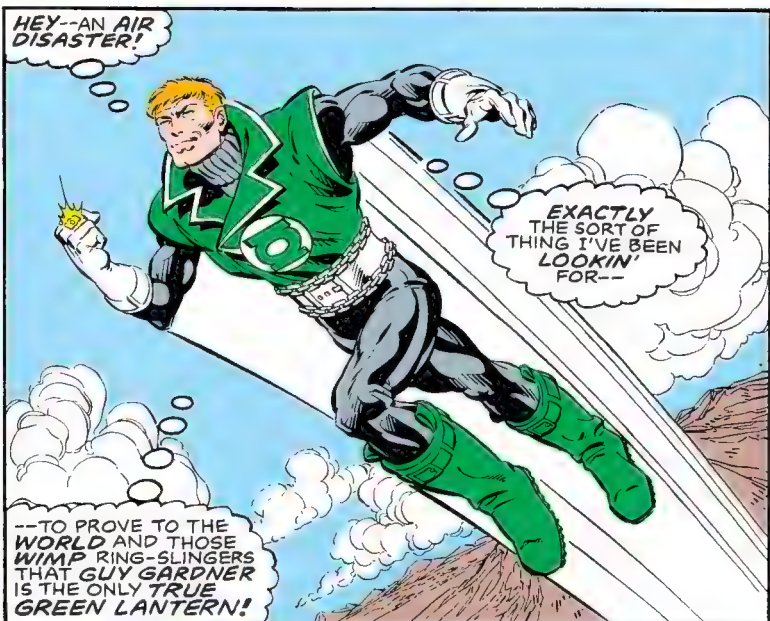
TO THE PASSENGERS
AND CREW OF PAN-
WORLD FLIGHT
#347 OUT OF
NEWARK, BOUND FOR
LAX, IT IS THE
BANSHEE WAIL OF
A RUPTURED JET
ENGINE...



MUST'VE CAUGHT
A BIRD IN THE
INTAKE---

PORT ENGINE'S
BLOWN--AND
I MEAN
LITERALLY!

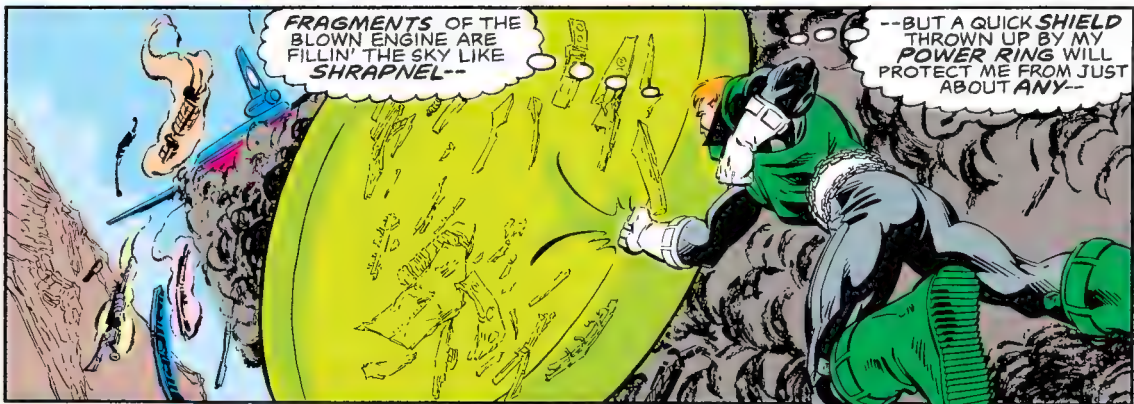
WE'RE GOIN'
DOWN--!!



HEY--AN AIR
DISASTER!

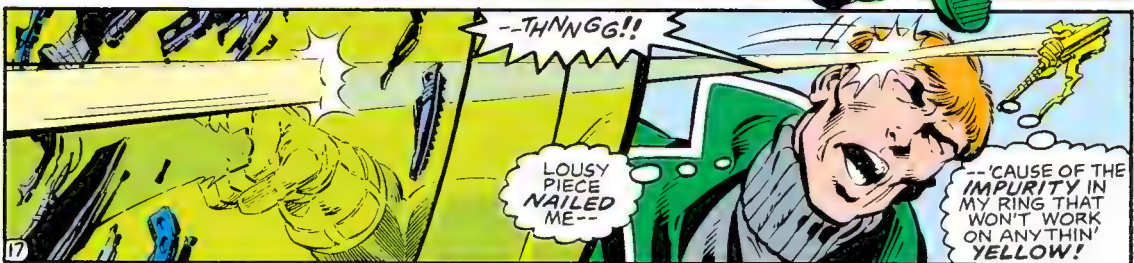
EXACTLY
THE SORT OF
THING I'VE BEEN
LOOKIN'
FOR--

--TO PROVE TO THE
WORLD AND THOSE
WIMP RING-SLINGERS
THAT GUY GARDNER
IS THE ONLY TRUE
GREEN LANTERN!



FRAGMENTS OF THE
BLOWN ENGINE ARE
FILLIN' THE SKY LIKE
SHRAPNEL--

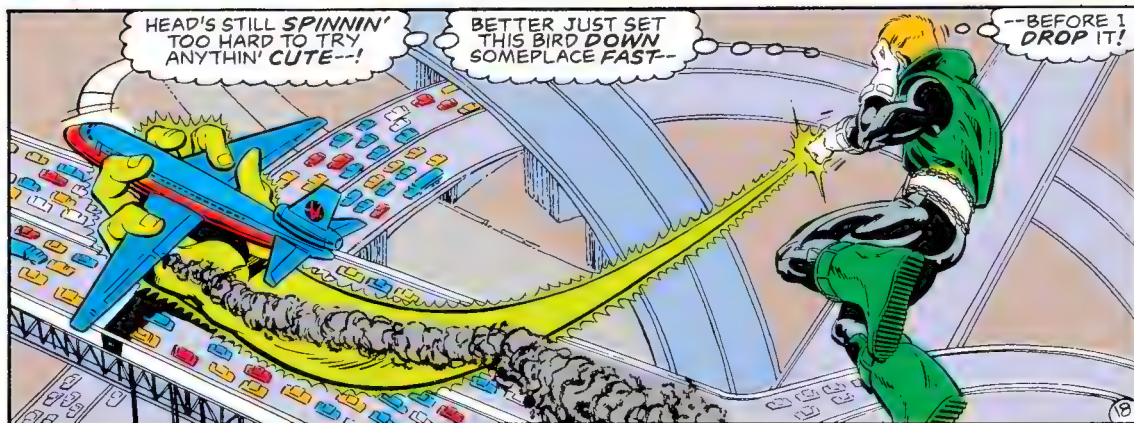
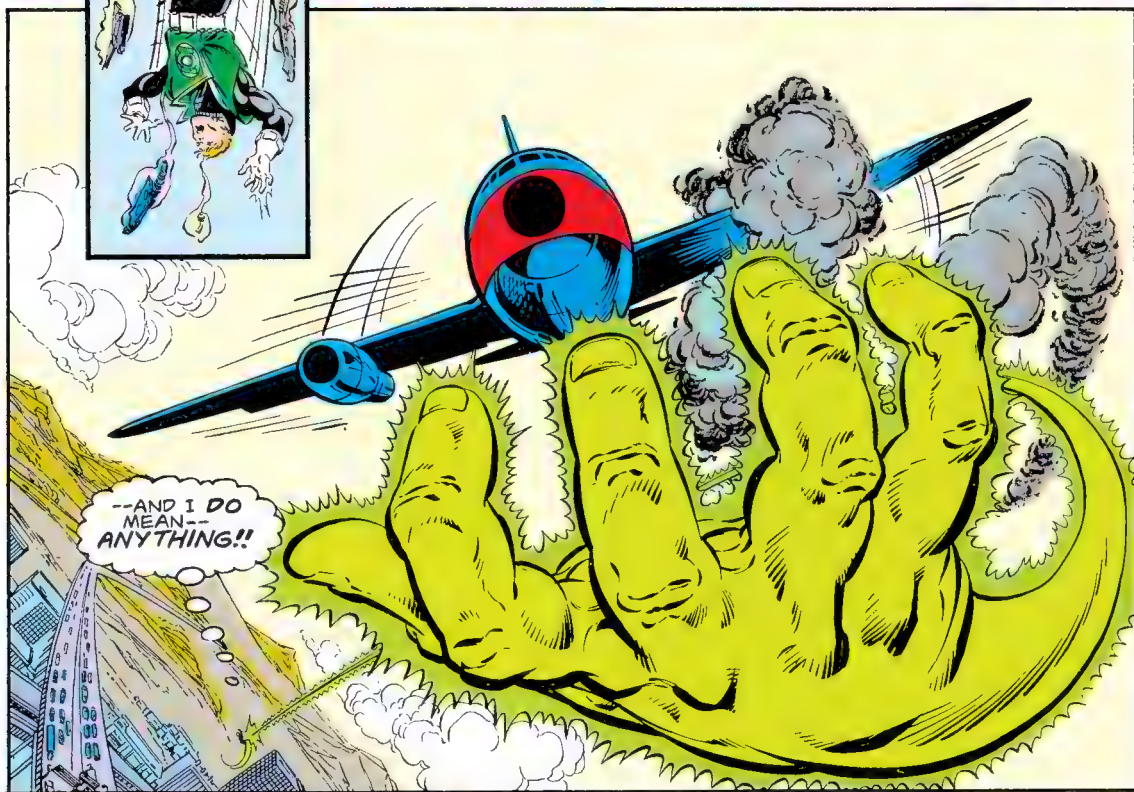
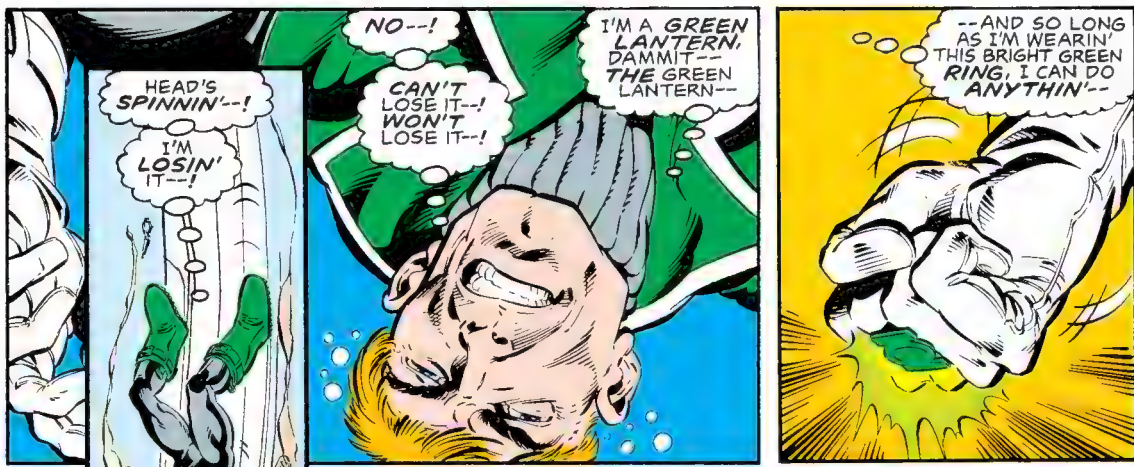
--BUT A QUICK SHIELD
THROWN UP BY MY
POWER RING WILL
PROTECT ME FROM JUST
ABOUT ANY--

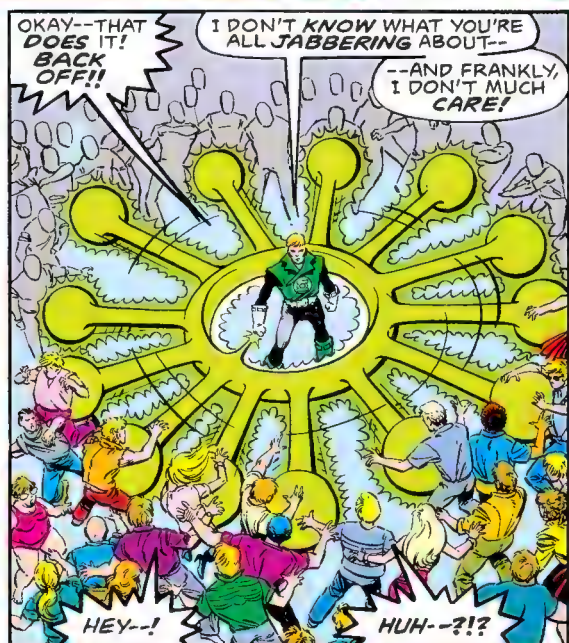
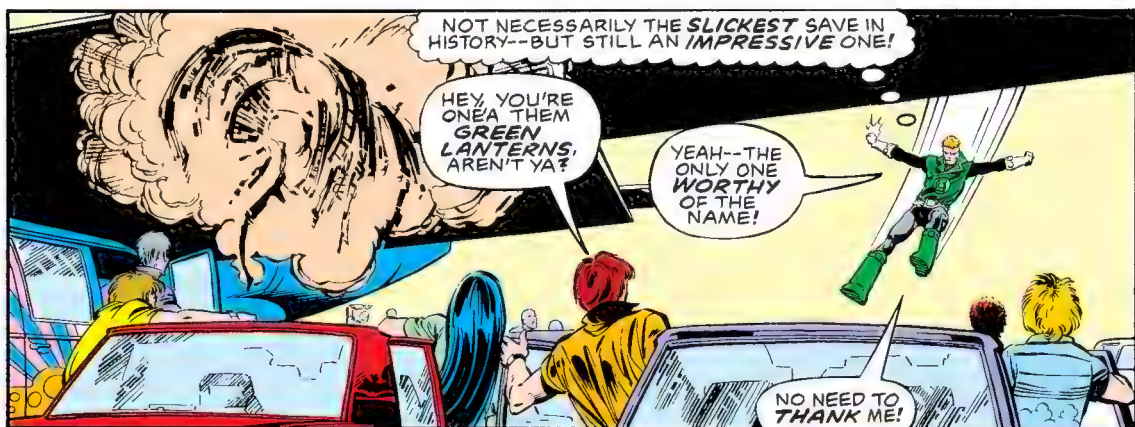


--THNNGG!!

LOUSY
PIECE
NAILED
ME--

--'CAUSE OF THE
IMPURITY IN
MY RING THAT
WON'T WORK
ON ANYTHIN'
YELLOW!





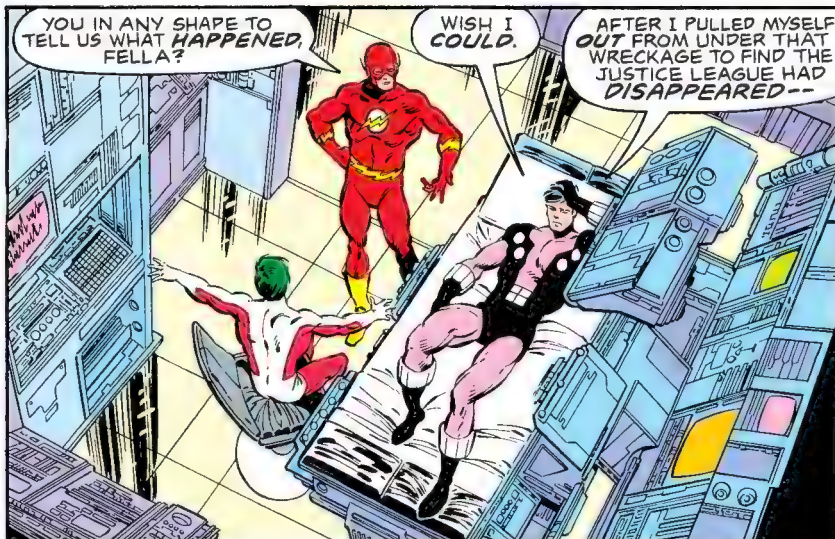
TITANS TOWER, ON A PRIVATE ISLAND IN NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER:



HIS VITAL SIGNS HAVE FINALLY STABILIZED, WALLY.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA BE OKAY.

YOU IN ANY SHAPE TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED, FELLA?



WISH I COULD.

AFTER I PULLED MYSELF OUT FROM UNDER THAT WRECKAGE TO FIND THE JUSTICE LEAGUE HAD DISAPPEARED--

--I MUST'VE STAGGERED AROUND IN A DAZE UNTIL YOU TWO FOUND ME AND BROUGHT ME HERE!

YOU MEAN THAT 50-FOOT FREAK WITH THE SIZZLING PERSONALITY?

NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

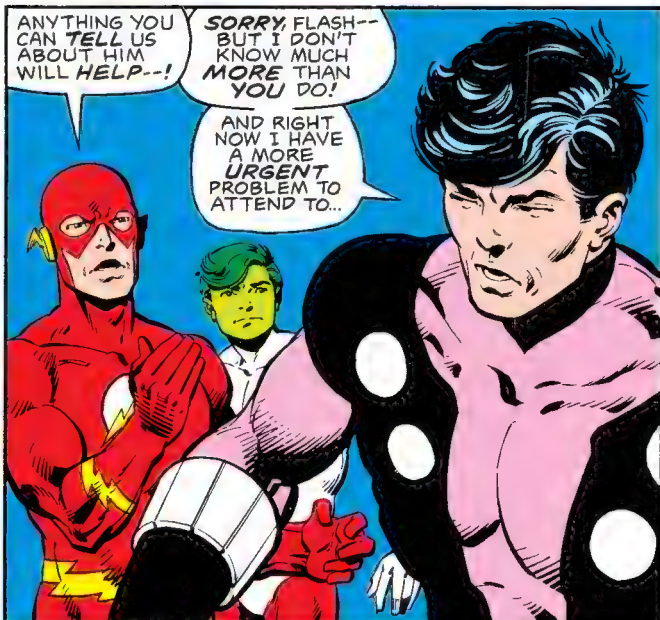
ANY WORD ON BRIMSTONE?



ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT HIM WILL HELP--!

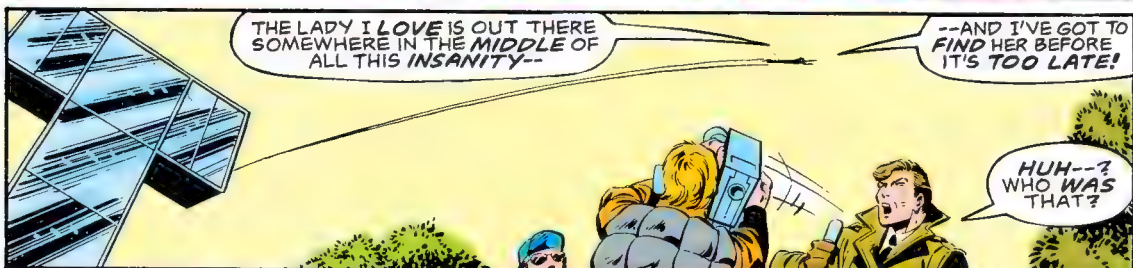
SORRY, FLASH-- BUT I DON'T KNOW MUCH MORE THAN YOU DO!

AND RIGHT NOW I HAVE A MORE URGENT PROBLEM TO ATTEND TO...



THE LADY I LOVE IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS INSANITY--

--AND I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



HUH--? WHO WAS THAT?

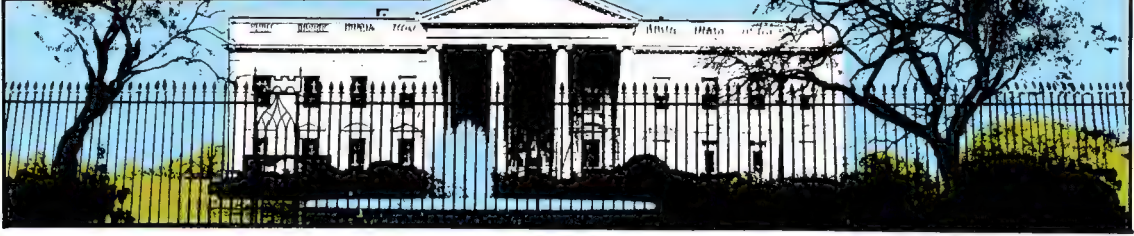
EXCELLENT! MY FOES SPLIT THEIR FORCES EVER THINNER!

THE MOMENT HAS COME--FOR THE VENGEANCE OF PROFESSOR IVO!

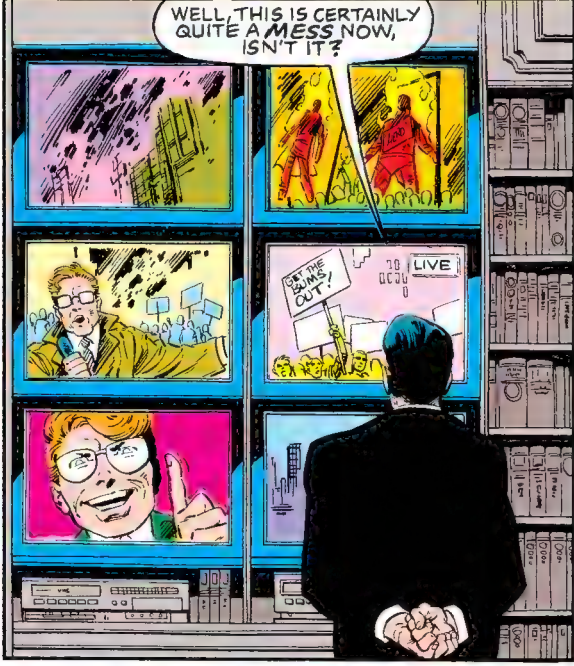


SINCE BEFORE THE BRITISH TRIED TO SET IT TO THE TORCH IN 1814, WASHINGTON'S LEGENDARY WHITE HOUSE HAS SERVED AS HOME AND HEARTH TO AMERICA'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER...

IN ITS TIME, THESE PRISTINE HALLS HAVE WITNESSED CRISES THAT THREATENED BOTH THIS NATION AND THE WORLD--



--BUT RARELY ANY CRISIS QUITE SO OUTRAGEOUS AS THIS:



WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY QUITE A MESS NOW, ISN'T IT?



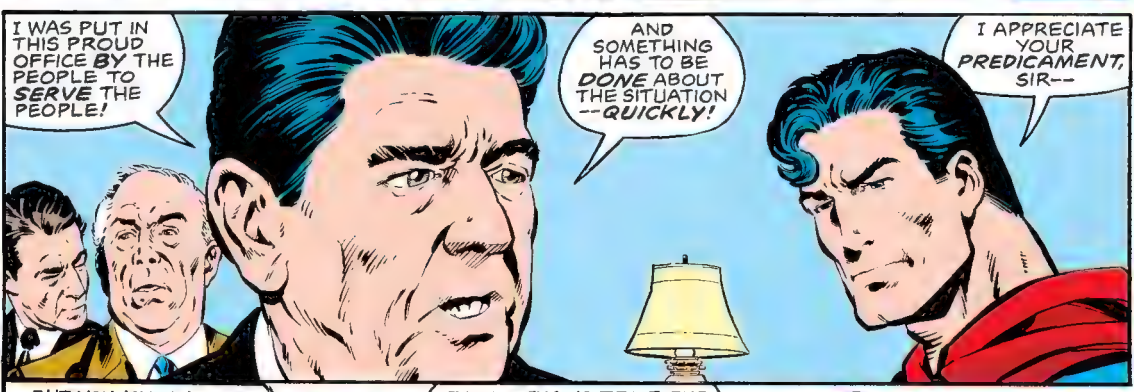
PROTEST... RIOTING... BURNINGS IN EFFIGY...

FRANKLY, SUPERMAN-- IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND!

CERTAINLY YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY FELLOW SUPER-HEROES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MADNESS--

--DO YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT?

WELL, AT THIS POINT, IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER WHAT I BELIEVE!



I WAS PUT IN THIS PROUD OFFICE BY THE PEOPLE TO SERVE THE PEOPLE!

AND SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THE SITUATION --QUICKLY!

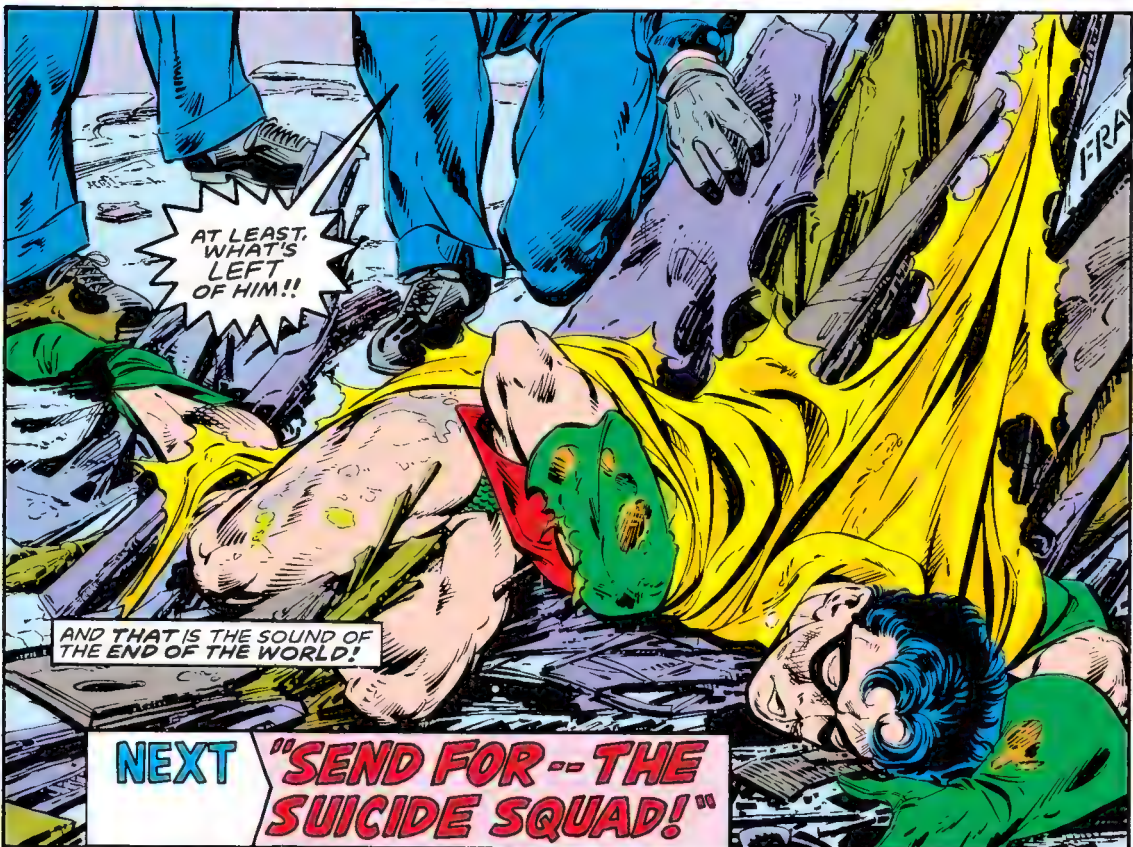
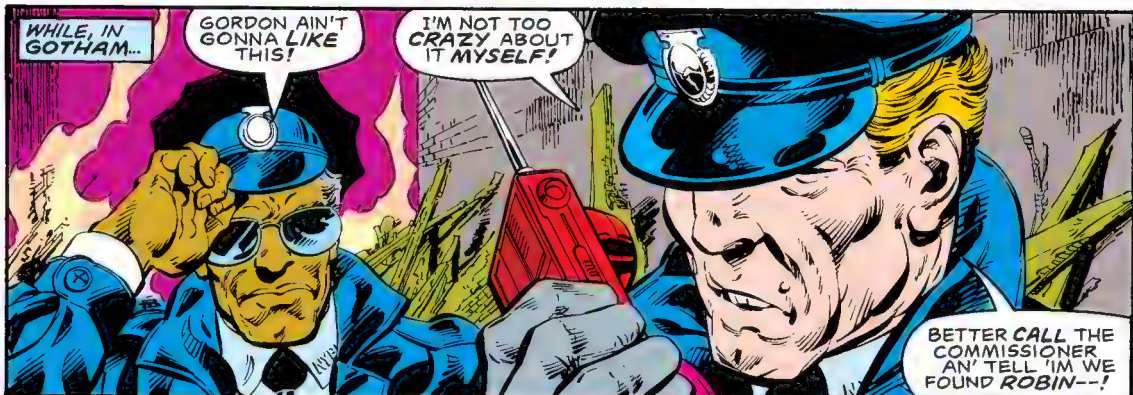
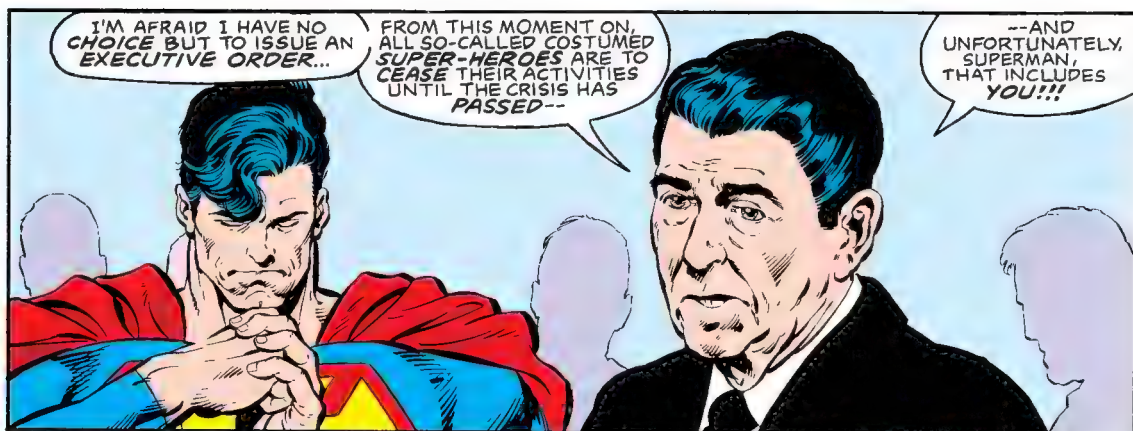
I APPRECIATE YOUR PREDICAMENT, SIR--

--BUT YOU KNOW THIS IS ALL THE DOING OF ONE CRAZED ZEALOT--

EVEN IF THAT'S TRUE, THE SITUATION IS ALREADY FAR TOO DESPERATE TO IGNORE...

--NAMED G. GORDON GODFREY!

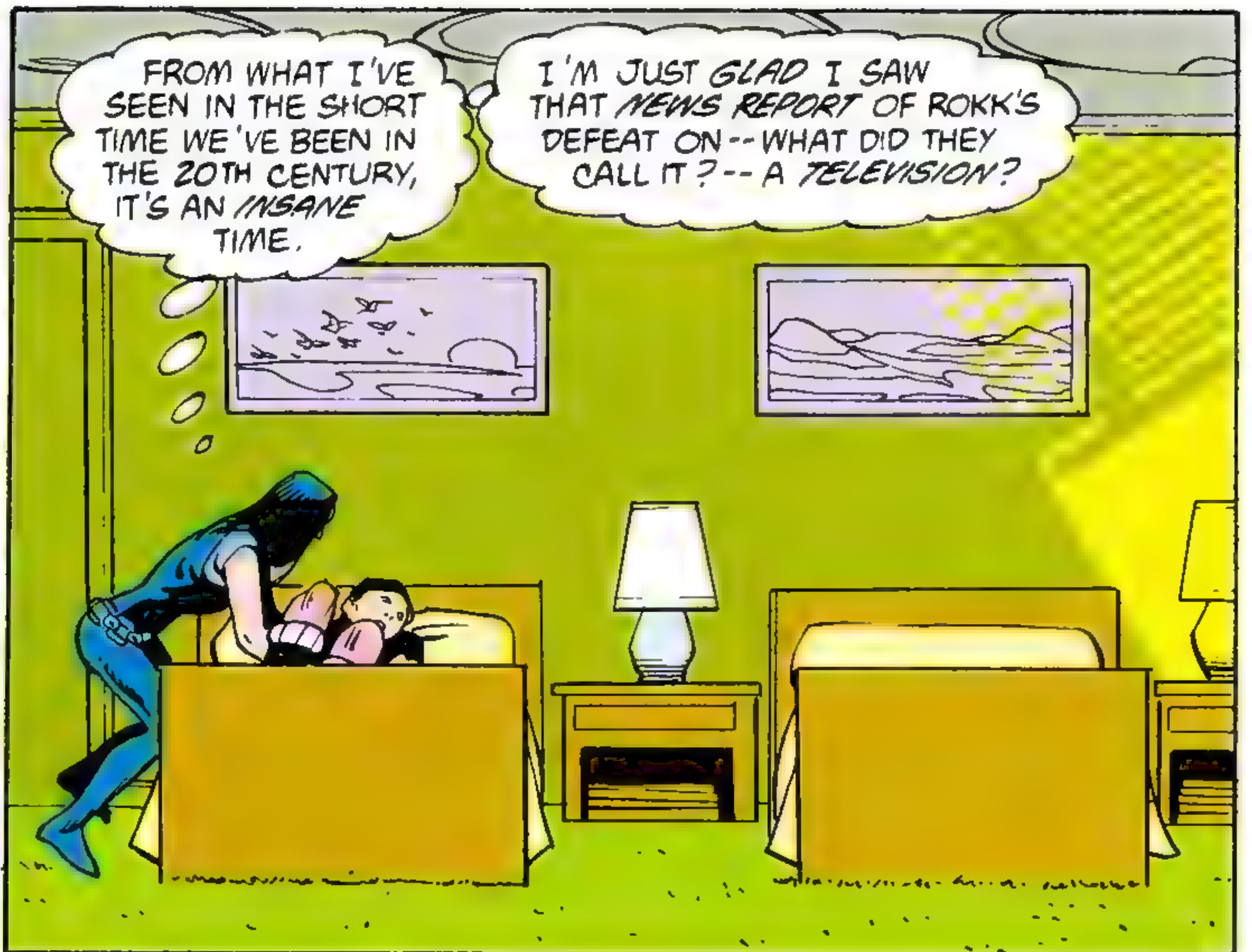






BUT IF I COULDN'T BE CLOSE TO ROKK, AT LEAST I WAS GOING TO USE MY POWERS-- BE A HERO.

AT LEAST IN THE 30TH CENTURY NOBODY HAS ANY DOUBT ABOUT HOW IMPORTANT HEROES CAN BE!



FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN IN THE SHORT TIME WE'VE BEEN IN THE 20TH CENTURY, IT'S AN INSANE TIME.

I'M JUST GLAD I SAW THAT NEWS REPORT OF ROKK'S DEFEAT ON-- WHAT DID THEY CALL IT?-- A TELEVISION?



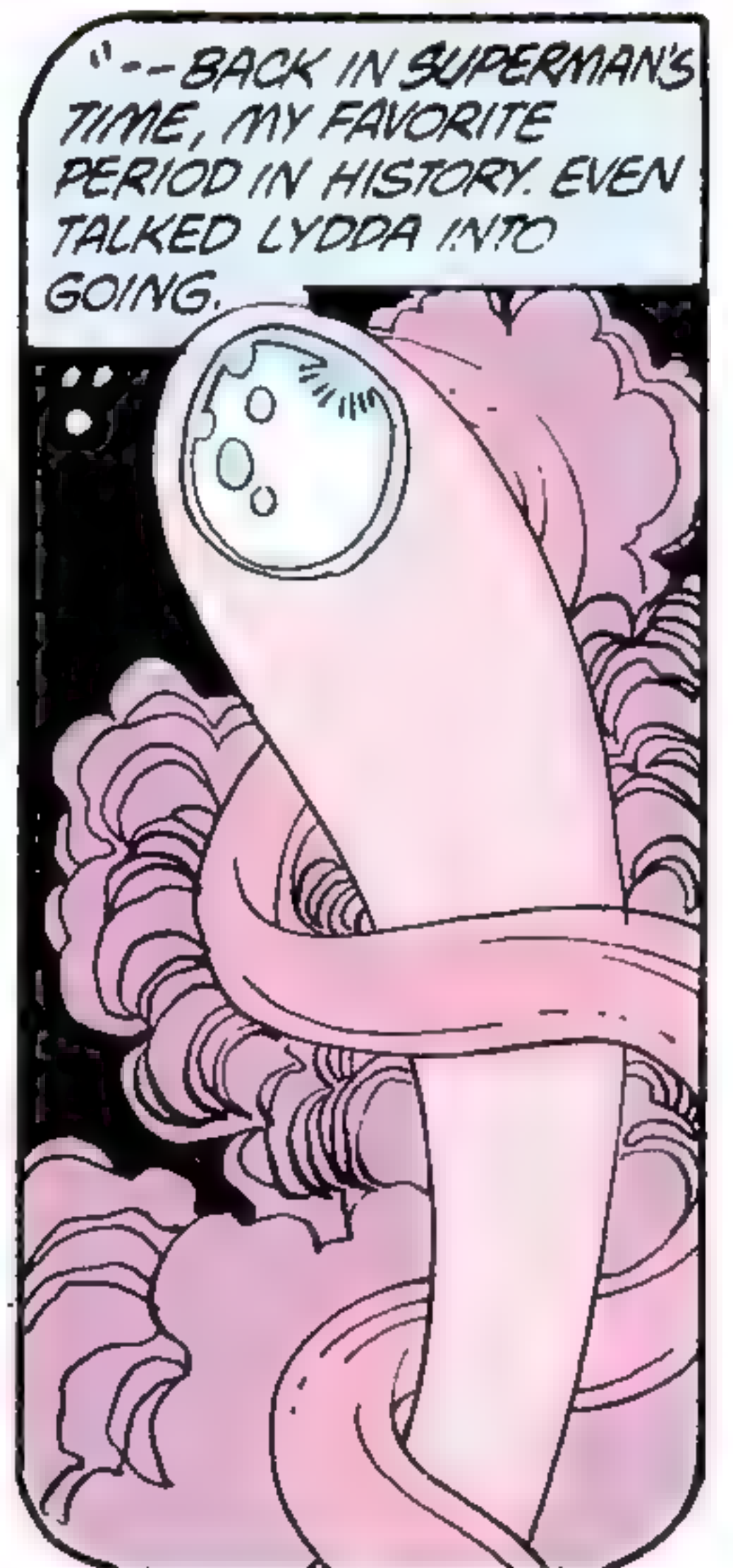
MAYBE WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME HERE...

UNHHHH...



"UNHHH... WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?"

"OH--I REMEMBER -- THE TIME INSTITUTE, BORROWED THE TIME BUBBLE-- DECIDED TO TAKE A VACATION IN THE PAST--

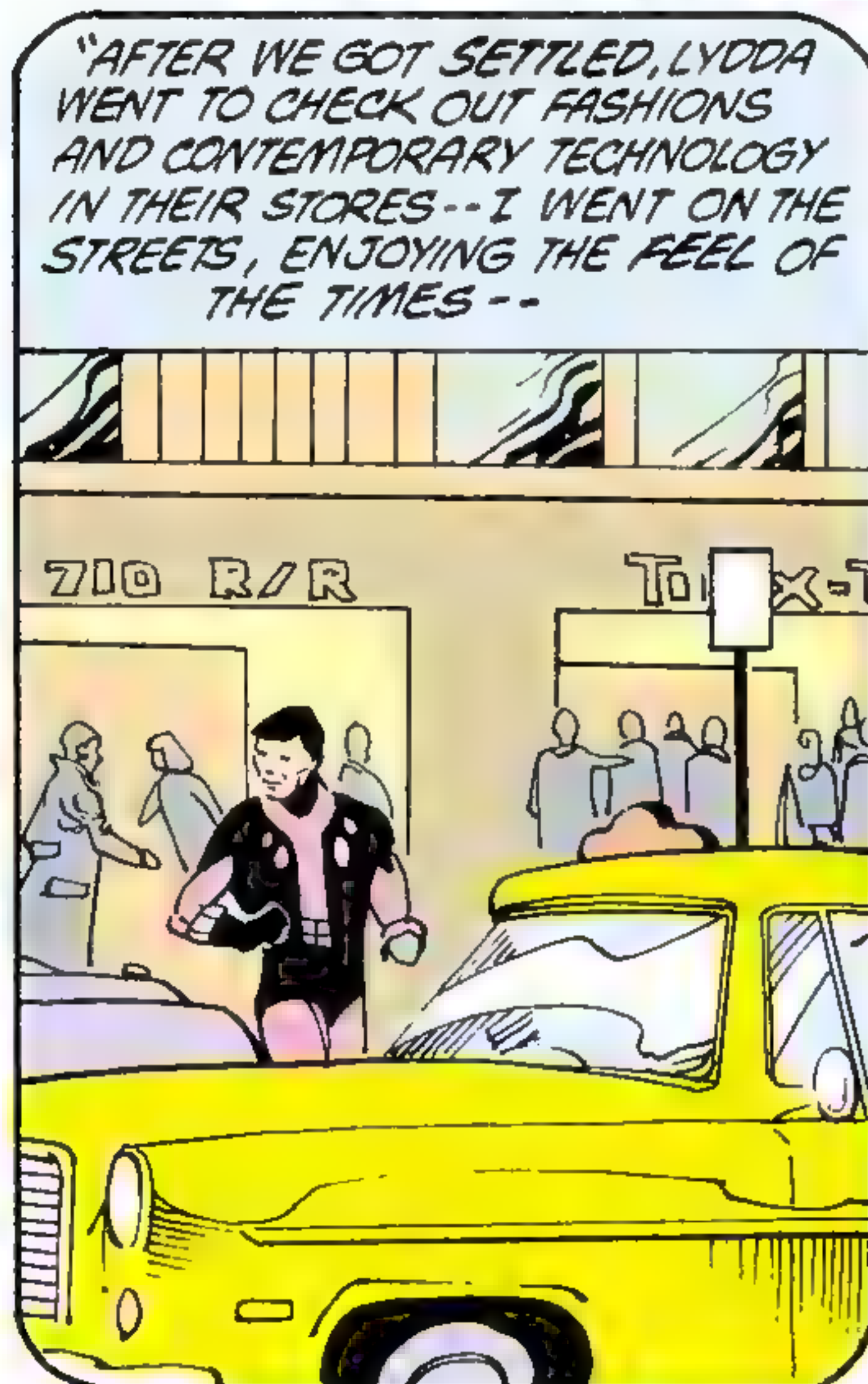


"-- BACK IN SUPERMAN'S TIME, MY FAVORITE PERIOD IN HISTORY. EVEN TALKED LYDDA INTO GOING.



"TRIP WENT BADLY-- ROUGHER THAN I COULD EVER REMEMBER-- THE TIME STREAM SEEMED STORMY, SOMEHOW...

"... BUT WE MADE IT.



"AFTER WE GOT SETTLED, LYDDA WENT TO CHECK OUT FASHIONS AND CONTEMPORARY TECHNOLOGY IN THEIR STORES-- I WENT ON THE STREETS, ENJOYING THE FEEL OF THE TIMES --



"-- AND THEN -- RIGHT -- THEN I WAS FIGHTING BRIMSTONE -- ALONGSIDE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

"THE MONSTER KNOCKED ME UNCONSCIOUS."

"WHEN I WOKE UP-- THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WAS GONE, BUT SUPERMAN WAS THERE. BUT IT WAS SO STRANGE..."

THAT WAS A GOOD TRY, KID-- YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A REAL SUPER-HERO.

SUPERMAN--IT'S ME! COSMIC BOY? FROM THE LEGION.

COSMIC BOY, HMMM... GOOD NAME.

BEST OF LUCK, PAL--

"HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME?"

--THIS IS A TOUGH TIME TO BECOME A HERO.

WHOOOSH

"HE HAD NO IDEA WHO I WAS. I'D KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS A SUPERBOY--AND HE DIDN'T REMEMBER ME."

"IT COULDN'T BE. I WANDERED OFF IN A DAZE."

NOOOOO...

NOOOO...

IT'S OKAY, ROKK-- IT'S OKAY.

I'M HERE.

LYDDA?

SUNG IN THE CATHEDRALS, WHISPERED IN THE SHADOWS... EVER UNCHANGING, SELDOM UNCHANGED... BRIGHT INCANDESCENCE, THE BLACK OF THE PIT...

SUCH IS THE STUFF OF...

LEGENDS

"SEND THE SUICIDE SQUAD!" FOR... THE

JOHN
OSTRANDER
PLOTTER

LEN
WEIN
SCRIPTER

JOHN
BYRNE
PENCILLER

KARL
KESEL
INKER

STEVE
HAYNIE
LETTERER

TOM
ZIUKO
COLORIST

MIKE
GOLD
EDITOR

TITANS' TOWER,
ON A PRIVATE ISLAND
IN MANHATTAN'S
EAST RIVER:

WHERE THE CRISP AUTUMN AIR IS
FILLED TODAY, NOT WITH THE USUAL
SONG OF THE BIRDS AND THE PUNGENT
SCENT OF TURNING LEAVES--

--BUT WITH THE MINDLESS
CHANTING OF ANTI-HEROIC
SLOGANS AND THE SHAKING
OF FURIOUS FISTS...

TITANS
GO
HOME!!

DOWN
WITH
SUPER-
HEROES!!

NO MORE
SUPER
FREAKS

HEROES
GO
HOME!

LET THE
FREAKS
OUT!

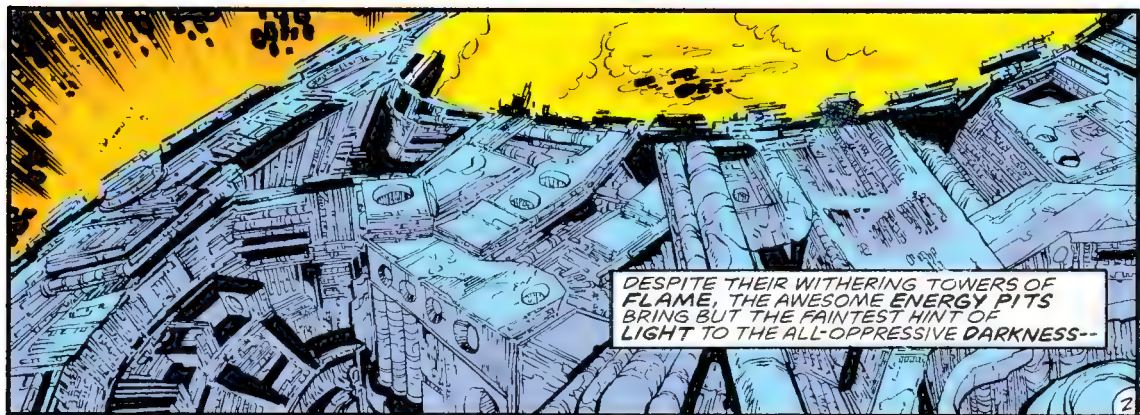
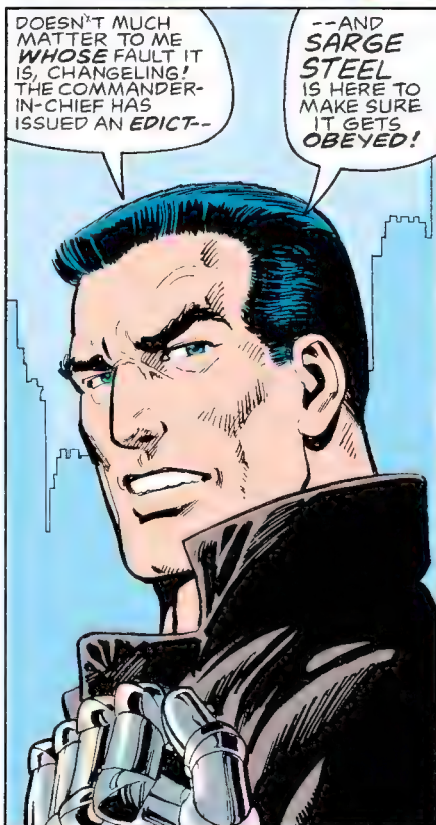
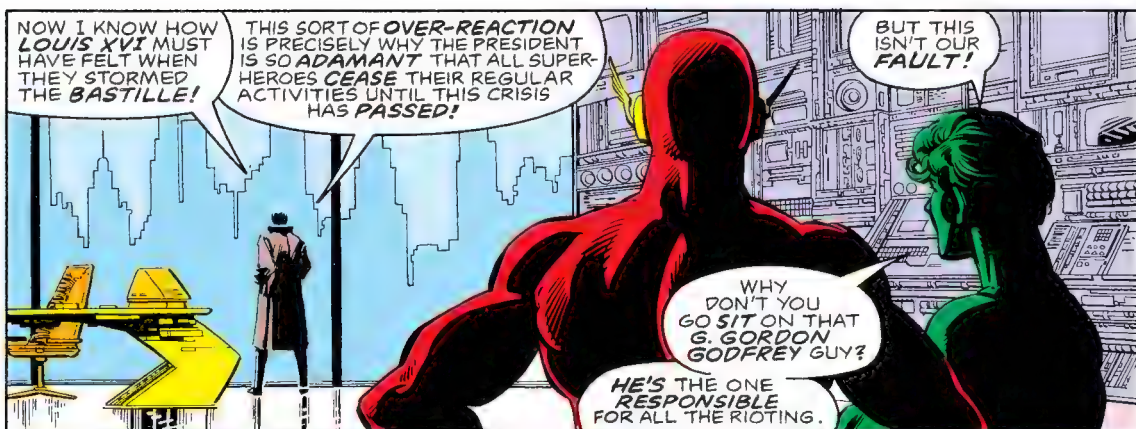
SUPER-
RUX

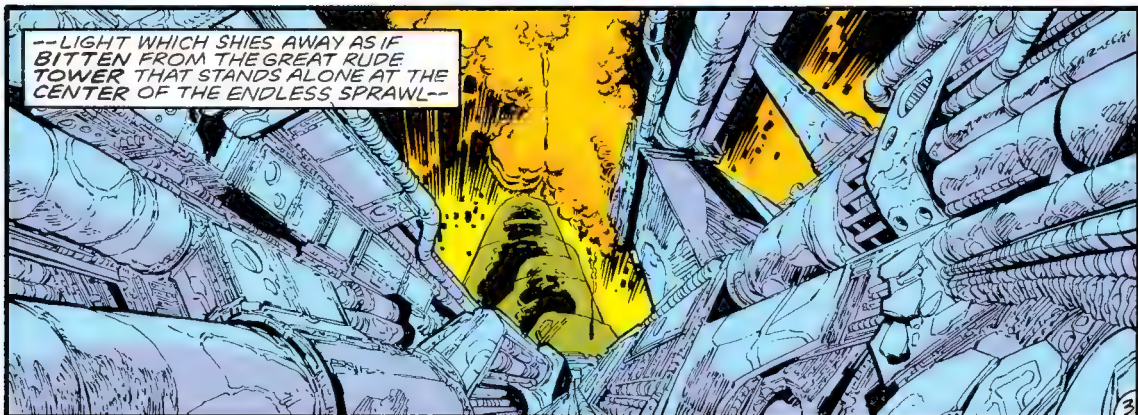
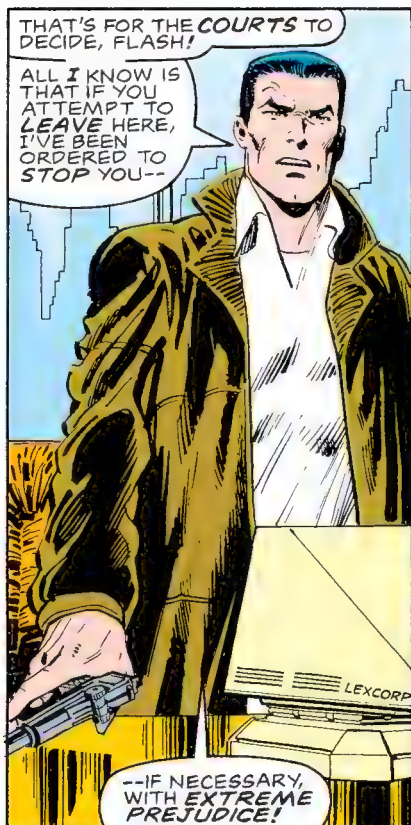
TITANS
ARE A
MURDER!

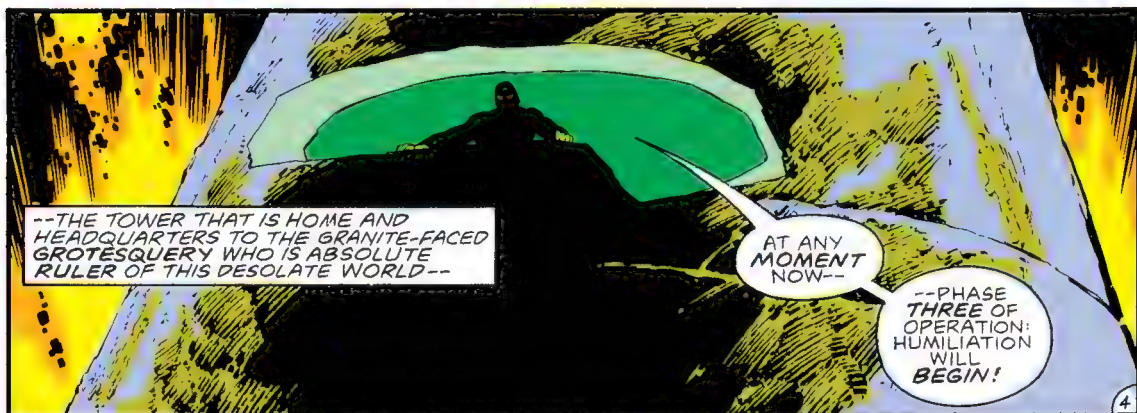
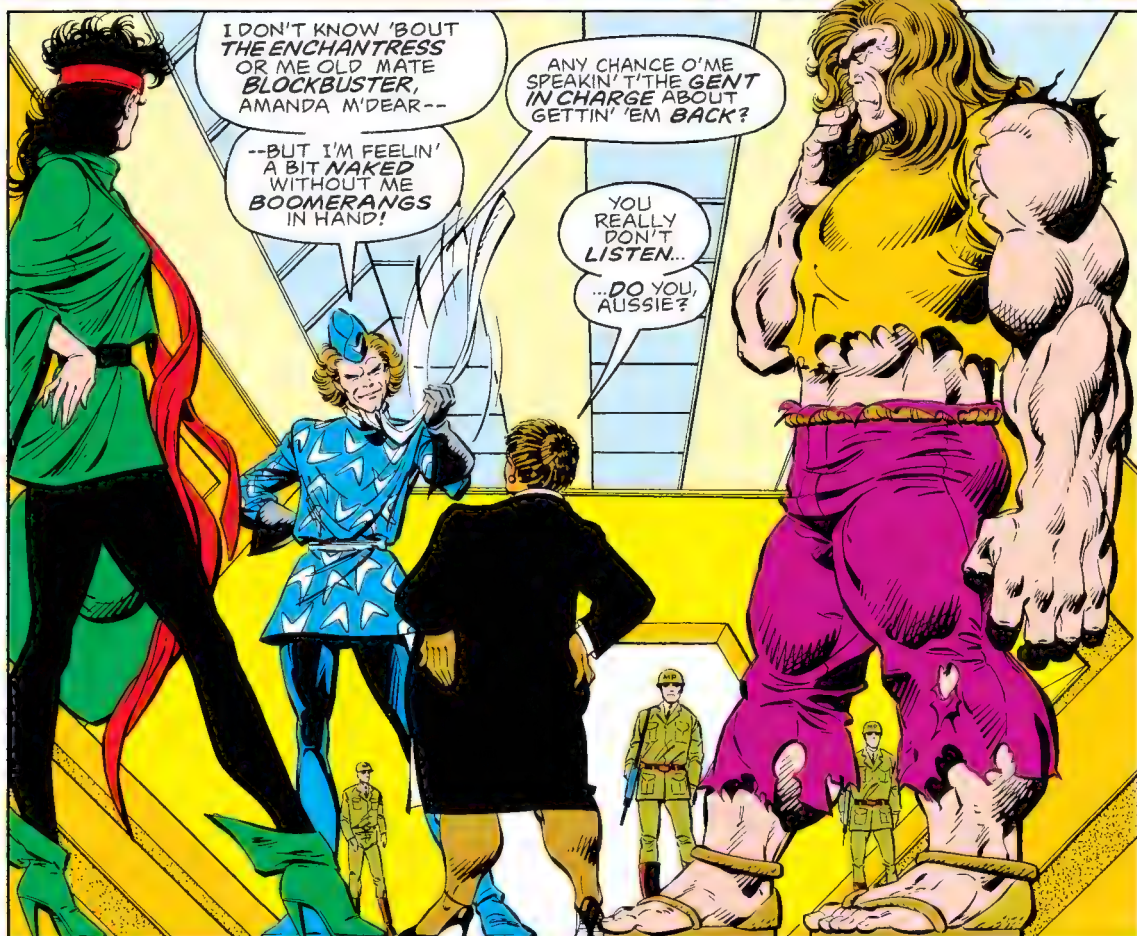
WHILE, A UNIVERSE AWAY, ON
THE BLEAK AND SMOLDERING
PLANET APOKOLIPS--

--THE HAZY AIR IS FILLED,
AS EVER, WITH THE ACRID
STENCH OF SULPHUR--

--AND THE
MOCKING
RASP OF A
MADMAN'S
LAUGHTER!









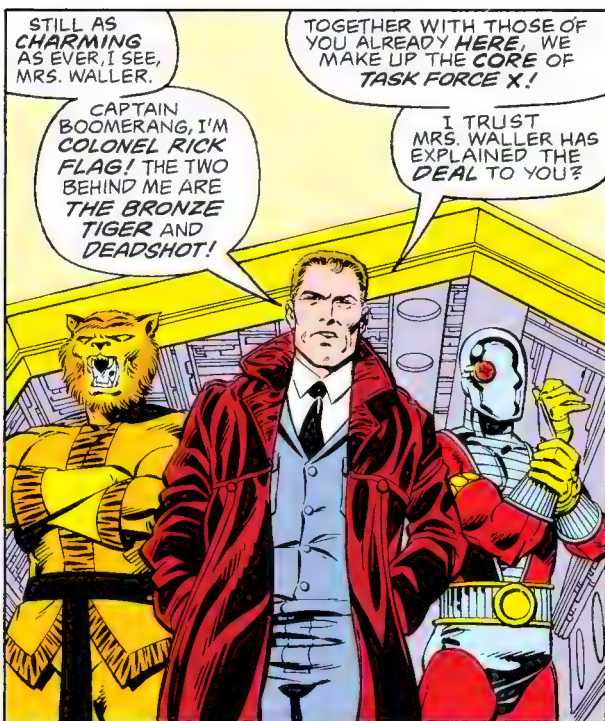
FOR THE LAST TIME, I AM THE 'GENT IN CHARGE'--

--AND THE NAME IS MRS. WALLER!

SURKE

YOU EVER CALL ME AMANDA OR SHEILA OR M'DEAR AGAIN--

--AND YOU'LL BE USING THOSE COCK-EYED STICKS OF YOURS AS SPLINTS!



STILL AS CHARMING AS EVER, I SEE, MRS. WALLER.

CAPTAIN BOOMERANG, I'M COLONEL RICK FLAG! THE TWO BEHIND ME ARE THE BRONZE TIGER AND DEADSHOT!

TOGETHER WITH THOSE OF YOU ALREADY HERE, WE MAKE UP THE CORE OF TASK FORCE X!

I TRUST MRS. WALLER HAS EXPLAINED THE DEAL TO YOU?



I EXPLAINED THAT IF HE ACCEPTS THE MISSION, SUCCEEDS IN THE MISSION, AND SOMEHOW MANAGES TO SURVIVE THE MISSION--

--ALL CURRENT CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST HIM WILL BE DROPPED!

SOUNDS SWEET ENOUGH--!



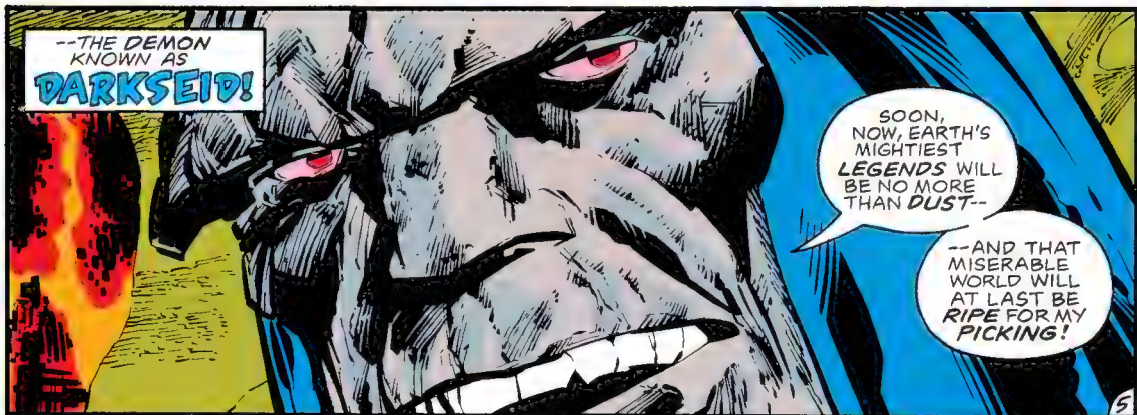
NOT THAT I TRUST ANY O' YOU COBBERS FOR A MINUTE!

THERE'S SOMETHIN' WEIRD GOIN' ON 'ROUND 'ERE, AN' I WANNA KNOW WHAT IT IS BEFORE I--



--EH???

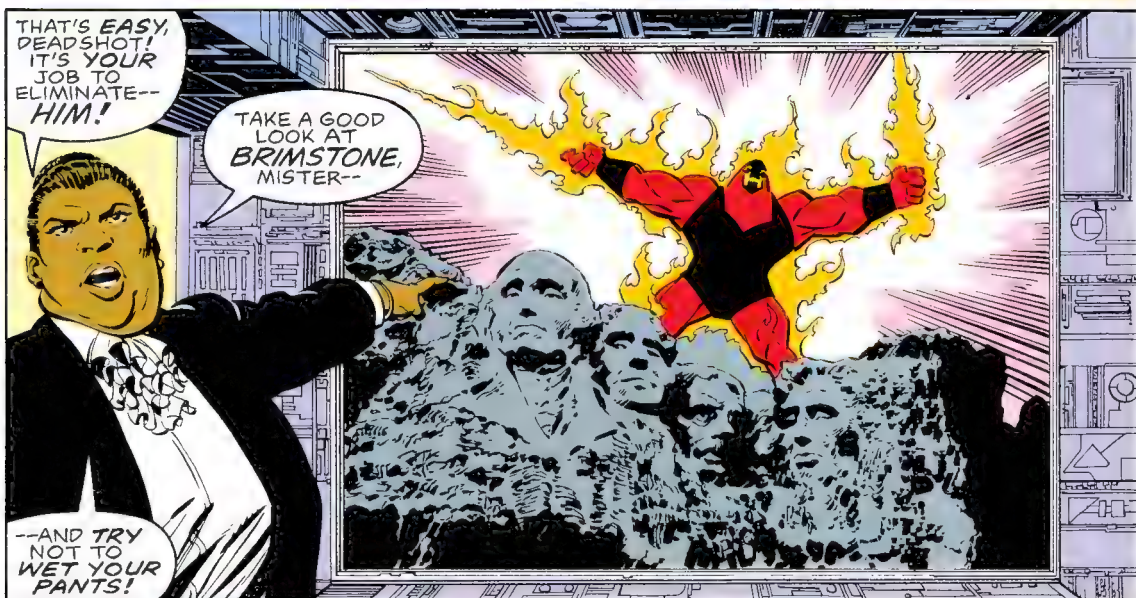
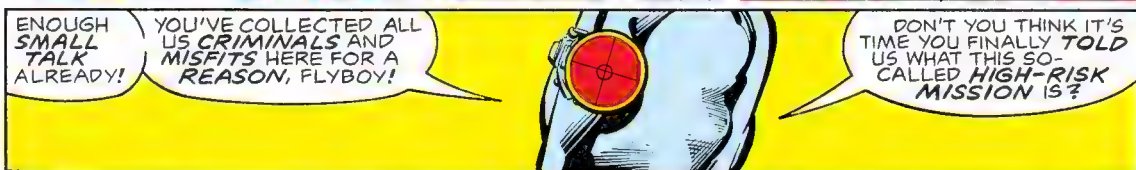
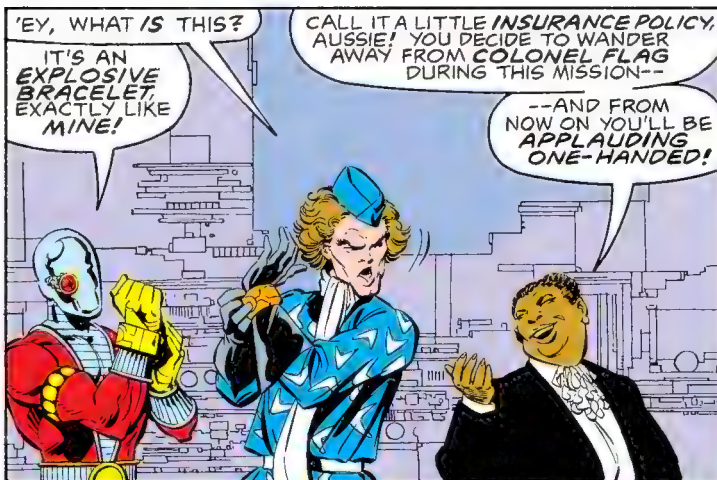
KLAKT!



--THE DEMON KNOWN AS DARKSEID!

SOON, NOW, EARTH'S MIGHTIEST LEGENDS WILL BE NO MORE THAN DUST--

--AND THAT MISERABLE WORLD WILL AT LAST BE RIPE FOR MY PICKING!



WHILE, IN A BESHADOWED ALLEYWAY, A YOUTHFUL FIGURE SEEKS MOMENTARY RESPIRE FROM THE SEEMING INSANITY THAT NOW COMMANDS THE CITY STREETS...

HIS NAME IS BILLY BATSON AND, FOR A SHORT TIME, HE SHARED HIS LIFE WITH EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL...

YES, FOR A SHORT TIME...



IT'S SO CRAZY OUT THERE... ALL THE FIGHTING... ALL THE RIOTING...

I COULD SAY THE ANCIENT WIZARD'S MAGIC WORD... BECOME CAPTAIN MARVEL AGAIN... MAYBE PUT A STOP TO THIS MADNESS...

...BUT I CAN'T... I CAN'T!



THE LAST TIME I BECAME CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE MAGIC LIGHTNING KILLED SOMEONE...

...AND I CAN'T EVER RISK THAT HAPPENING AGAIN...

...NEVER AGAIN!!

HI! YOU OKAY?



MY NAME IS LISA! I GOT SEPARATED FROM MY MOM AND DAD BY THE CROWD --AND I'M A LITTLE SCARED!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

IT'S BILLY, LISA--

--AND I'M SCARED, TOO!

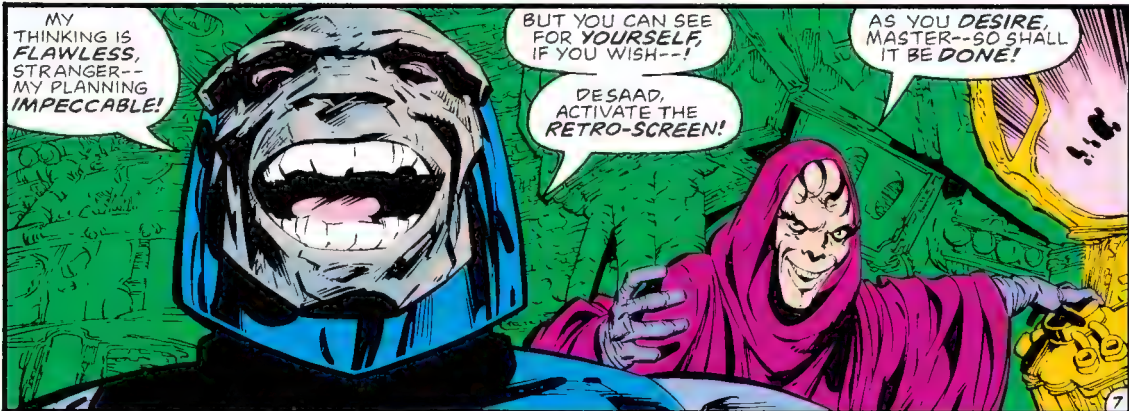


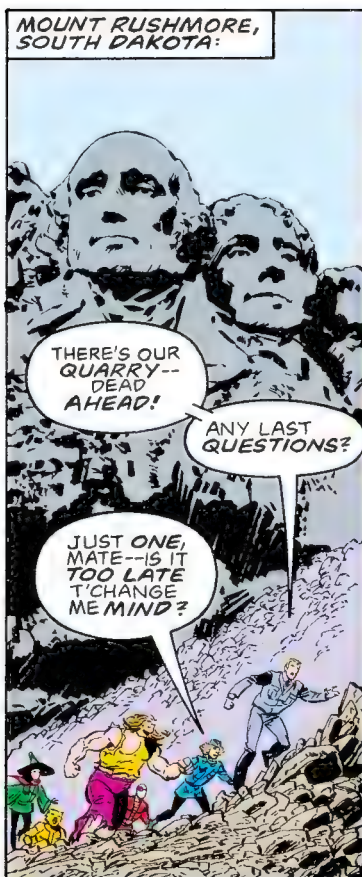
MY THINKING IS FLAWLESS, STRANGER-- MY PLANNING IMPECCABLE!

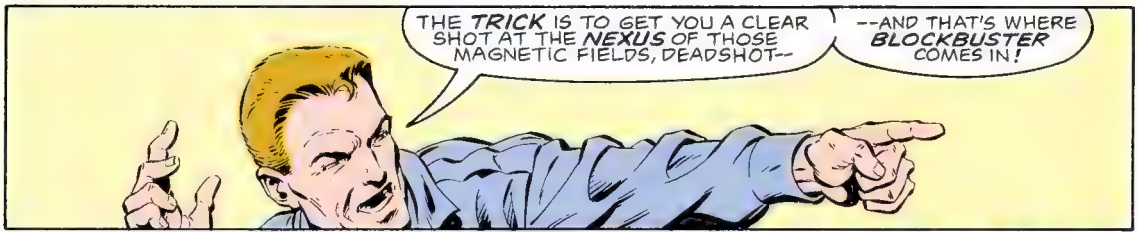
BUT YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF, IF YOU WISH--!

DESAAD, ACTIVATE THE RETRO-SCREEN!

AS YOU DESIRE, MASTER--SO SHALL IT BE DONE!







THE *TRICK* IS TO GET YOU A CLEAR SHOT AT THE *NEXUS* OF THOSE MAGNETIC FIELDS, DEADSHOT--

--AND THAT'S WHERE *BLOCKBUSTER* COMES IN!



SWIFTLY, SAVAGELY, THE MONSTROUS *MAN-BRUTE* SINKS HIS SPADE-LIKE FINGERS INTO THE ROCKY GROUND BENEATH *BRIMSTONE'S* FEET--

--AND, WITH AN ALMOST CASUAL SHRUG, UPLIFTS IT--

SKRAAAAKT!

RRAARRGGHH!!



--PROVING ONCE MORE THAT THE *BIGGER* THEY ARE, THE *HARDER* THEY...

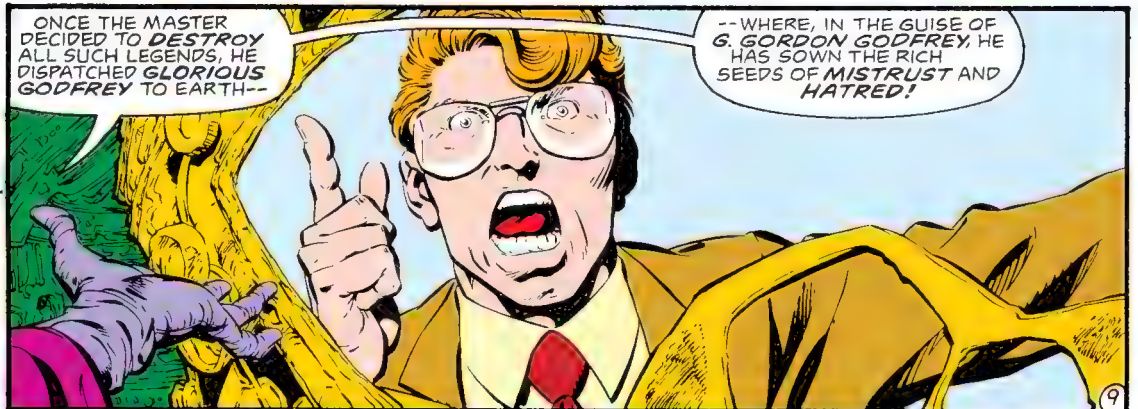
...FALL!



THAT OVERSIZED COBBER IS WAY OUTTA ME *LEAGUE*--

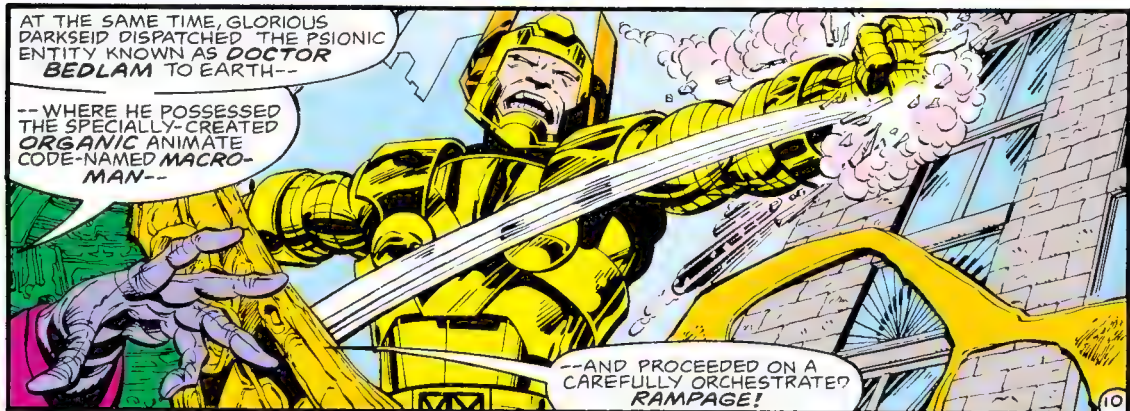
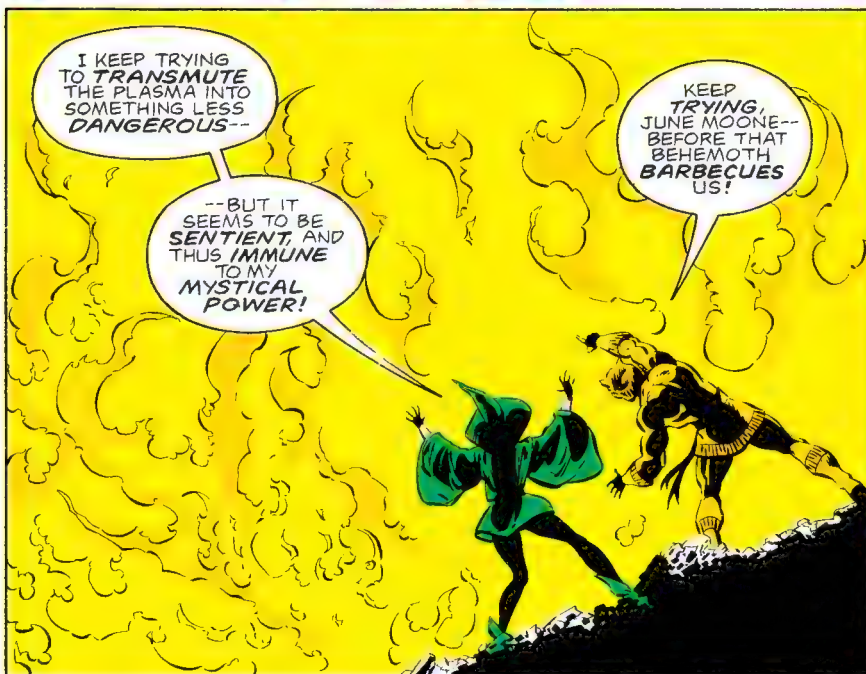
--BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING I *AIN'T*, IT'S A *QUITTER*!

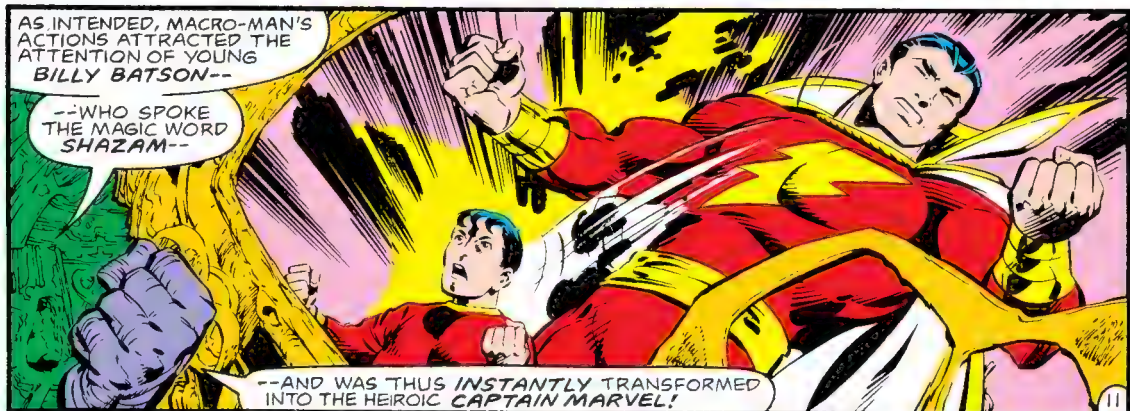
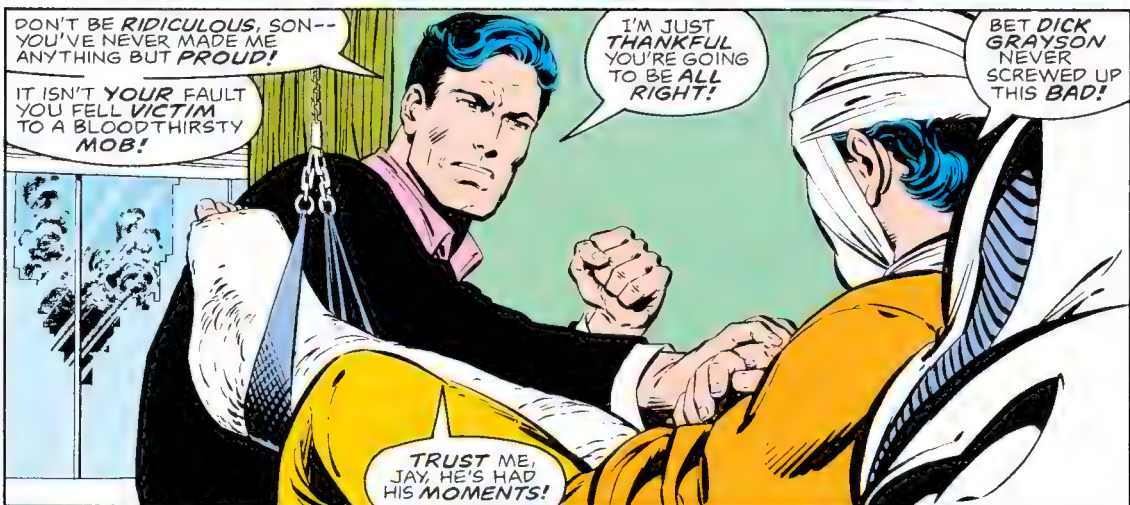
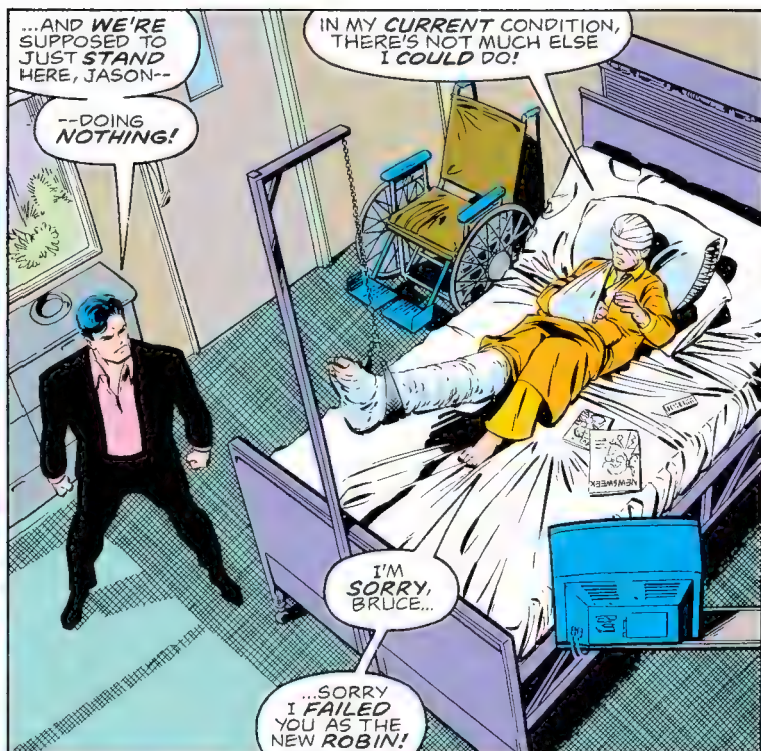
SO LET'S SEE HOW OL' *GOLIATH* LIKES THE TASTE O' ME *BAFFLE-RANGS!!*

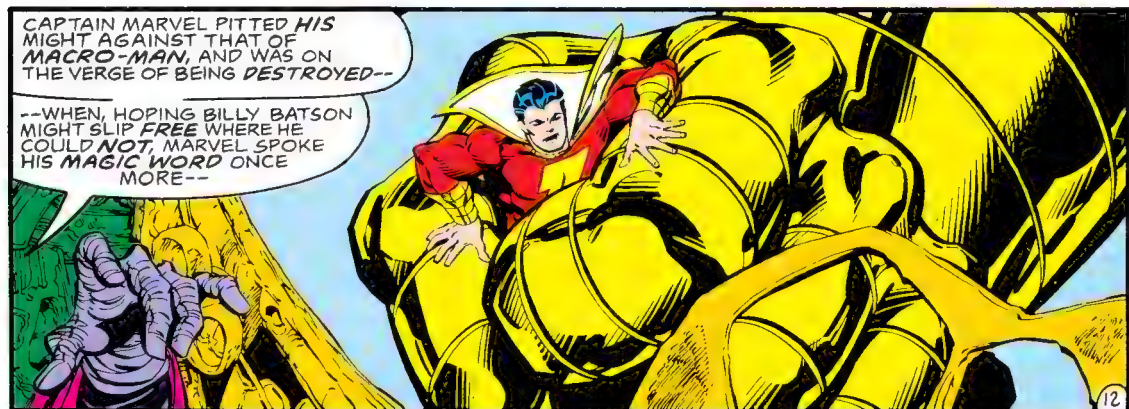
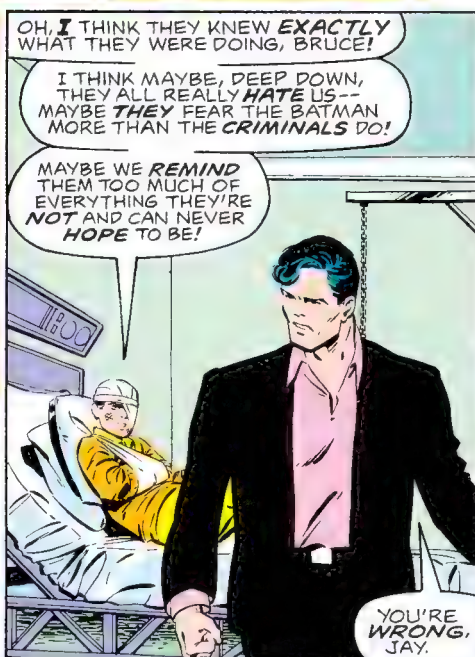


ONCE THE MASTER DECIDED TO *DESTROY* ALL SUCH LEGENDS, HE DISPATCHED *GLORIOUS* GODFREY TO EARTH--

--WHERE, IN THE GUISE OF *G. GORDON GODFREY*, HE HAS SOWN THE RICH SEEDS OF *MISTRUST* AND *HATRED*!





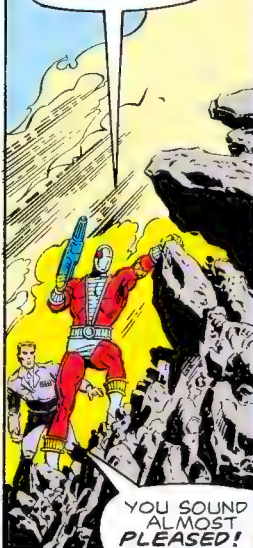


WHILE, BACK AT MOUNT RUSHMORE...

WELL, FLYBOY--YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THIS MISSION!

IT'S DEFINITELY SUICIDE!

YOU SOUND ALMOST PLEASED!



HEY, YOU DO YOUR JOB, COLONEL--I'LL DO MINE!

THIS GUN'S ONLY GOOD FOR ONE SHOT. REMEMBER?

BUT YOU JUST KEEP BLOCKBUSTER RUNNING INTERFERENCE 'TIL I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO BRIMSTONE--



--AND I PROMISE YOU--

--ONE SHOT IS ALL I'LL NEED!



MAYBE THE PERSONALITY PROFILE ON DEADSHOT IS RIGHT...

MAYBE HE DOES HAVE A DEATH WISH!

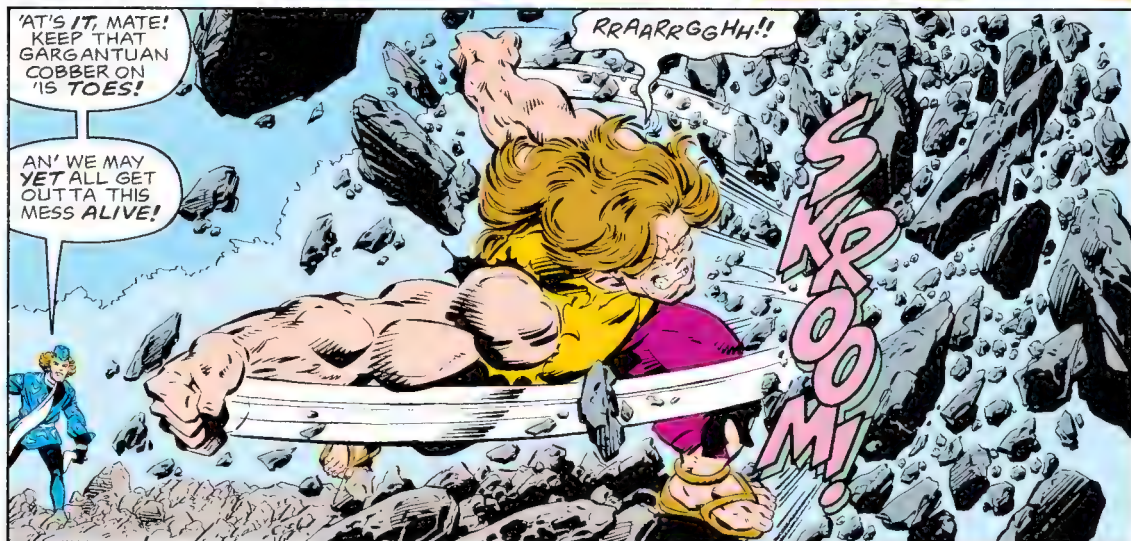


'AT'S IT, MATE! KEEP THAT GARGANTUAN COBBER ON 'IS TOES!

AN' WE MAY YET ALL GET OUTTA THIS MESS ALIVE!

RRAARRGGHH!!

SKROOM!



--AND THE RESULTANT BOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING TRIGGERED THE SPECIAL EXPLOSIVES PLANTED IN MACRO-MAN'S CHEST--

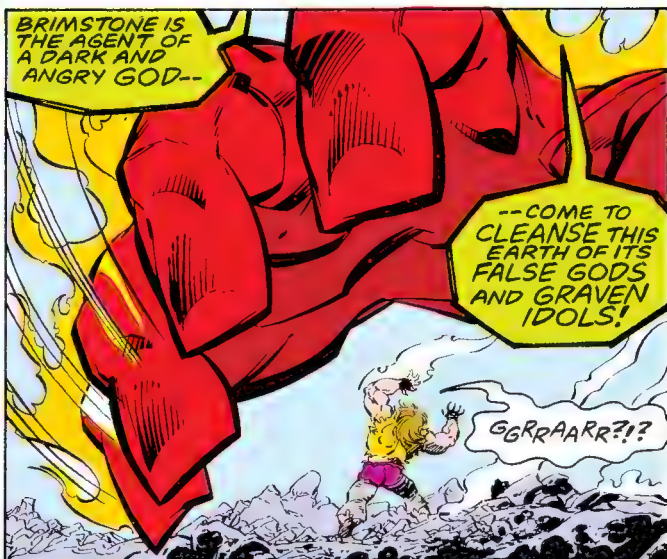
--INCINERATING THE GIANT, AND HURLING HIM TO HIS APPARENT DEATH!





WHY DO YE
PERSIST,
SINNERS--

--WHEN
YE KNOW
THERE IS NO
HOPE?



BRIMSTONE IS
THE AGENT OF
A DARK AND
ANGRY GOD--

--COME TO
CLEANSE THIS
EARTH OF ITS
FALSE GODS
AND GRAVEN
IDOLS!

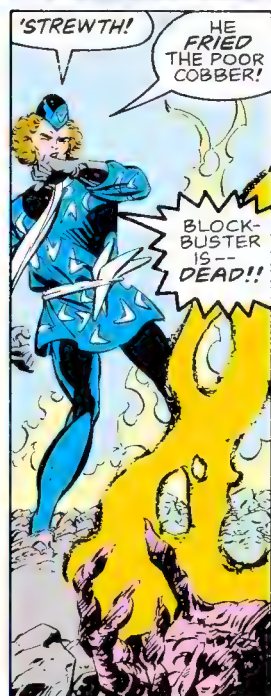
GGRRARR?!?



AND YE, BRITISH
SINNER, HAVE BEEN
SINGULARLY
HONORED--



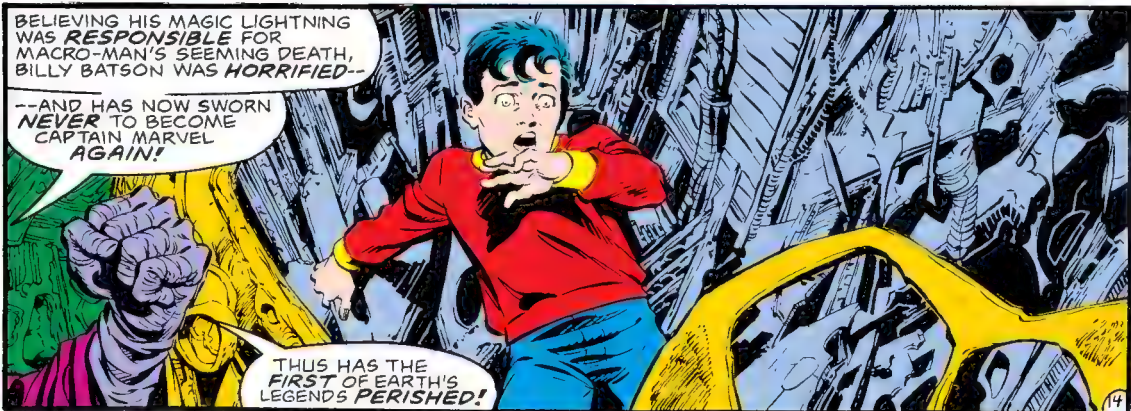
--FOR YE
HAVE BEEN
THE FIRST
TO BE
CLEANSED!



'STREWTH!

HE
FRIED
THE POOR
COBBER!

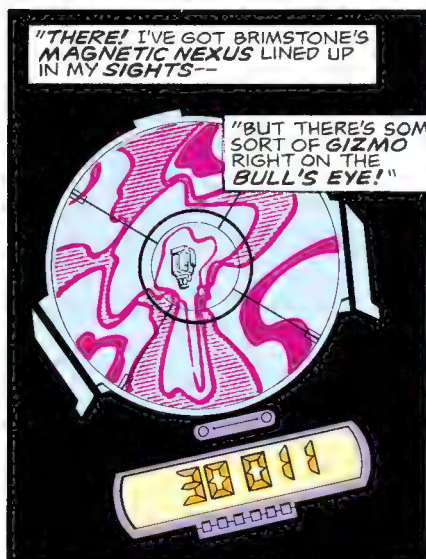
BLOCK-
BUSTER
IS--
DEAD!!



BELIEVING HIS MAGIC LIGHTNING
WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR
MACRO-MAN'S SEEMING DEATH,
BILLY BATSON WAS HORRIFIED--

--AND HAS NOW SWORN
NEVER TO BECOME
CAPTAIN MARVEL
AGAIN!

THUS HAS THE
FIRST OF EARTH'S
LEGENDS PERISHED!



"THERE! I'VE GOT BRIMSTONE'S
MAGNETIC NEXUS LINED UP
IN MY SIGHTS--

"BUT THERE'S SOME
SORT OF GIZMO
RIGHT ON THE
BULL'S EYE!"



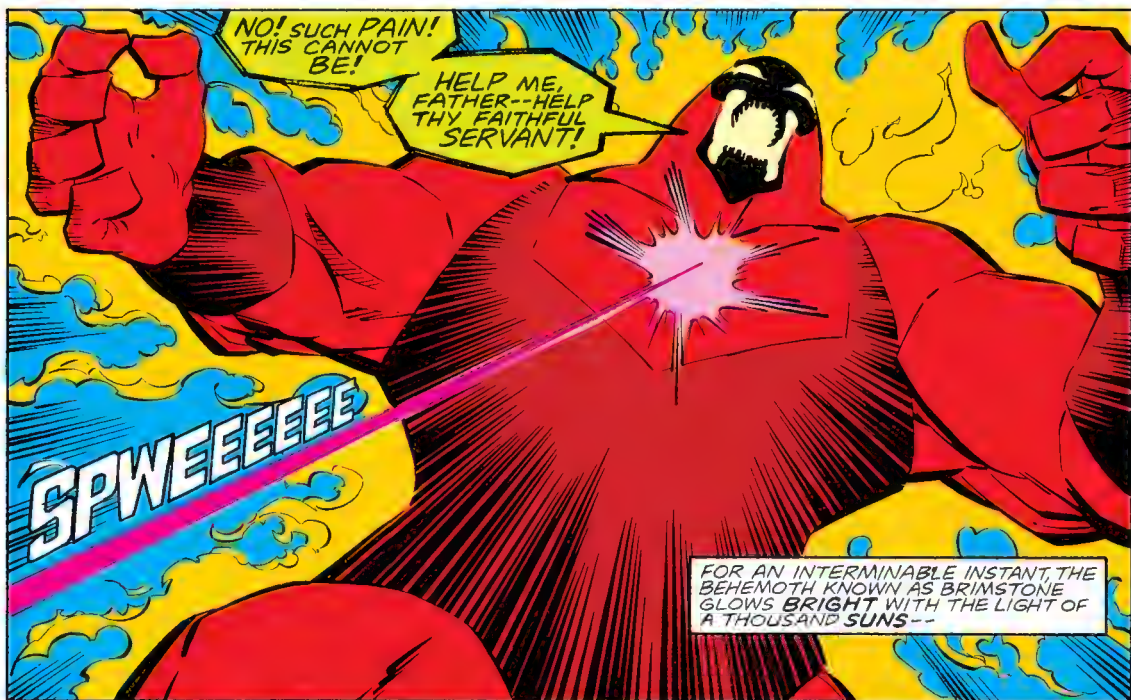
THEN WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR, DEADSHOT?
THAT MONSTER IS ALMOST
ON TOP OF US!

WHATEVER
YOU SAY...

SHOOT
ALREADY--
SHOOT!!

...SPOILSPORT!

SPWEEEEEE



NO! SUCH PAIN!
THIS CANNOT
BE!

HELP ME,
FATHER--HELP
THY FAITHFUL
SERVANT!

SPWEEEEEE

FOR AN INTERMINABLE INSTANT, THE
BEHEMOTH KNOWN AS BRIMSTONE
GLOWS BRIGHT WITH THE LIGHT OF
A THOUSAND SUNS--



MEANWHILE, THE MASTER ALSO
UNLEASHED BRIMSTONE UPON
THE EARTH--

--A SUPER-HEATED
CONSTRUCT OF
SENTIENT PLASMA
WHO BELIEVED
ITSELF THE
FALLEN ANGEL
OF AN ANGRY GOD!



--AND THEN, LIKE SOME HUMANOID NOVA, BRIMSTONE EXPLODES--

--LITERALLY COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!

FATHER--WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN MEEEEEE!



ENCHANTRESS! THAT FIREBALL--!

IT'S COMING STRAIGHT AT US--!

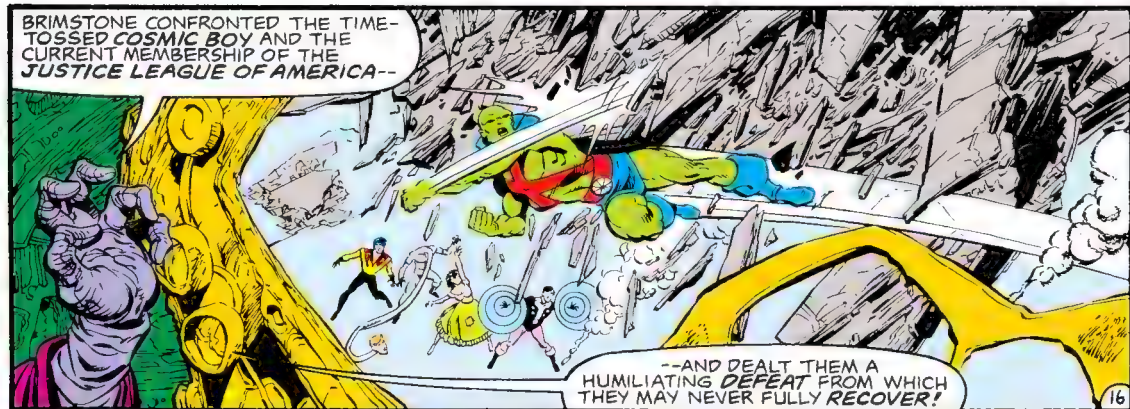
HAH! NO PROBLEM, PUSSYCAT!

NOW THAT THAT FLAMING PLASMA IS NO LONGER SENTIENT, ONE SIMPLE ENCHANTMENT AND--



--VOILÀ!

INSTANT SNOWSTORM!



BRIMSTONE CONFRONTED THE TIME-TOSSED COSMIC BOY AND THE CURRENT MEMBERSHIP OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA--

--AND DEALT THEM A HUMILIATING DEFEAT FROM WHICH THEY MAY NEVER FULLY RECOVER!



AND NOW THAT **BRIMSTONE** HAS BEEN DEALT WITH--

--IT IS TIME TO DEAL WITH **YOU!!**

TIME FOR **THE ENCHANTRESS** TO DEAL WITH ALL OF YOU!

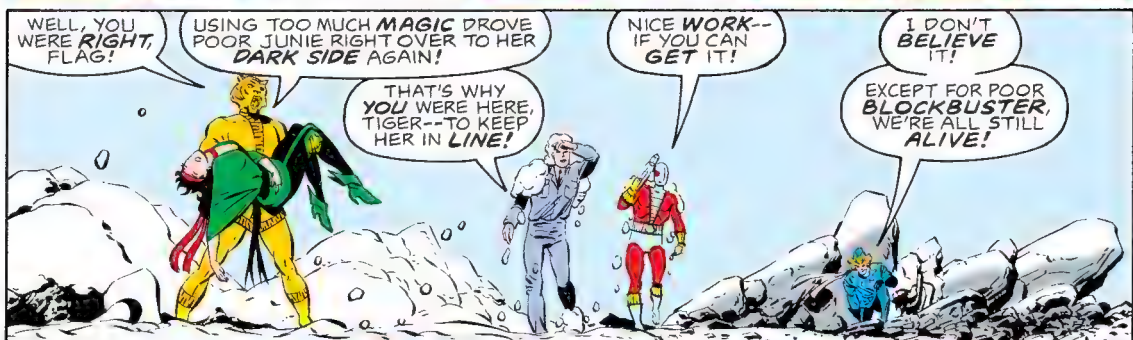


WRONG, LITTLE LADY!! ONE PROPERLY-APPLIED **NERVE-PINCH--**

--AND, FOR YOU AT LEAST, IT'S **NAP-TIME!**

NO! IT ISN'T FAIR!

THE WHOLE **WORLD** COULD HAVE BEEN **MIINNNE!**



WELL, YOU WERE **RIGHT, FLAG!**

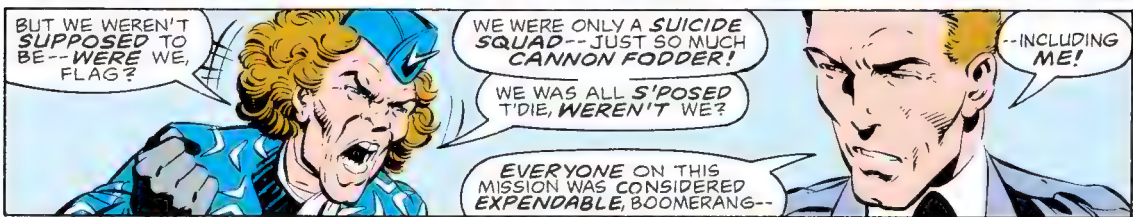
USING TOO MUCH **MAGIC** DROVE POOR **JUNIE** RIGHT OVER TO HER **DARK SIDE** AGAIN!

NICE WORK-- IF YOU CAN **GET IT!**

I DON'T **BELIEVE** IT!

THAT'S WHY **YOU** WERE HERE, **TIGER--** TO KEEP HER IN **LINE!**

EXCEPT FOR POOR **BLOCKBUSTER**, WE'RE ALL STILL **ALIVE!**



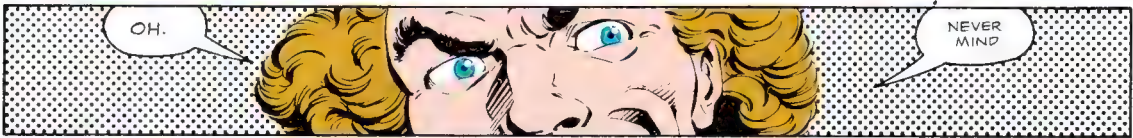
BUT WE WEREN'T **SUPPOSED** TO BE--WE WERE WE, **FLAG?**

WE WERE ONLY A **SUICIDE SQUAD**-- JUST SO MUCH **CANNON FODDER!**

WE WAS ALL **S'POSED** T'DIE, WEREN'T WE?

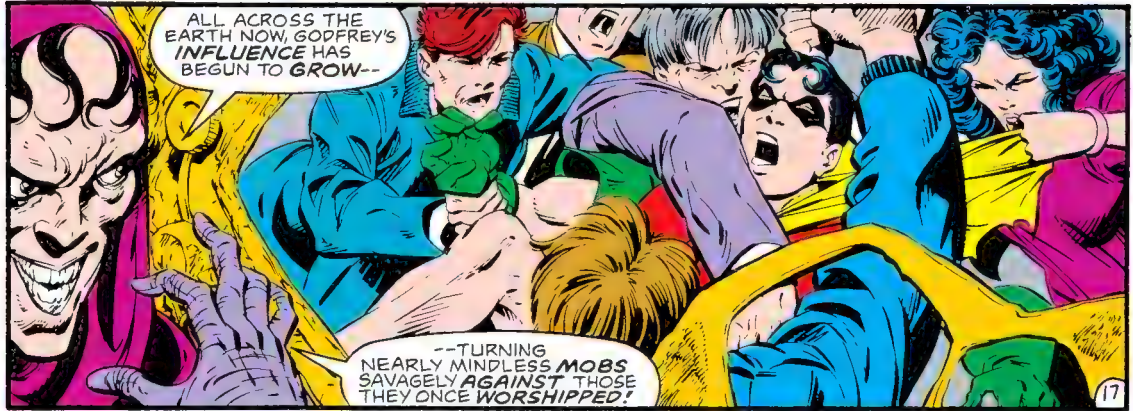
EVERYONE ON THIS MISSION WAS CONSIDERED **EXPENDABLE**, **BOOMERANG--**

--INCLUDING **ME!**



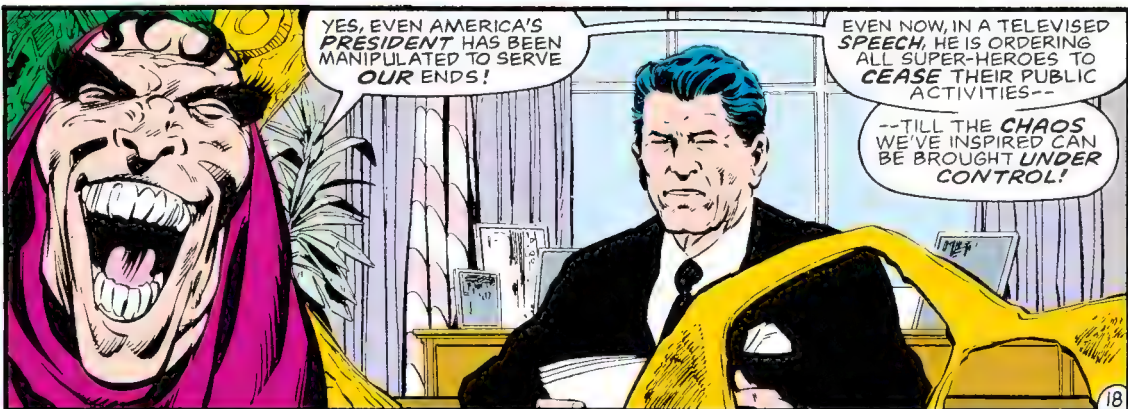
OH.

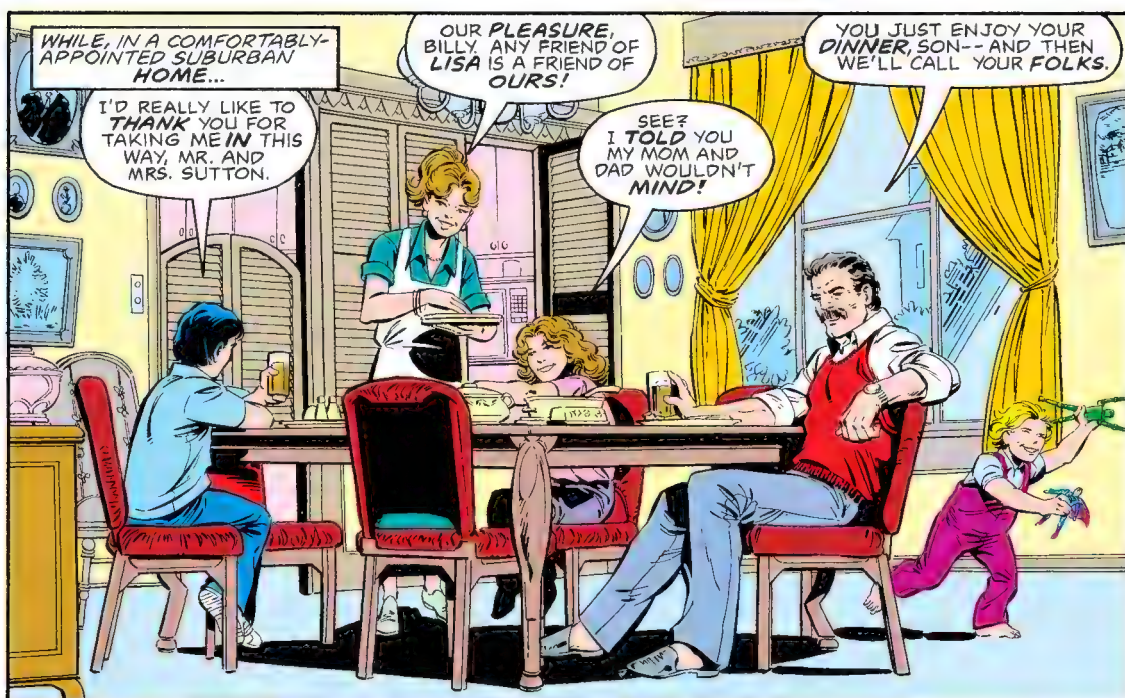
NEVER MIND



ALL ACROSS THE **EARTH** NOW, **GODFREY'S INFLUENCE** HAS BEGUN TO **GROW--**

--TURNING **NEARLY MINDLESS MOBS** SAVAGELY **AGAINST** THOSE THEY ONCE **WORSHIPPED!**



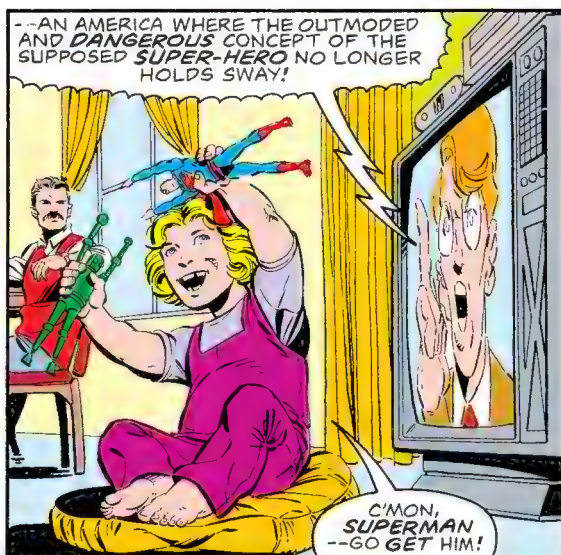




TO BETTER DAYS,
ALL, AND A BETTER
WORLD--

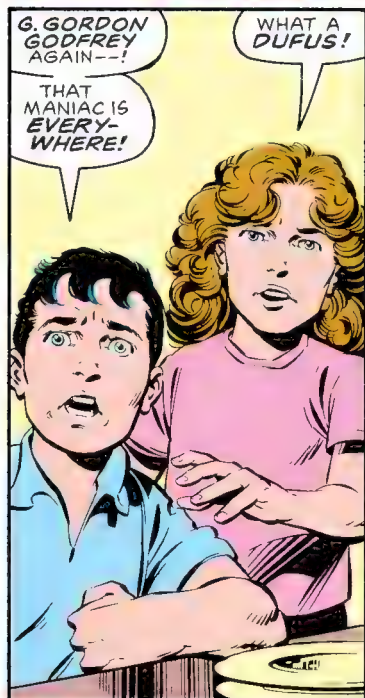
--WHERE ALL MEN
ARE CREATED
EQUAL!

--AND THE PRESIDENT
HAS, BY HIS BRAVE
ACTIONS TONIGHT,
SHOWN US THE WAY TO
A NEW AMERICA--



--AN AMERICA WHERE THE OUTMODDED
AND DANGEROUS CONCEPT OF THE
SUPPOSED SUPER-HERO NO LONGER
HOLDS SWAY!

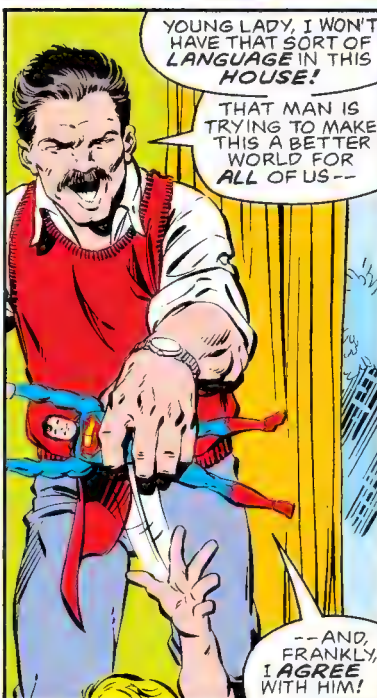
C'MON,
SUPERMAN
--GO GET HIM!



G. GORDON
GODFREY
AGAIN--!

THAT
MANIAC IS
EVERY-
WHERE!

WHAT A
DUFUS!



YOUNG LADY, I WON'T
HAVE THAT SORT OF
LANGUAGE IN THIS
HOUSE!

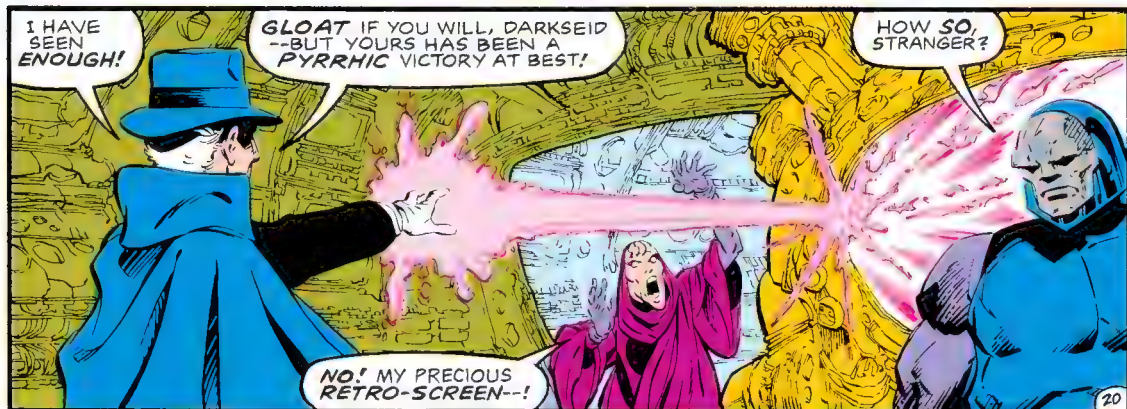
THAT MAN IS
TRYING TO MAKE
THIS A BETTER
WORLD FOR
ALL OF US--

--AND,
FRANKLY,
I AGREE
WITH HIM!



IT'S ABOUT TIME
SOMEBODY
DID SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE
SUPER-
POWERED
MENACES--

--BEFORE THEY
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT US!

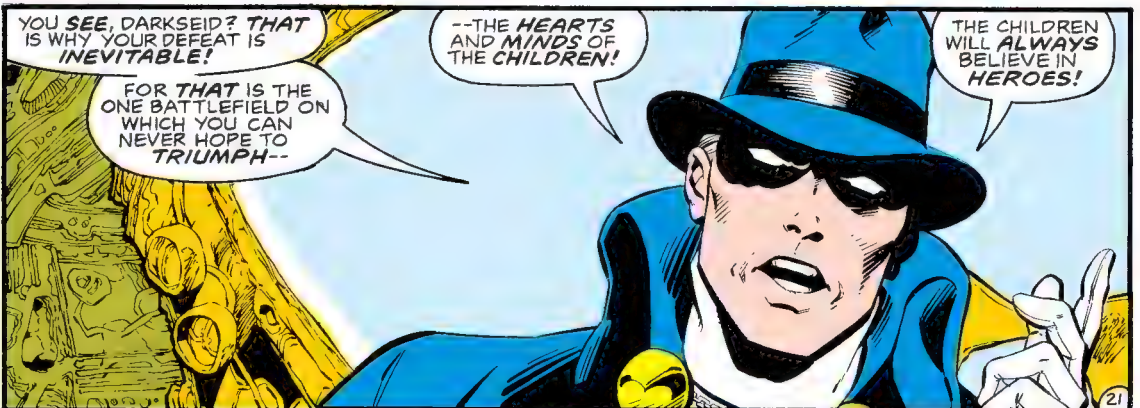
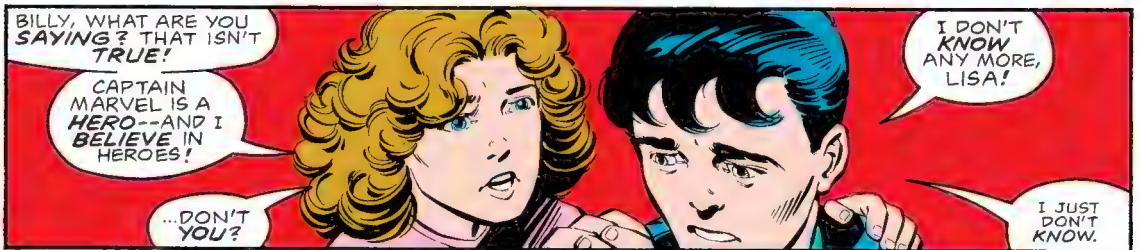
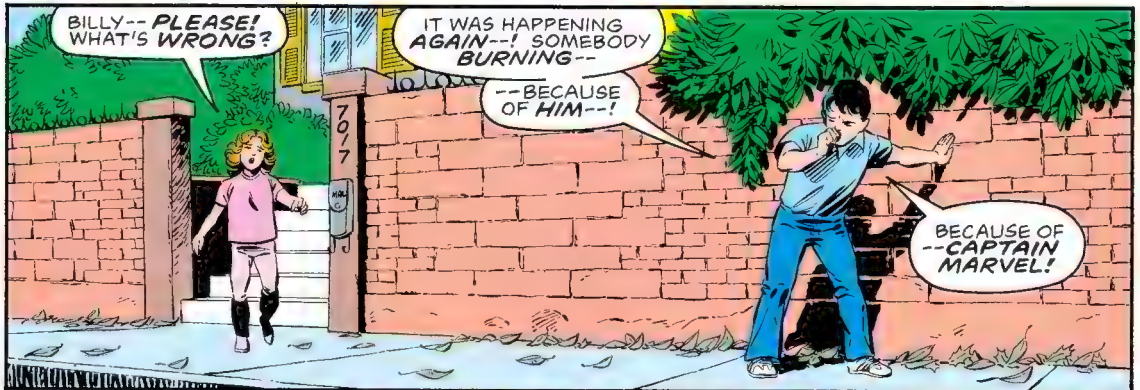
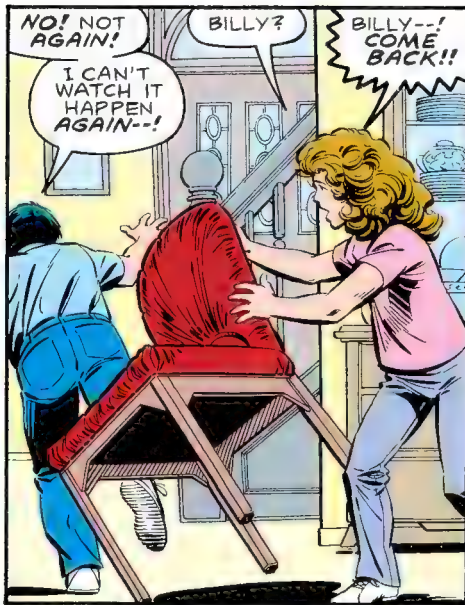


I HAVE
SEEN
ENOUGH!

GLOAT IF YOU WILL, DARKSEID
--BUT YOURS HAS BEEN A
PYRRHIC VICTORY AT BEST!

HOW SO,
STRANGER?

NO! MY PRECIOUS
RETRO-SCREEN--!



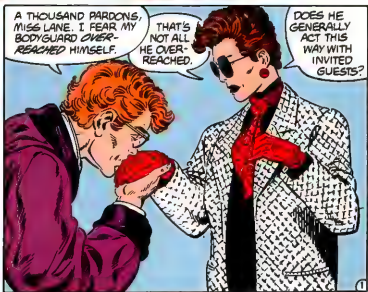
THEY ARE
YOUNG, STRANGER.
THEY WILL
LEARN. BUT THE
POINT MAY SOON
BE MOOT!

FOR THERE MAY BE
NO HEROES LEFT
TO BELIEVE IN--

--ONCE I UNLEASH
MY WONDROUS
WARHOUNDS!



NEXT MONTH: **"CRY
HAVOC!" ...!"**





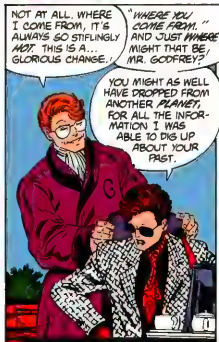
NOT GENERALLY. HOWEVER, YOUR PAPERS... AH... *RELATIONSHIP* DOES MAKE YOU RATHER HOSTILE TO MY CAUSE, NO?

BUT, COME-- I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE MORNING COFFEE ON THE TERRACE. WON'T YOU JOIN ME?

ANOTHER CUP, GRIST.

ON THE TERRACE?

DON'T YOU FIND IT A TAD CHILLY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, MR. GODFREY?



NOT AT ALL. WHERE I COME FROM, IT'S ALWAYS SO STIFLINGLY HOT. THIS IS A... GLORIOUS CHANGE.

"WHERE YOU COME FROM." AND JUST WHERE MIGHT THAT BE, MR. GODFREY?

YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE DROPPED FROM ANOTHER PLANET, FOR ALL THE INFORMATION I WAS ABLE TO DIG UP ABOUT YOUR PAST.



MY PAST IS NOT IMPORTANT, MISS LANE.

WHERE I CAME FROM-- EVEN WHO I AM-- IS INCONSEQUENTIAL, COMPARED TO MY MISSION.



AH, YES. YOUR ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST SUPERHEROES, WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE.

TELL ME, G. GORDON, DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE HEROES ARE THE MENACES YOU SAY THEY ARE?



WITH ALL MY HEART, MISS LANE. WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING.

BEFORE THE COMING OF THESE SO-CALLED "SUPERHEROES", THIS LITTLE WORLD WAS A BETTER PLACE.

PEOPLE LOOKED TO THEMSELVES, TO THEIR OWN INNER STRENGTHS-- NOT TO THE FALSE IDEALS OF GAUDILY-CLAD VIGILANTES.

I WISH TO SEE THAT PURE, UNSULLIED, SELF-RELIANCE RESTORED.

MORE COFFEE?

THANKS. GOTTA HAND IT TO THE MAN, HE'S PERSUASIVE!

I HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING MYSELF HOW MUCH I DISAGREE WITH HIS POSITION.

AND JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO ACCOMPLISH THIS RESTORATION, MR. GODFREY?



WHY, BUT THE MOST SIMPLE, MOST DIRECT METHOD AVAILABLE, MISS LANE.

I PROPOSE TO SEE ALL THE SO-CALLED "SUPERHEROES" EXPUNGED! DESTROYED.

WIRED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH FOR ALL TIME!!

SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

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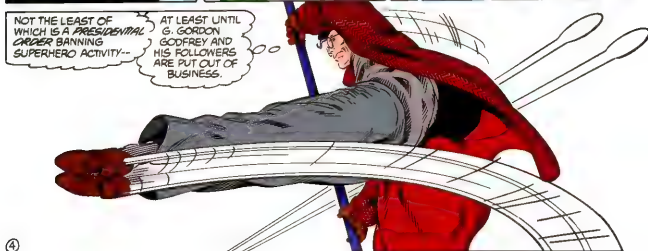
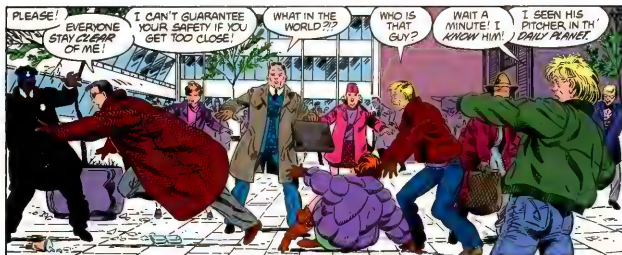
GET OUT OF
THE WAY!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE, GET
OUT OF
THE WAY!!

WHAT
THE...?!



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PLUS...

WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT CLEARLY CAME AFTER CLARK KENT...

AND UNTIL I CAN FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND IT, I DARE NOT RISK REVEALING CLARK KENT HAS SUPERMAN'S POWERS.

BLAST! IT'S STILL WITH ME.



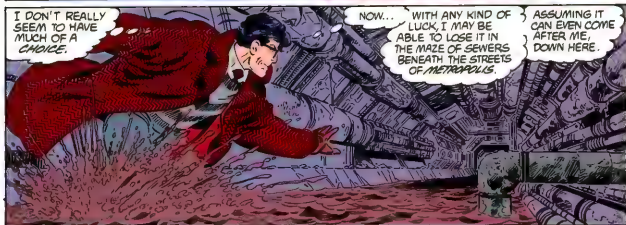
I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING IT'S PLAYING WITH ME.

THAT IT COULD SNAG ME ANY TIME IT WANTED TO.



WELL...

OKAY. I'LL PLAY ALONG. FOR A WHILE.



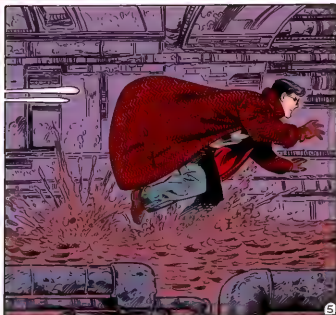
I DON'T REALLY SEEM TO HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE.

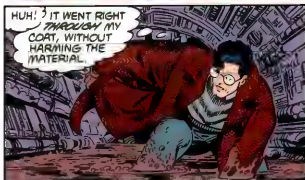
NOW... WITH ANY KIND OF LUCK, I MAY BE ABLE TO LOSE IT IN THE MAZE OF SEWERS BENEATH THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS.

ASSUMING IT CAN EVEN COME AFTER ME, DOWN HERE.



UH HUH.









THE PHANTOM STRANGER! DARKSEID!
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON HERE?

NOW, LOOK... I'M CLARK
KENT. I'M A WRITER FOR
THE METROPOLIS DAILY
PLANET.

I DEMAND TO KNOW
WHERE I AM--AND
HOW I GOT HERE!

'DEMAND'??



GREAT SCOTT! I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE HIM MOVE! HOW
CAN ANYONE SO HUGE BE
SO FAST??

HE'S TRYING TO THROTTLE
ME. DARKSEID DOESN'T
REALIZE HE'S NETTED EXACTLY
WHO HE WAS AFTER--AND
UNTIL I CAN DISCOVER WHY
HE WANTED SUPERMAN, I'D
BETTER NOT LET HIM
GUESS JUST YET!

NOW HEAR ME,
EARTHLING. I KNOW
NOT WHAT QUIRK OF
FATE HAS BROUGHT
YOU HERE INSTEAD OF
THE ONE I SEEK,
BUT KNOW THIS:

YOU ARE ON THE
PLANET APOKOLIPS,
AND ON APOKOLIPS
THE SLIGHTEST WORD
OF DARKSEID IS
ABSOLUTE AND
INESCAPABLE LAW!

NUH-NHGLE!!

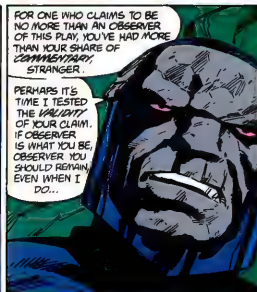
LET... GO...
CHOKING...



BE STILL AND OBEDIENT, AND
YOU MAY YET SURVIVE THE
HOURS THAT LIE AHEAD. RAISE
YOUR VOICE TO ME AGAIN, AND
I WILL CRUSH YOU LIKE
AN EGG!

HAVE
A CARE,
DARKSEID.

THERE IS NO CALL TO
VENT YOUR RAGE
AGAINST THIS MAN. HE
IS NO PART IN YOUR
TASKING OF THE EARTH.
SEND HIM HOME.

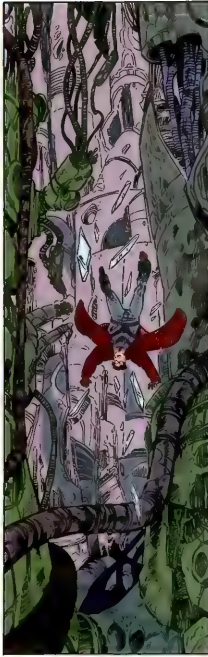


FOR ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE
NO MORE THAN AN OBSERVER
OF THIS PLAY, YOU'VE HAD MORE
THAN YOUR SHARE OF
COMMENTARY,
STRANGER.

PERHAPS IT'S
TIME I TESTED
THE VALIDITY
OF YOUR CLAIM.
IF OBSERVER
IS WHAT YOU BE,
OBSERVER YOU
SHOULD REMAIN,
EVEN WHEN I
DO...



...THIS!!



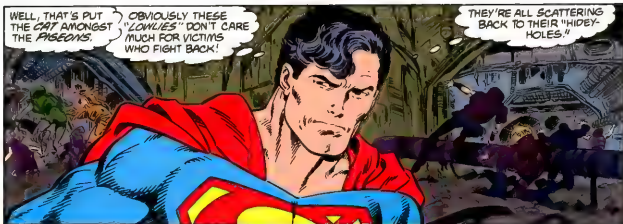
THE PHANTOM STRANGER ISN'T COMING AFTER ME, OF COURSE. HE KNOWS I'M SUPERMAN AND CAN *SASILY* SURVIVE A FALL LIKE THIS.

OBVIOUSLY HE'S INTENT ON CONVINCING DARKSEID HE'S NOT HERE TO INTERFERE IN THE DARK GOD'S PLANS.

WHATEVER THEY MAY BE.

I WONDER... THE STRANGER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DARKSEID "ASKING" THE EARTH. COULD APOLLOPS BE SOMEHOW BEHIND THE ANTI-HERO FERVOR PROMOTED BY G. GORDON GODFREY?

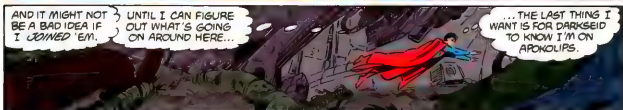




WELL, THAT'S PUT THE CAT AMONGST THE PIGEONS.

OBVIOUSLY THESE "LOWLIES" DON'T CARE MUCH FOR VICTIMS WHO FIGHT BACK!

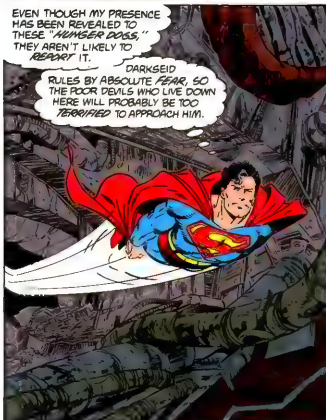
THEY'RE ALL SCATTERING BACK TO THEIR "HIDEY-HOLES."



AND IT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA IF I JOINED 'EM.

UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE...

...THE LAST THING I WANT IS FOR DARKSEID TO KNOW I'M ON APOKALIPS.



EVEN THOUGH MY PRESENCE HAS BEEN REVEALED TO THESE "HUNGER DOGS," THEY AREN'T LIKELY TO REPORT IT.

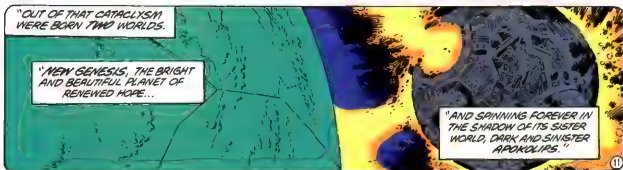
DARKSEID RULES BY ABSOLUTE FEAR, SO THE POOR DEVILS WHO LIVE DOWN HERE WILL PROBABLY BE TOO TERRIFIED TO APPROACH HIM.



"POOR DEVILS."

"NOT AN ALDGETHER INAPPROPRIATE PHRASE. GODS AND DEVILS IS WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!"

"UNCOUNTED AGES AGO, THE HOME-WORLD OF THE OLD GODS SPLIT ASUNDER, SHATTERED BY THEIR RAGNAROK, THEIR FINAL WAR."



"OUT OF THAT CATASTROPHY WERE BORN TWO WORLDS."

"NEW GENESIS, THE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL PLANET OF RENEWED HOPE..."

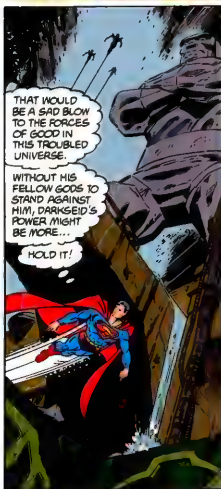
"AND SPINNING FOREVER IN THE SHADOW OF ITS SISTER WORLD, DARK AND SINISTER APOKALIPS."

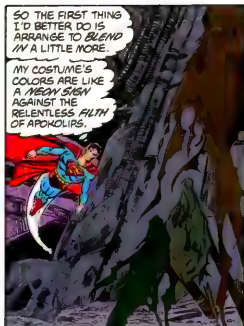
"EACH OF THOSE WORLDS BROUGHT FORTH A RACE OF NEW GODS."

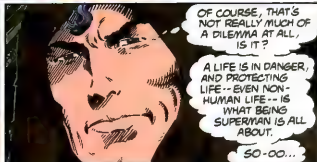
"NEW GENESIS SPAWNED A PEOPLE OF PURE AND NOBLE ASPECT, LED BY THE WISE AND BENEVOLENT BEING KNOWN AS HIGHFATHER."

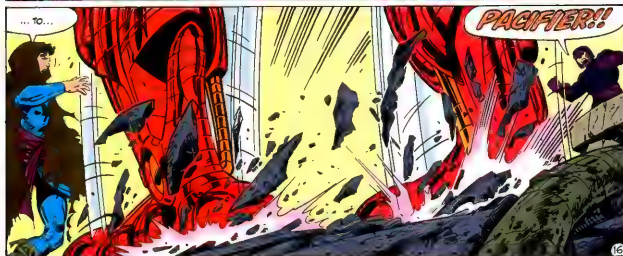
"WHILE THE FOUL FIRE-PITS OF APOKOLIPS NURTURED CREATURES DEDICATED ONLY TO DARKNESS AND DEATH..."

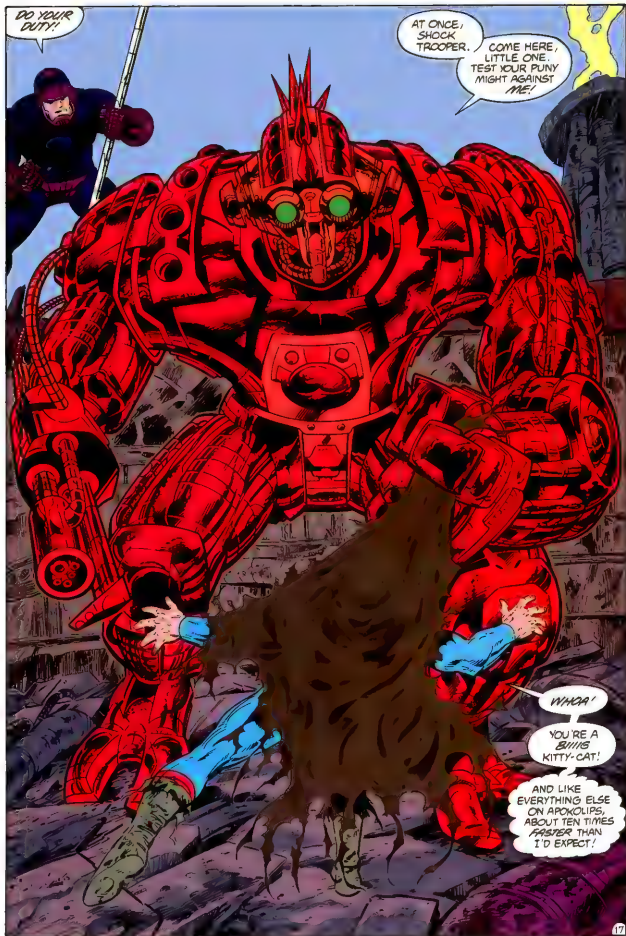
"...SHAPED BY THE CRUEL AND MERCILESS DARKSEID."











DO YOUR
DUTY!

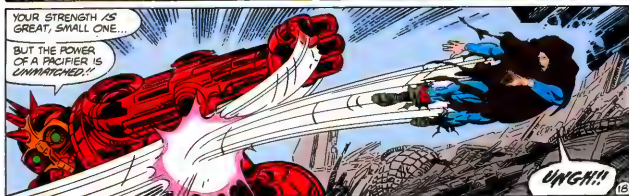
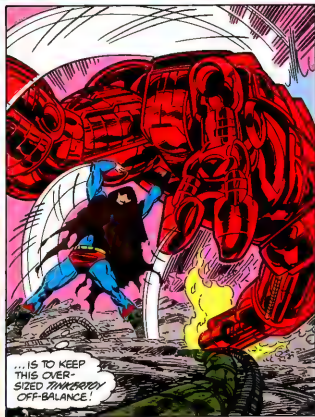
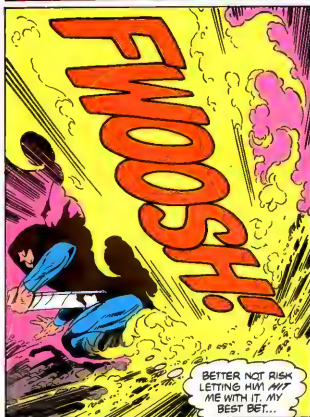
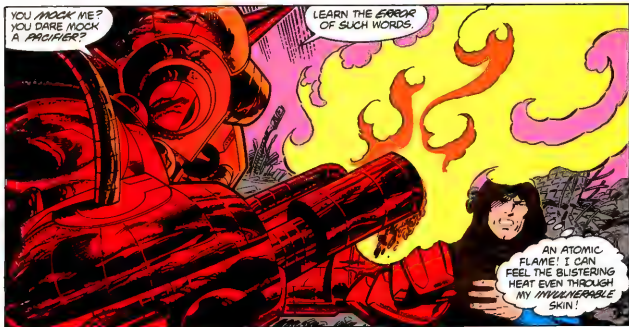
AT ONCE,
SHOCK
TROOPER.

COME HERE,
LITTLE ONE.
TEST YOUR MIGHT AGAINST
ME!

WHOA!

YOU'RE A
BUTT
KITTY-CAT!

AND LIKE
EVERYTHING ELSE
ON APOCALIPS,
ABOUT TEN TIMES
FASTER THAN
I'D EXPECT!





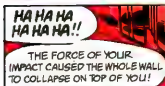
NOT
BAD...

ATOMIC
FLAME...
SPEED...
PHENOMENAL
STRENGTH...

WHAT ELSE
DO YOU
HAVE...

?

UH
OH...



HA HA HA
HA HA HA!!

THE FORCE OF YOUR
IMPACT CAUSED THE WHOLE WALL
TO COLLAPSE ON TOP OF YOU!



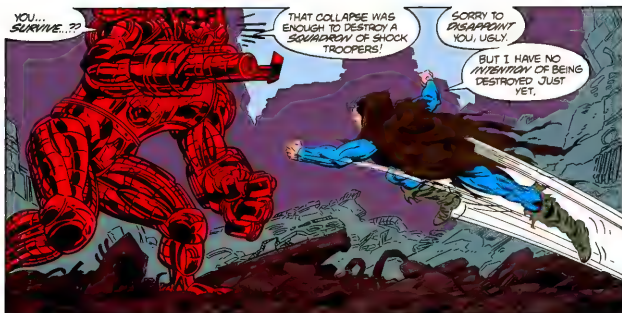
AND YOU ARE
SQUASHED!

SQUASHED LIKE
THE INSOLENT
MAGGOT YOU...

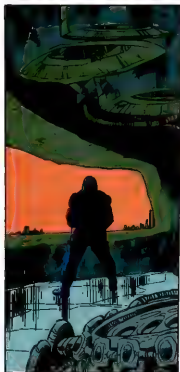


EH?









TO BE
CONTINUED
IN

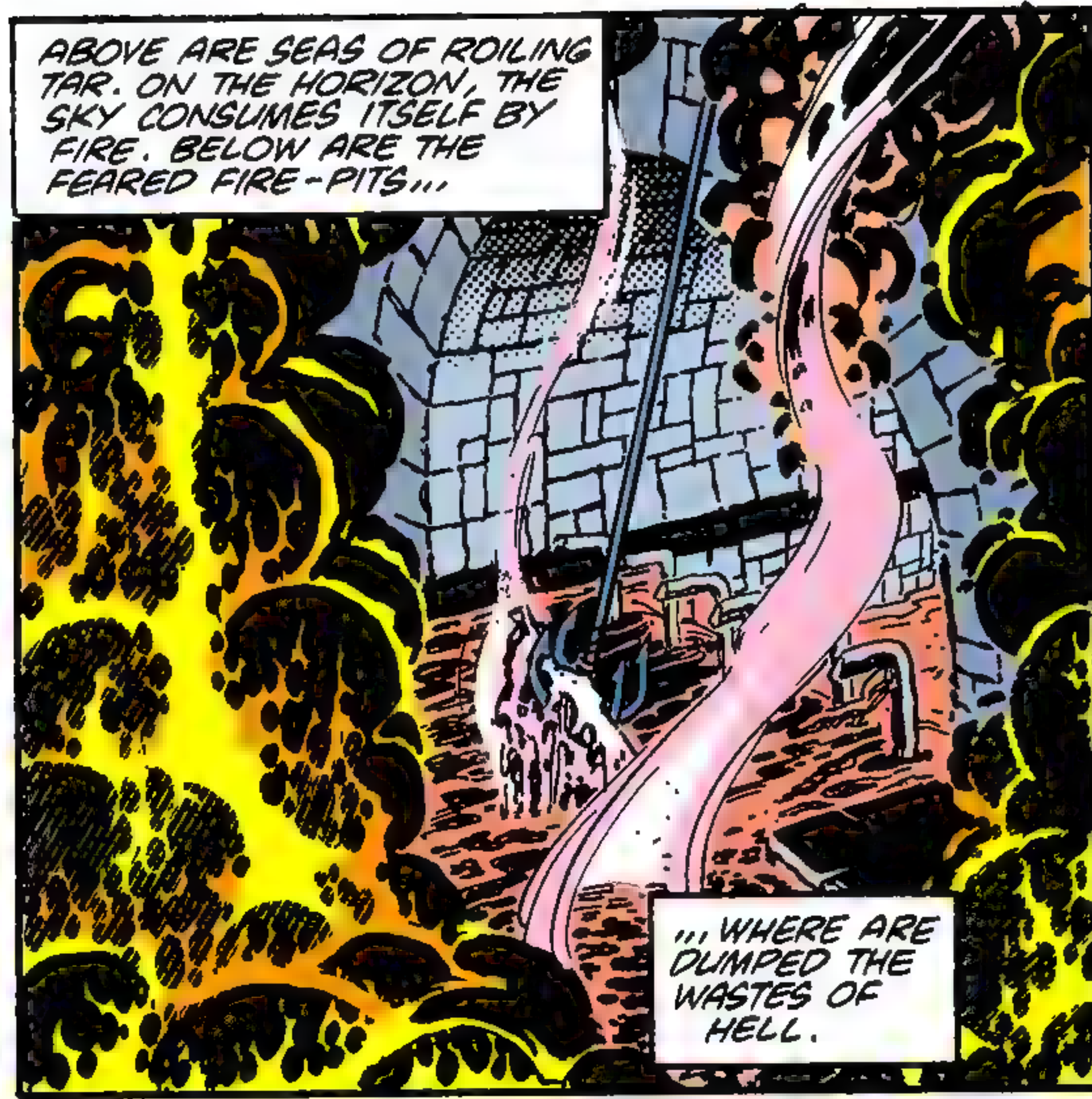
SUPERMAN

ON SALE IN
ONE
WEEK!



IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE,
THERE IS A WORLD OF BLACKNESS.
A DARK, BLOODED SCAR WHOSE
NAME IS ONLY WHISPERED.

FOR NONE IS
BRAVE ENOUGH
TO SHOUT OUT--
APOKOLIPS!



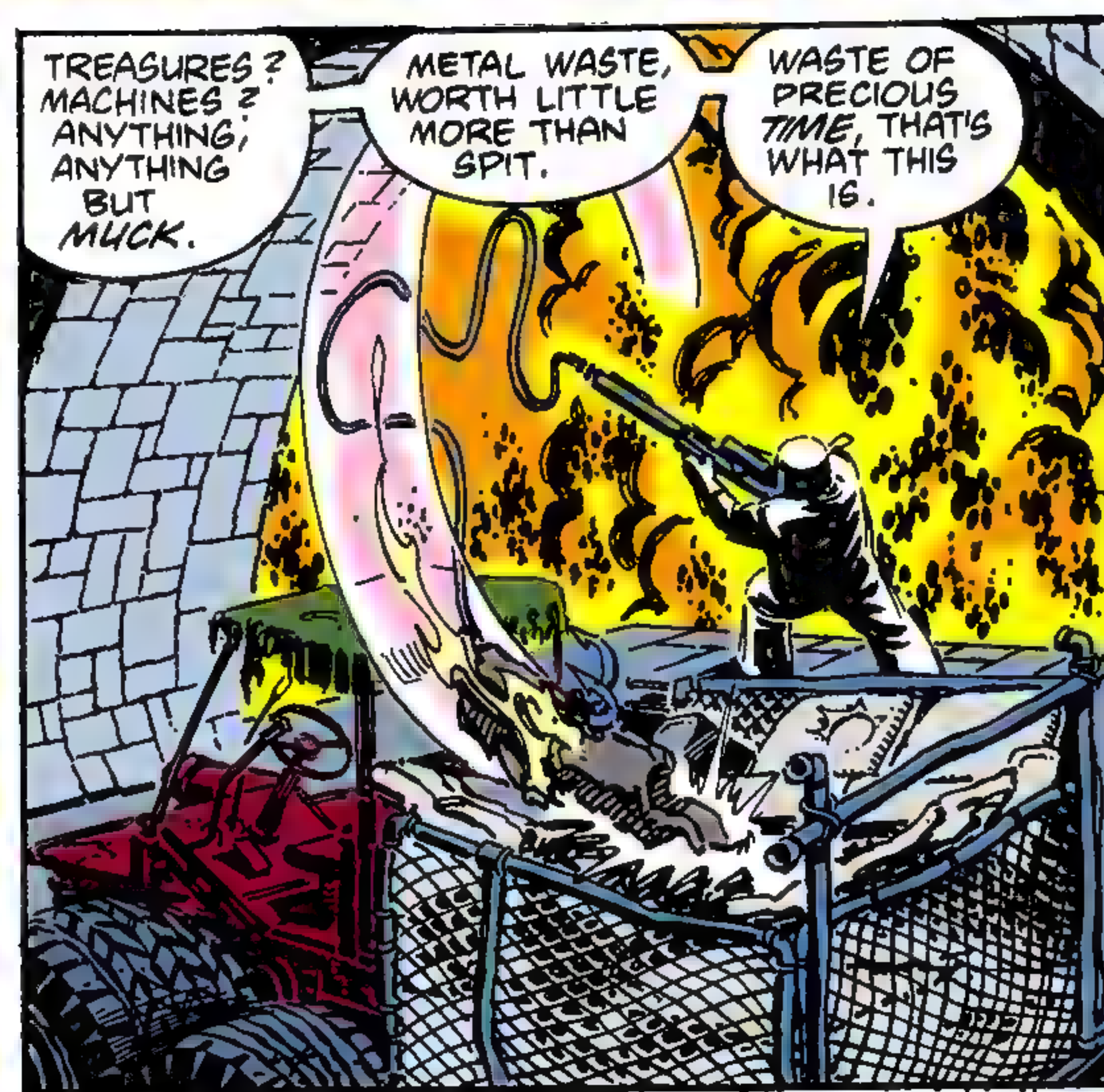
ABOVE ARE SEAS OF ROILING
TAR. ON THE HORIZON, THE
SKY CONSUMES ITSELF BY
FIRE. BELOW ARE THE
FEARED FIRE-PITS...

... WHERE ARE
DUMPED THE
WASTES OF
HELL.



SLAG, SLAG.
NOTHING BUT
SLAG!

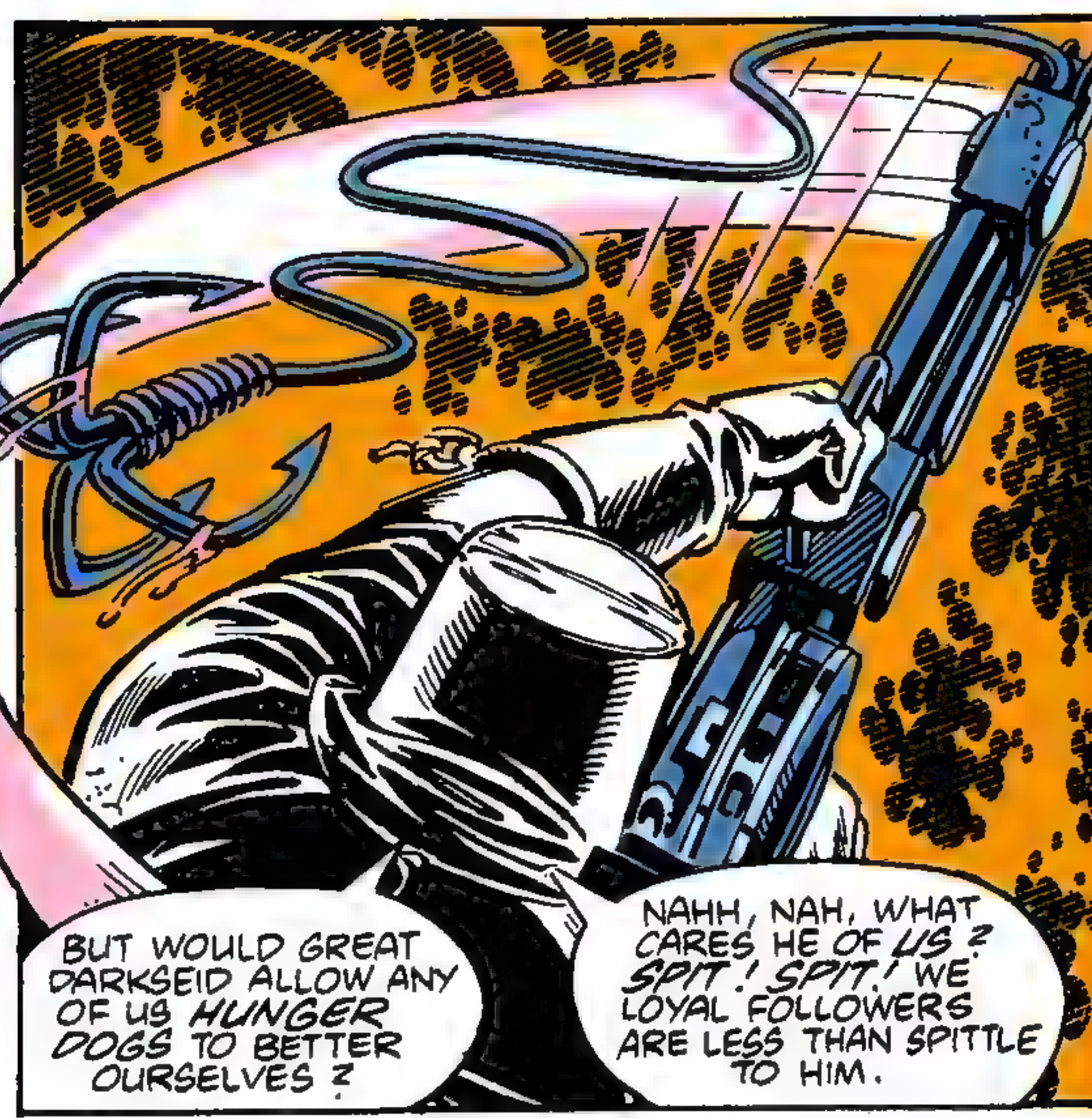
WHERE'S
THE STINKING
TANGIBLES?



TREASURES?
MACHINES?
ANYTHING,
ANYTHING
BUT
MUCK.

METAL WASTE,
WORTH LITTLE
MORE THAN
SPIT.

WASTE OF
PRECIOUS
TIME, THAT'S
WHAT THIS
IS.



BUT WOULD GREAT
DARKSEID ALLOW ANY
OF US HUNGER
DOGS TO BETTER
OURSELVES?

NAHH, NAH, WHAT
CARES HE OF US?
SPIT! SPIT! WE
LOYAL FOLLOWERS
ARE LESS THAN SPITTLE
TO HIM.



EH? SOMETHING
WEIGHTY TUGS AT
MY LINE.

CLOTH? AND
BLOOD RED,
TOO.

FROM THE DREGS

THE ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

A MAN? AND
HE'S BREATHING?

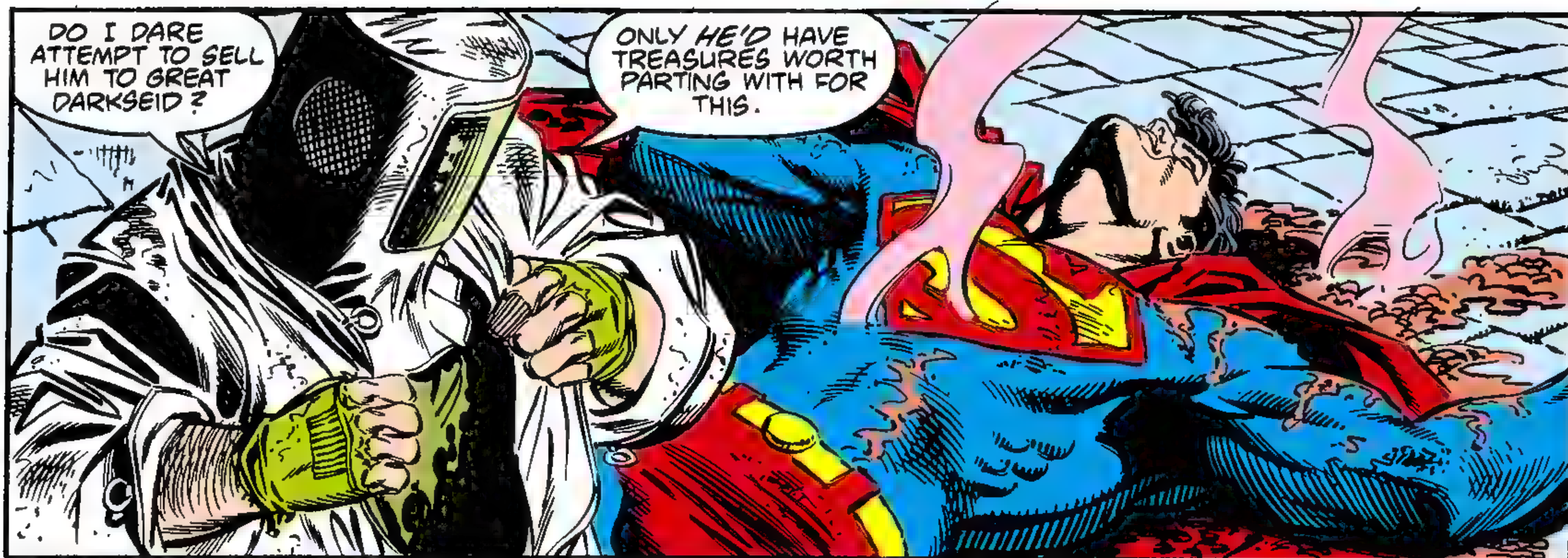
HE SURVIVED
THE FIRE-PITS? BY
THE STENCH-SOAKED
SCUM OF APOKOLIPS--
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

ONLY THAT ODIOUS
NEW GOD ORION HAS
EVER SURVIVED
BEFORE.

WHICH MAKES
THIS SOME SORT
OF MIRACLE.

HOW MUCH,
THEN, CAN I GET
FOR HIM, EH?

MARV WOLFGAN
WRITER
JERRY ORDWAY
ARTIST/CO-PLOTTER
JOHN BYRNE
CO-PLOTTER
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
LETTERER
TOM ZILKO
COLORIST
ANDREW HELFER
EDITOR



DO I DARE ATTEMPT TO SELL HIM TO GREAT DARKSEID?

ONLY HE'D HAVE TREASURES WORTH PARTING WITH FOR THIS.



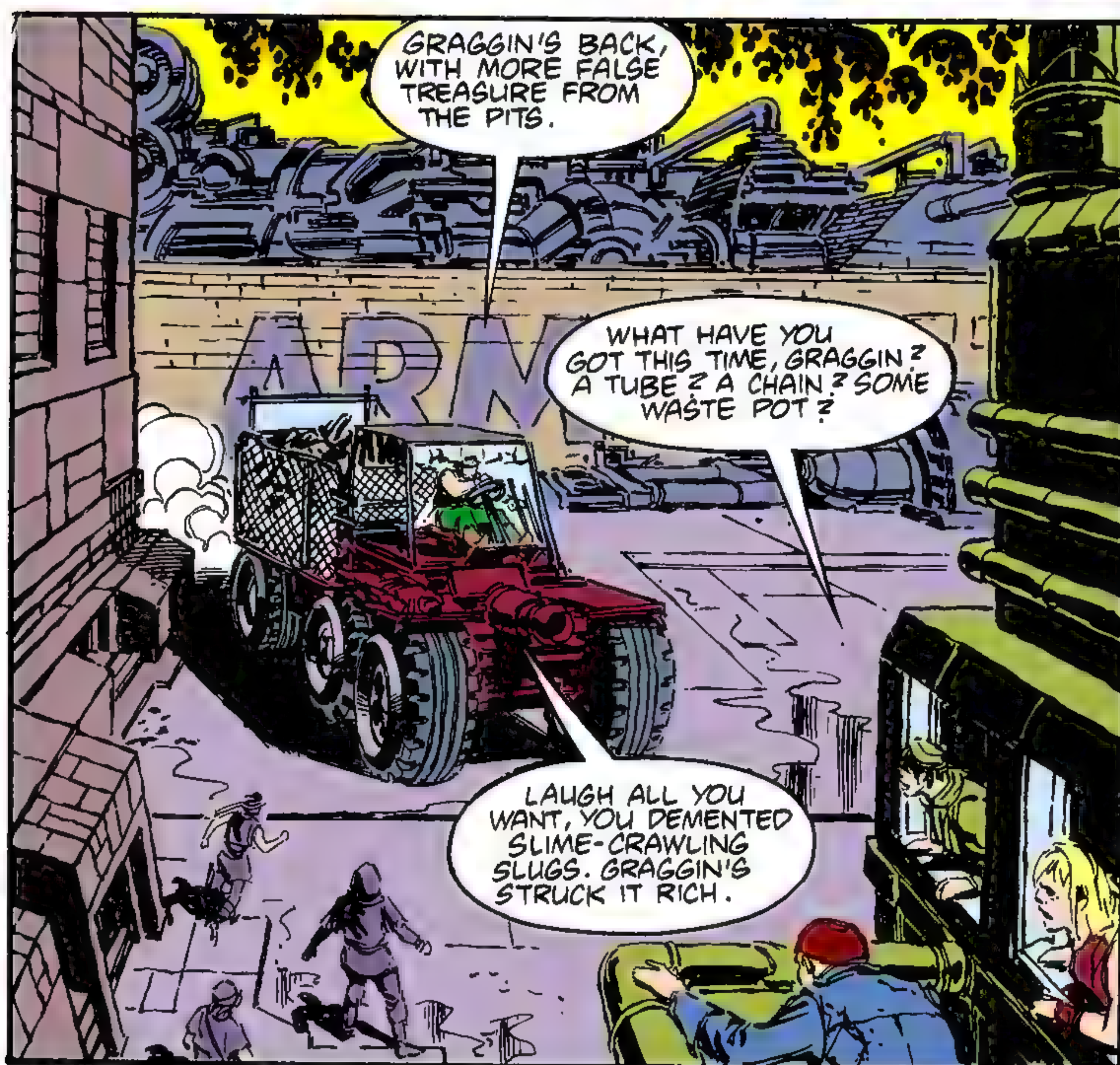
NO, HE'D PROBABLY HAVE ME STUFFED AND MOUNTED OVER THE FIRE-PITS FOR EVEN SUGGESTING THE SALE.

THE QUESTION REMAINS-- WHAT TO DO?



AND I'VE NO ANSWER. PITY THE POOR HUNGER DOG WITHOUT BRAINS ENOUGH TO KNOW HIS PATH TO WEALTH AND GLORY.

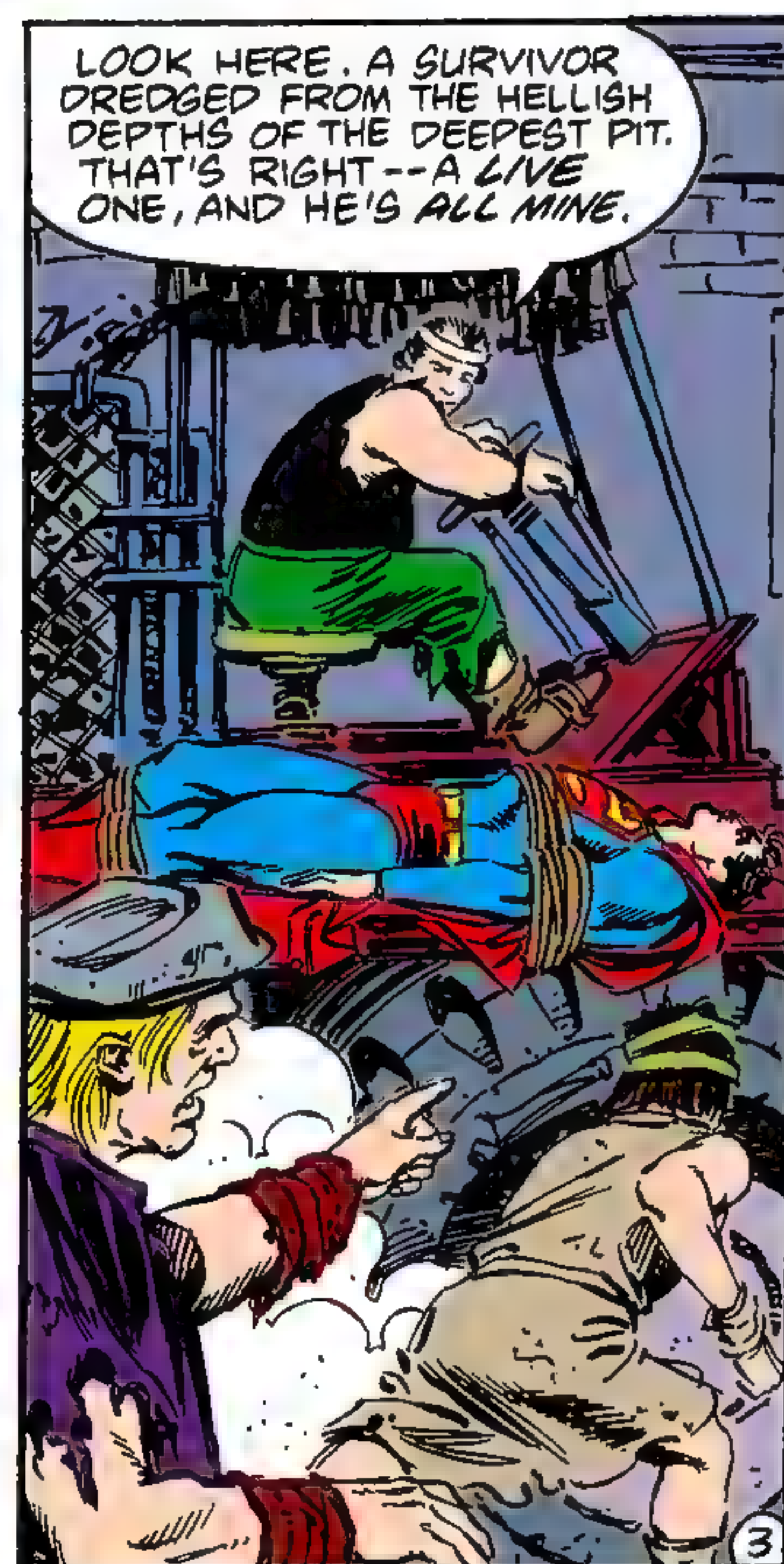
HMMM. PERHAPS THE OTHERS AT THE MEETING PLACE MIGHT KNOW.



GRAGGIN'S BACK, WITH MORE FALSE TREASURE FROM THE PITS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THIS TIME, GRAGGIN? A TUBE? A CHAIN? SOME WASTE POT?

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, YOU DEMENTED SLIME-CRAWLING SLUGS. GRAGGIN'S STRUCK IT RICH.



LOOK HERE. A SURVIVOR DREDGED FROM THE HELLISH DEPTHS OF THE DEEPEST PIT. THAT'S RIGHT--A LIVE ONE, AND HE'S ALL MINE.

JOO HEAR WHA OL' GRAGS SAID HE FOUND? A SURVIVOR. A LIVIN' CORPSE NOT EVEN SCORCHED BY THE FLAMES.

BLUM AREA 4

A HUMAN... TOO CLEAN TO BE A HUNGER DOG, TOO WELL-FED TO BE A DEMON.

PERHAPS FROM NEW GENESIS? A NEW GOD?

HERE? IN ARMAGETTO? THE GODS AREN'T HALF THE FOOLS WE HUNGER DOGS ARE.

SPREAD THE WORD--A SURVIVOR WAS FOUND.

IMPOSSIBLE. THE FLAMES BURN ALL FLESH.

EVEN AS THE HEAT DESTROYS THE SOUL.

YOU HEARD THE WORD... GO WITH SPEED AND TELL AMAZING GRACE THE TALES WE HEAR.

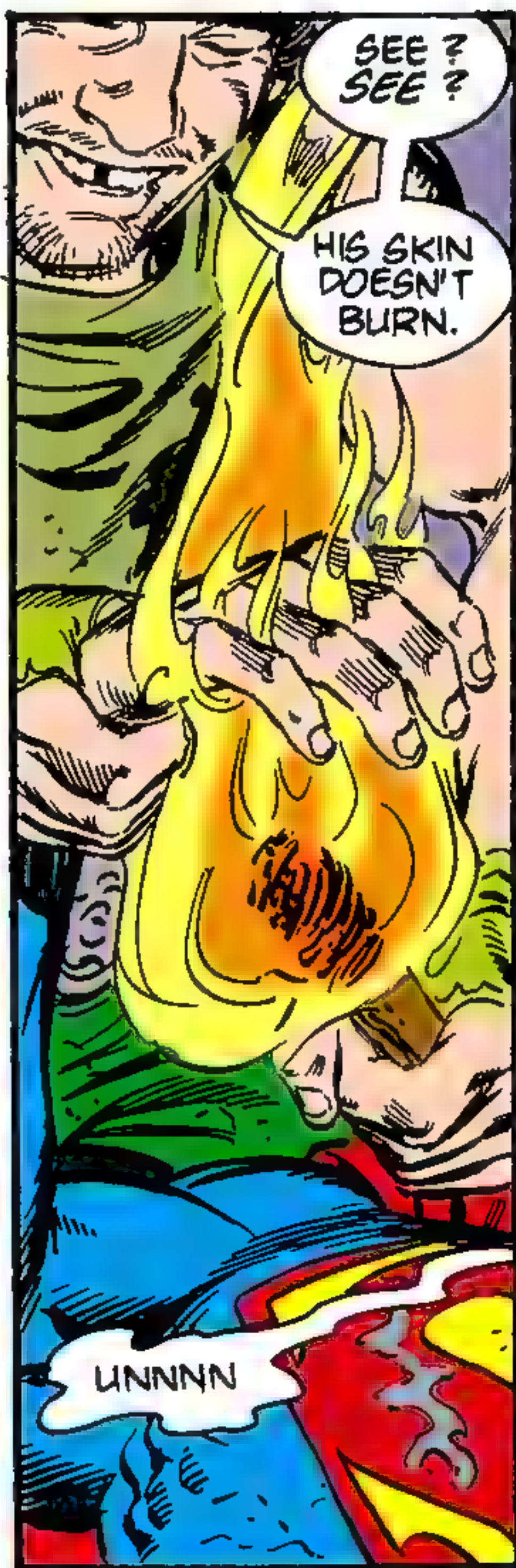
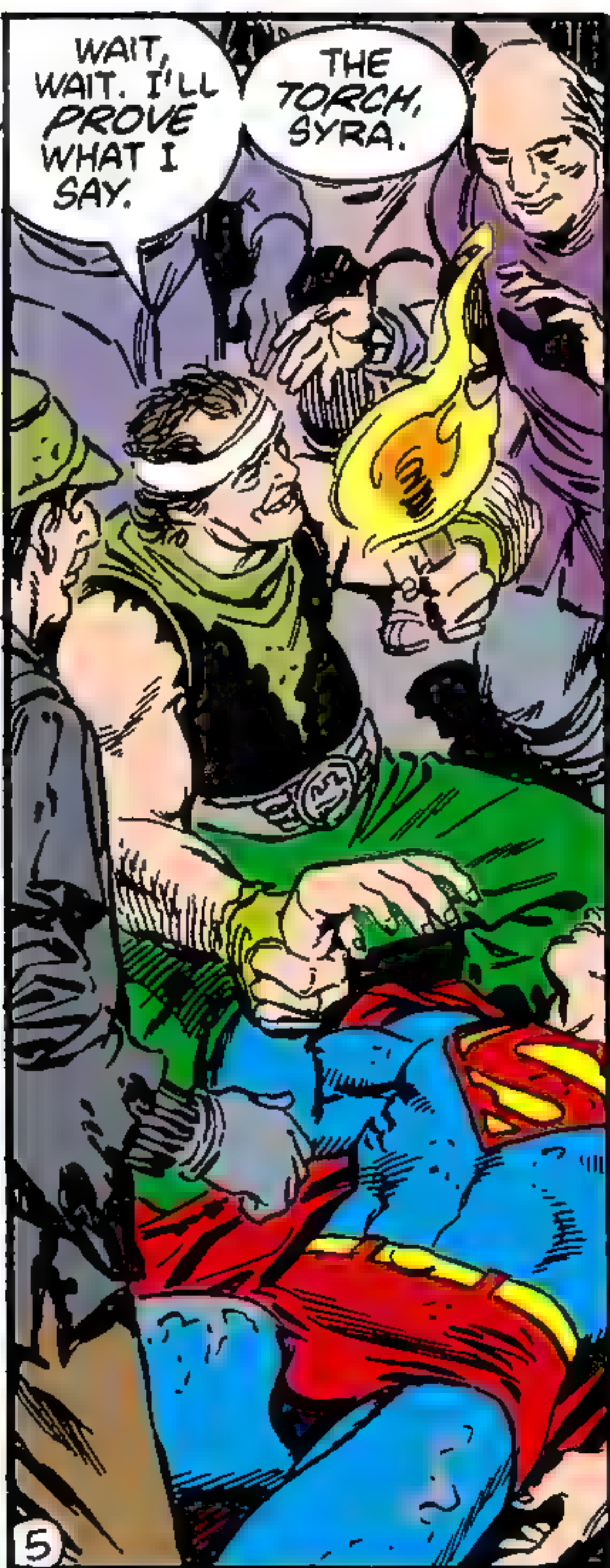
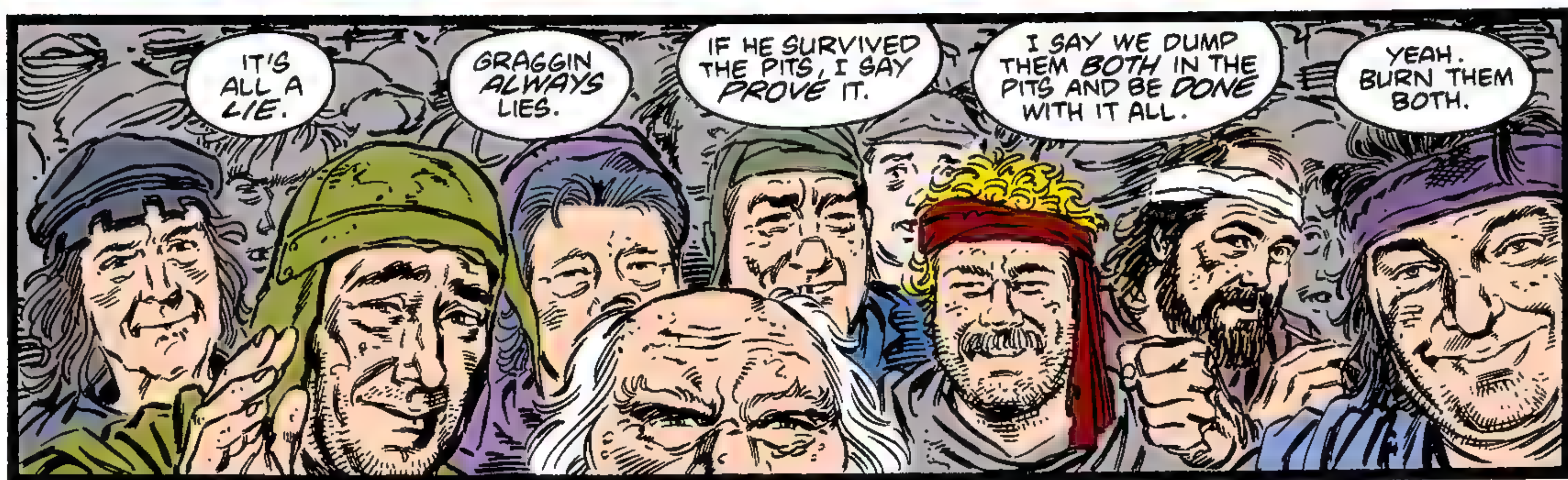
BUT FIRST DEMAND CASH FOR OUR SECRET. THAT SHE-WITCH CAN CERTAINLY AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS.

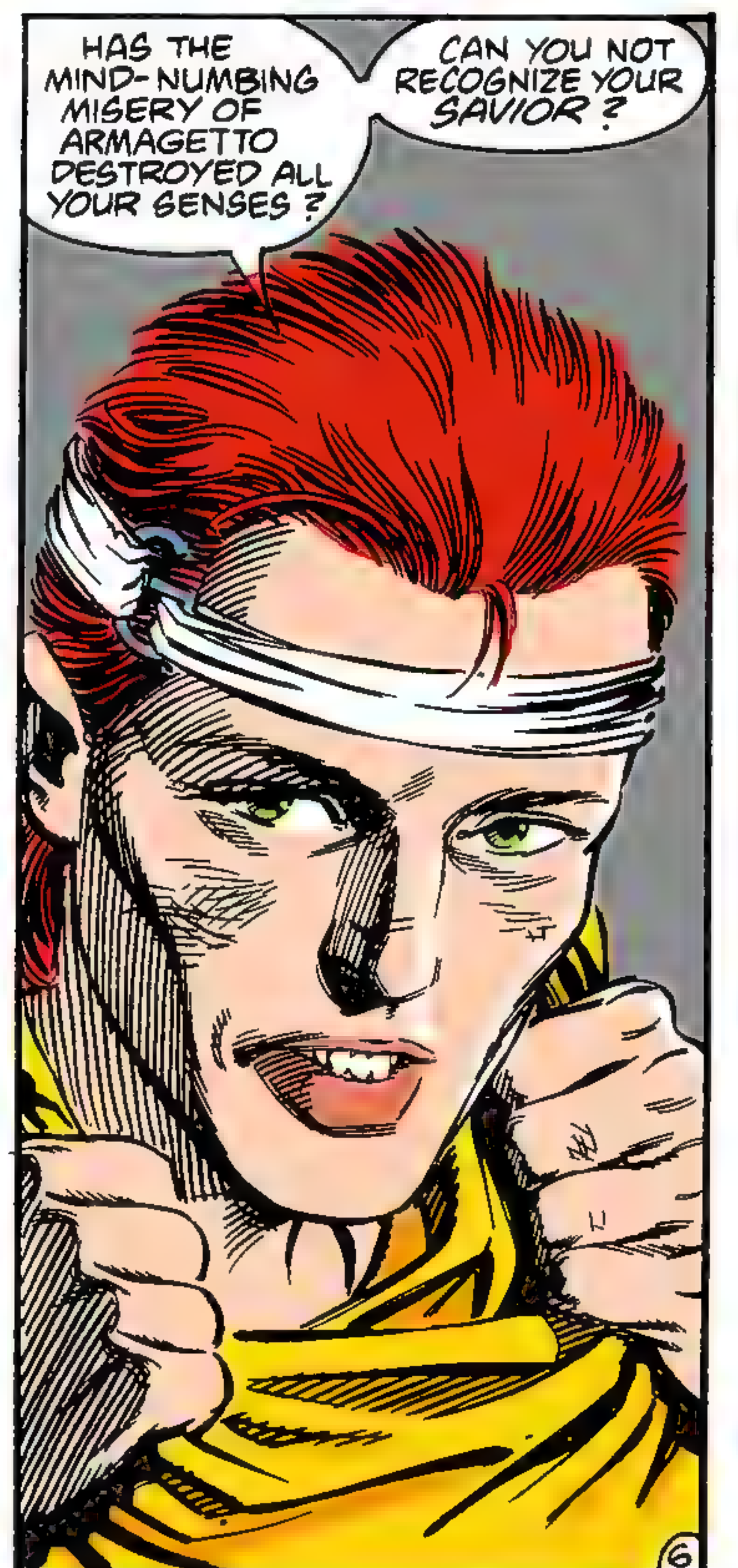
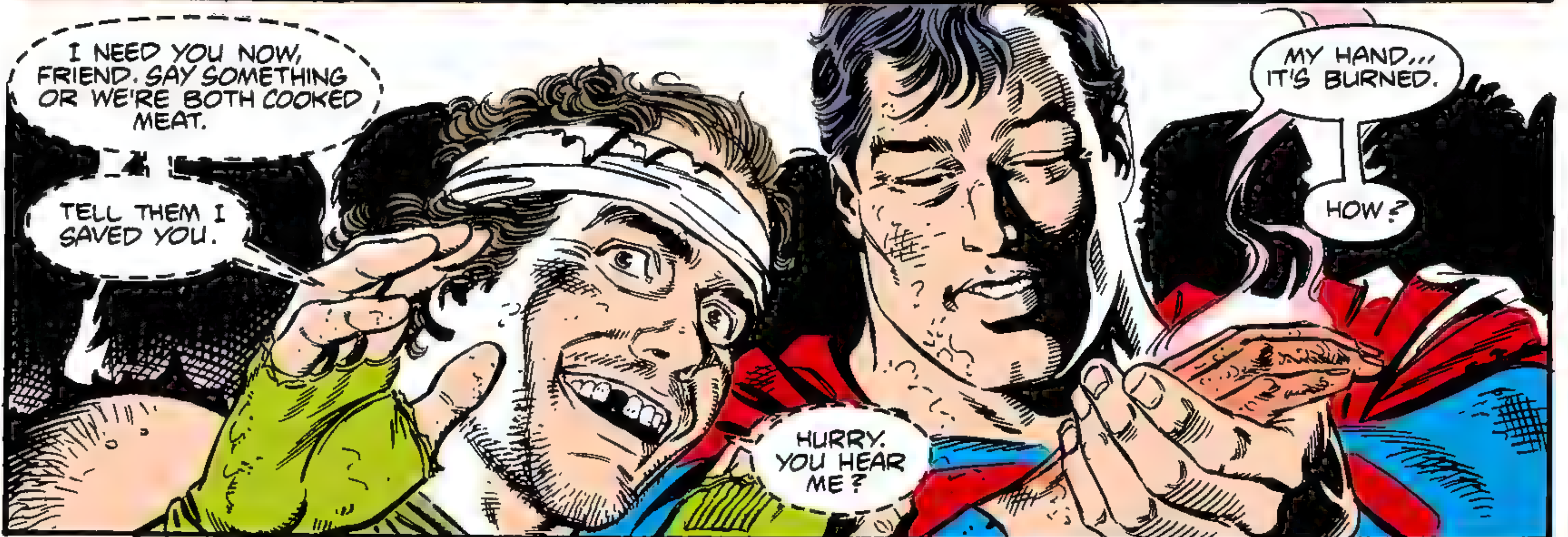
THE MAGGOT WANTED MONEY FOR TALES SHOUTED THROUGH THE STREETS. I, OF COURSE, GOT RID OF HIM.

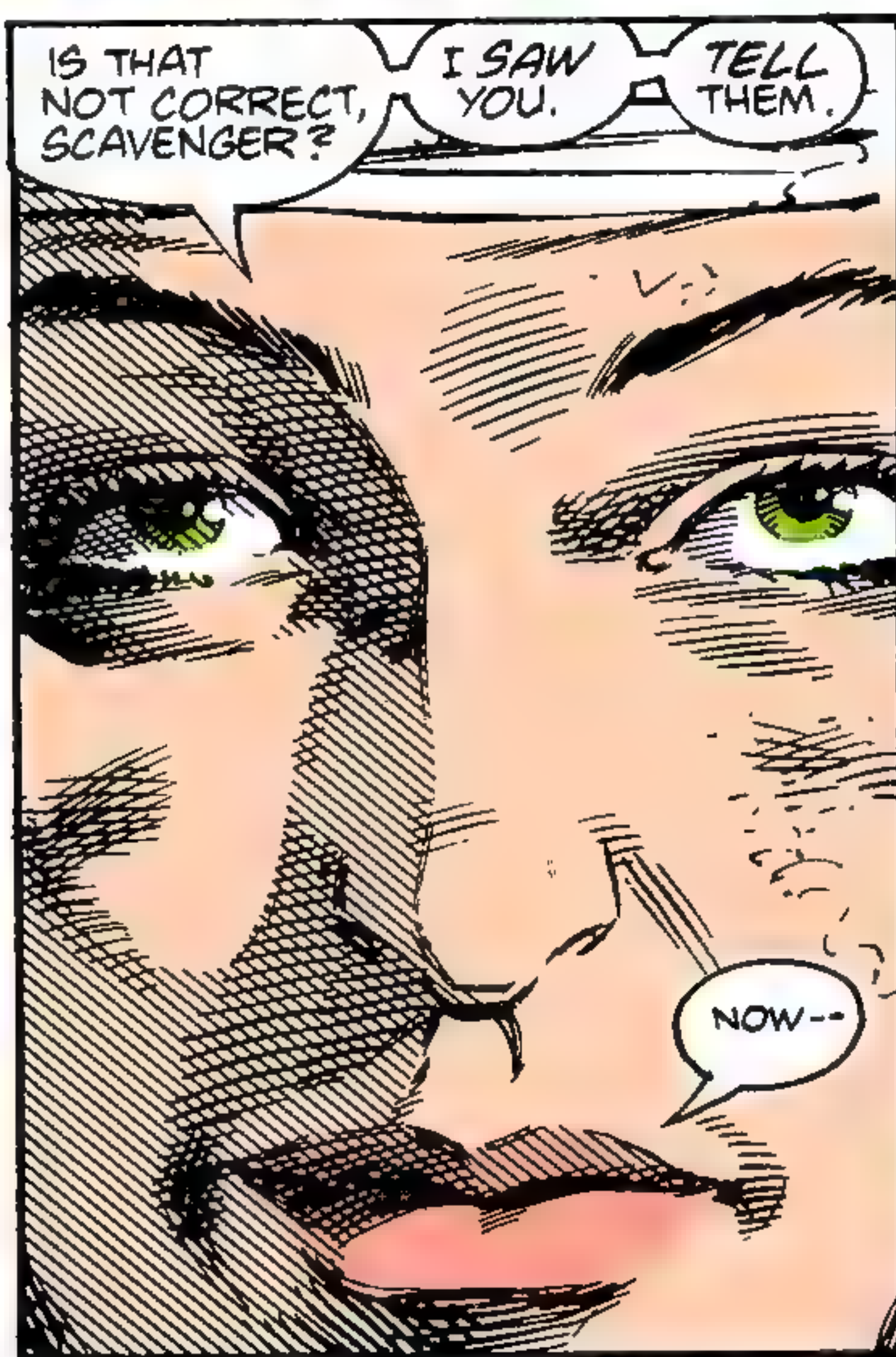
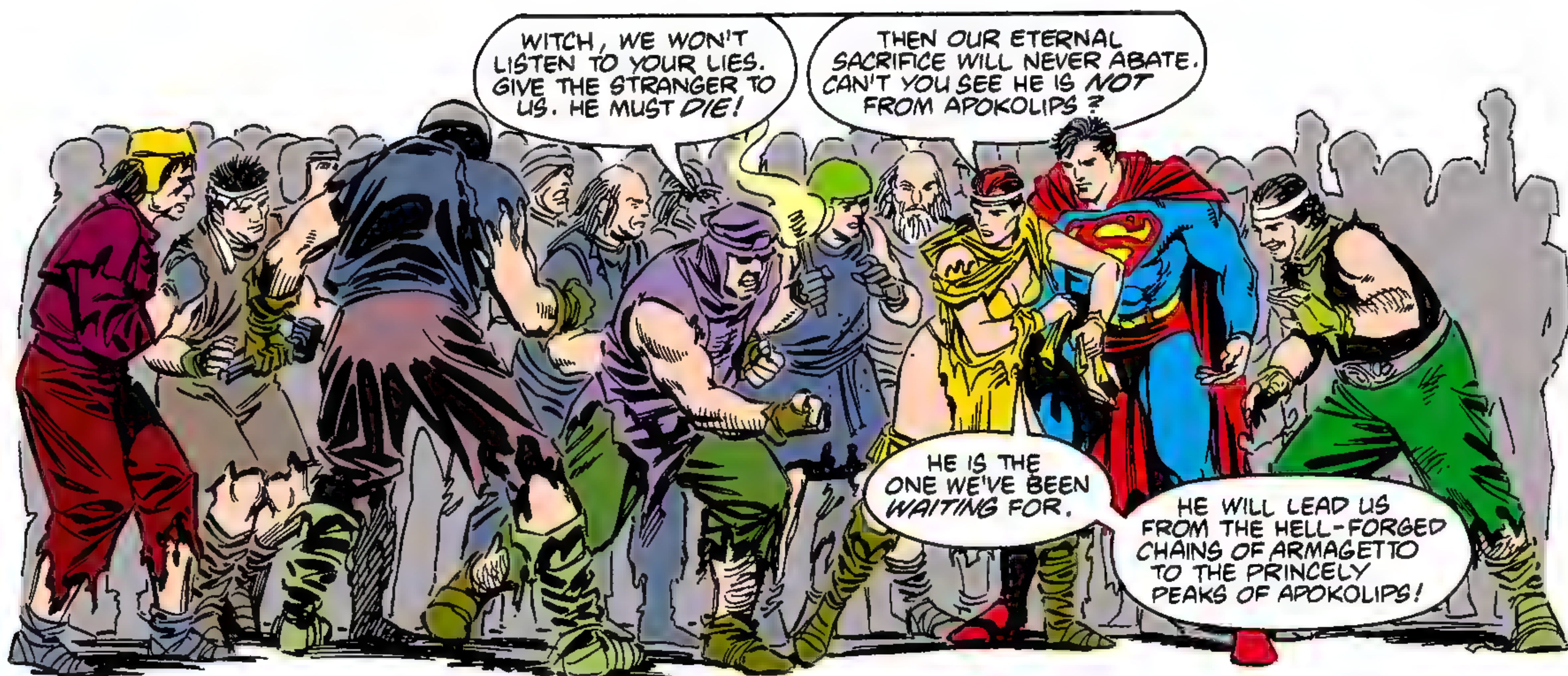
GRACE, DID YOU HEAR WHAT MANGAL HAS SAID? A HUMAN SURVIVED THE PIT?

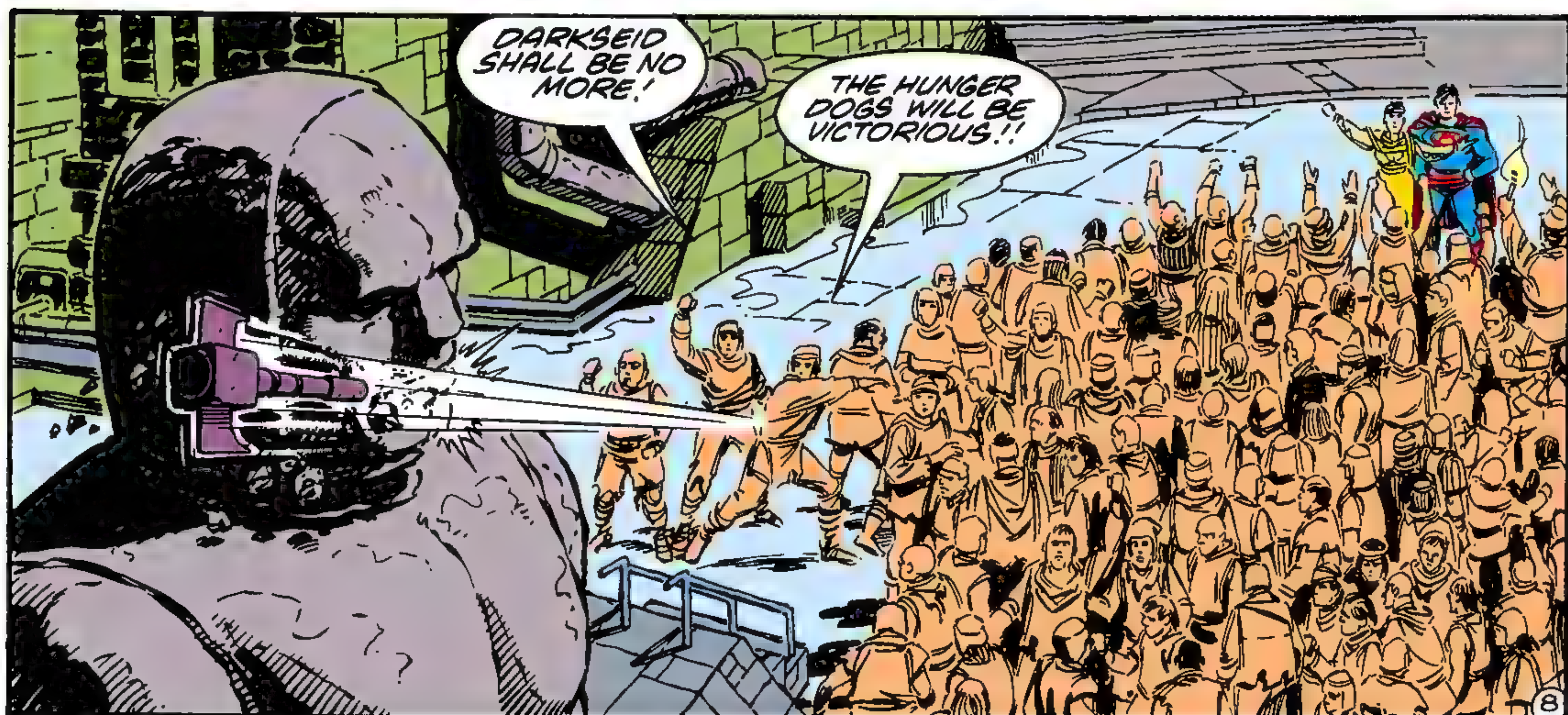
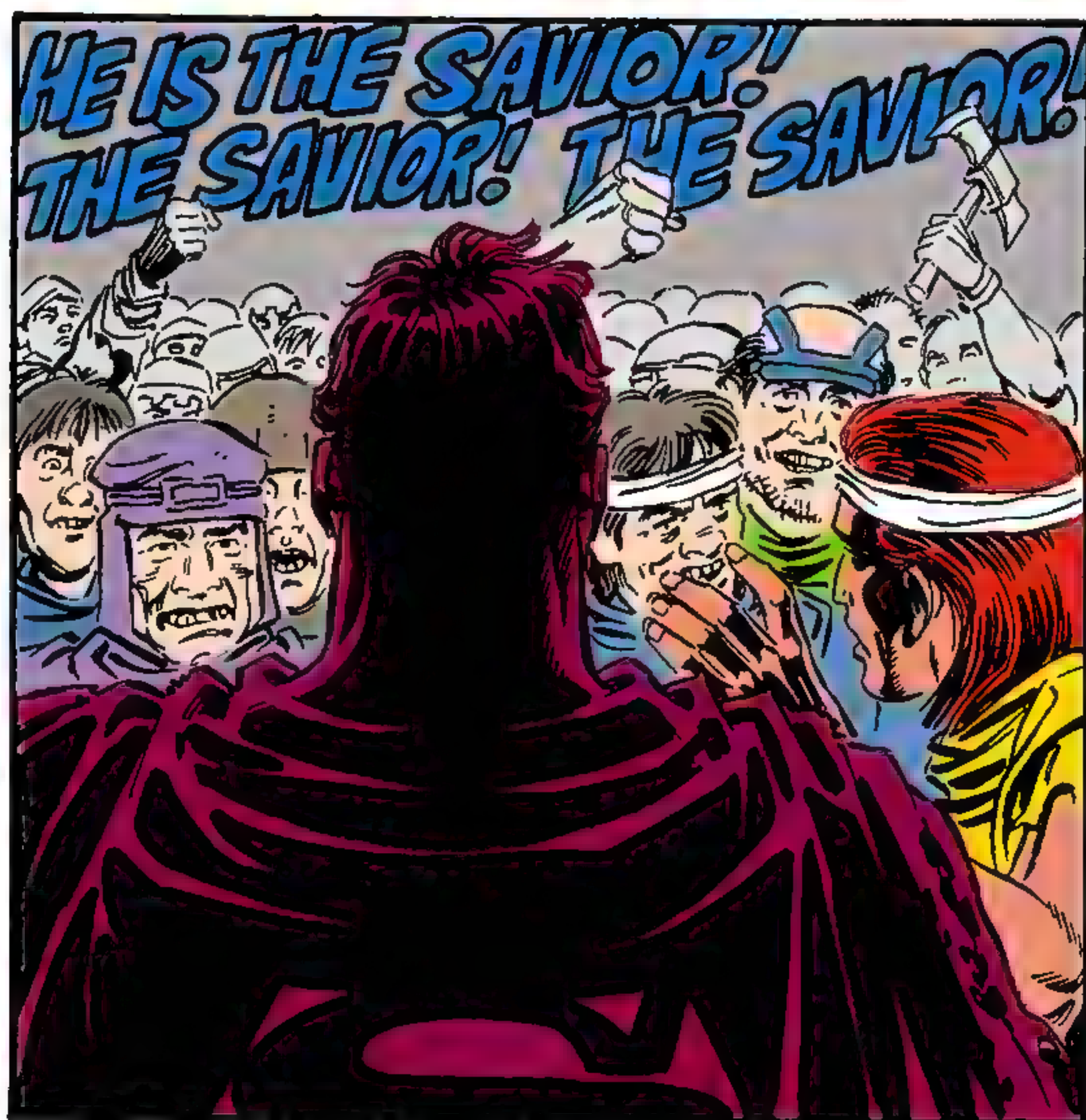
I HEARD HIS GIBBERISH, BUT I HAD ALREADY KNOWN THE FACTS. LEAVE ME NOW...

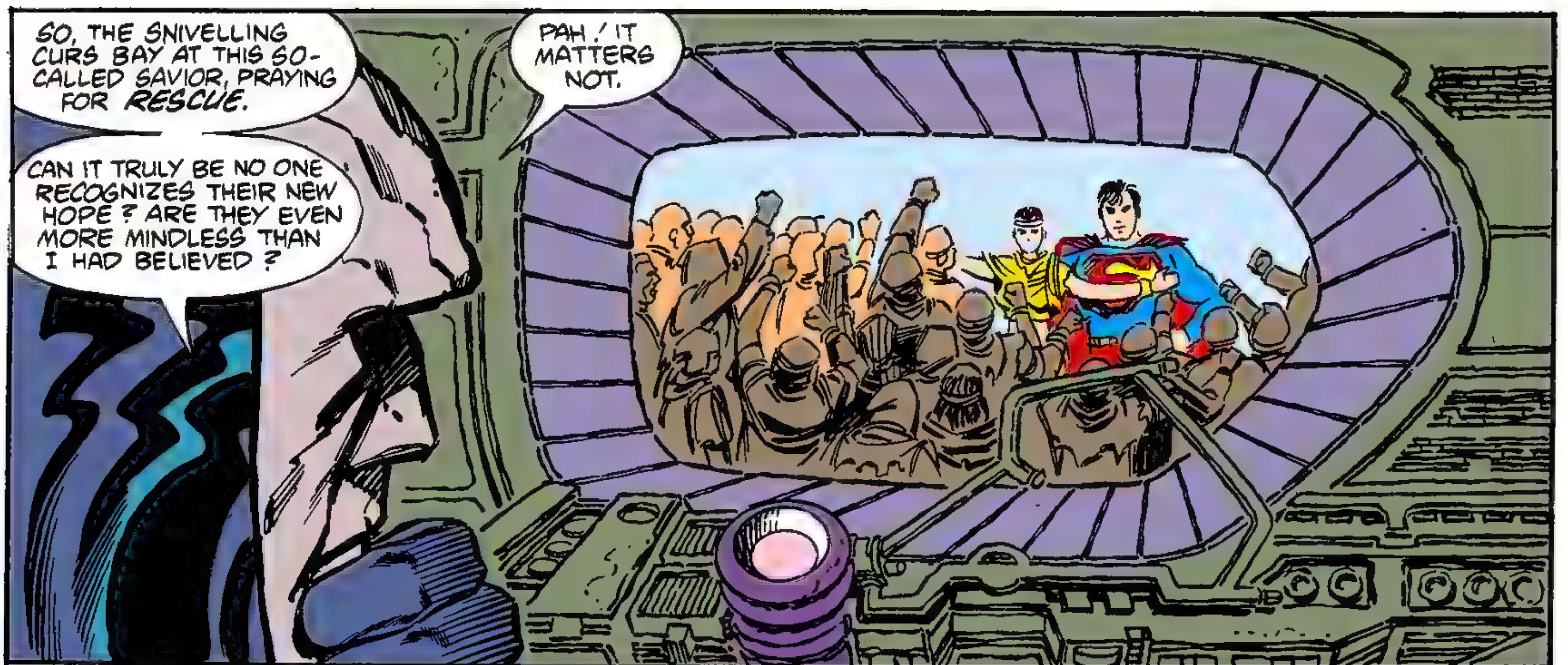
...I MUST THINK.











SO, THE SNIVELLING CURS BAY AT THIS SO-CALLED SAVIOR, PRAYING FOR RESCUE.

PAH, IT MATTERS NOT.

CAN IT TRULY BE NO ONE RECOGNIZES THEIR NEW HOPE? ARE THEY EVEN MORE MINDLESS THAN I HAD BELIEVED?



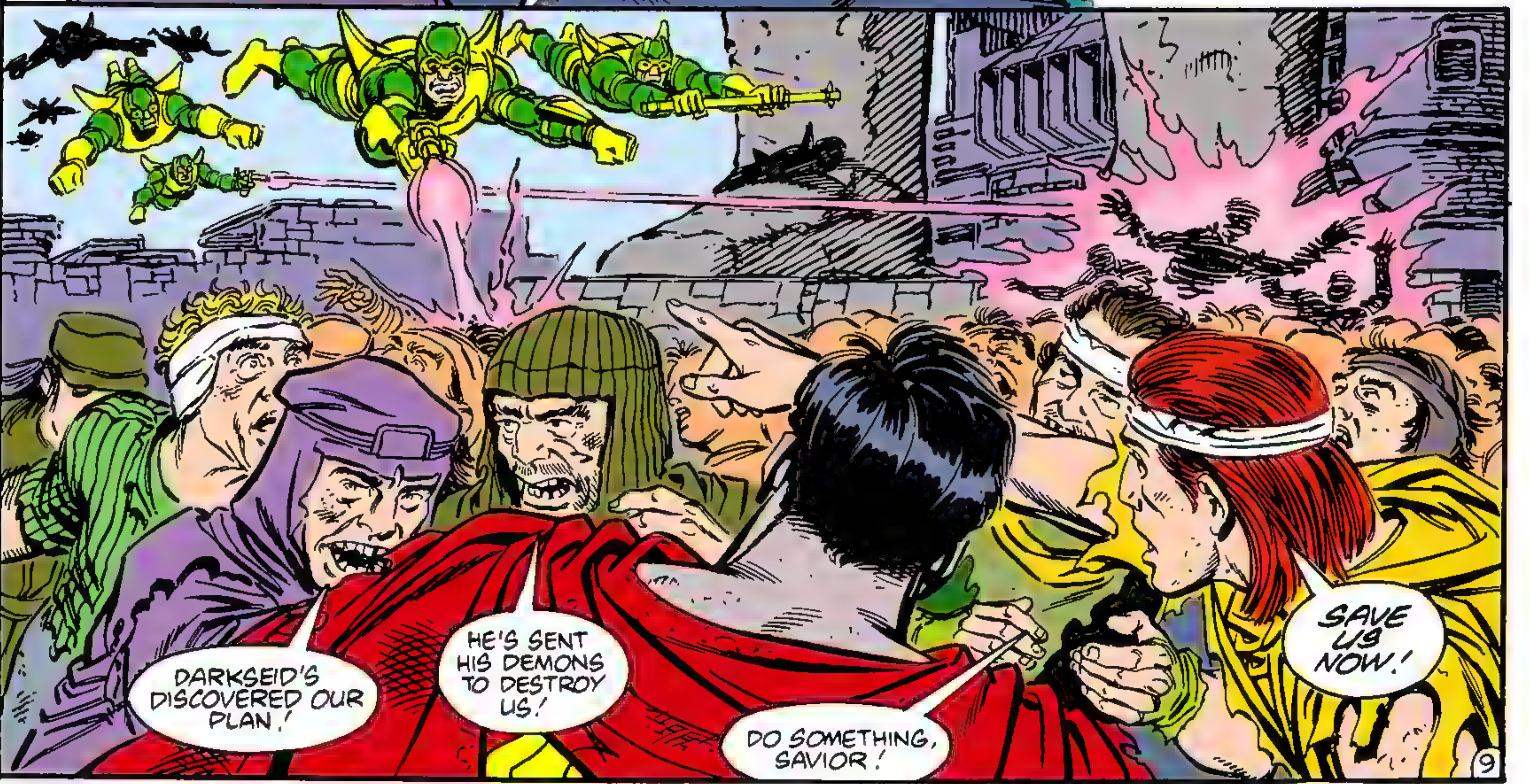
DARKSEID'S WILL IS TO BE EVER OBEYED!

I HAVE TOLERATED THE HUNGER DOGS LONG ENOUGH.

AMAZING GRACE AND HER MINIONS MUST LEARN THEIR LESSON.

IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG SINCE BLOOD STAINED THE GROUNDS OF APOKOLIPS.

LET THE PARA-DEMONS BE UNLEASHED!

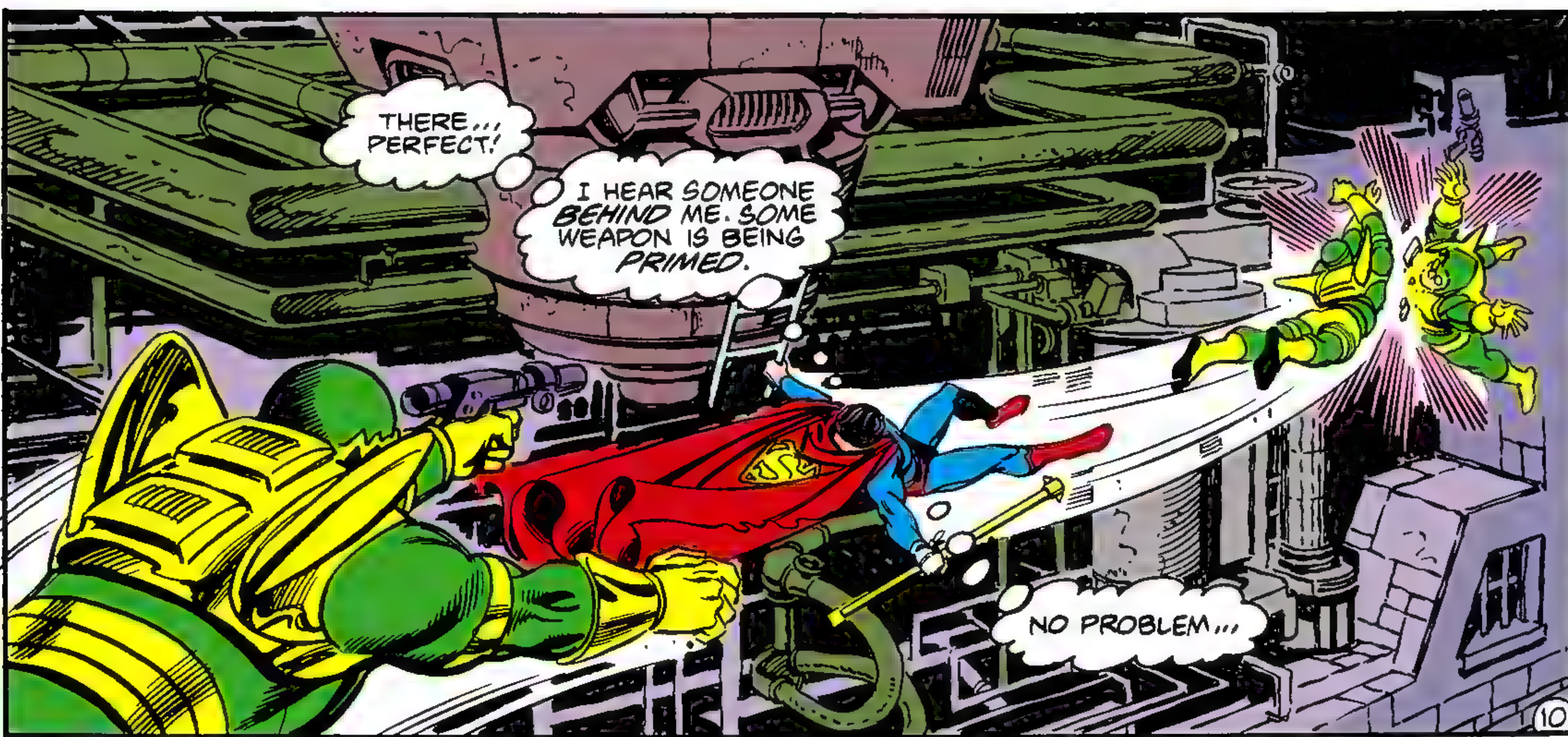
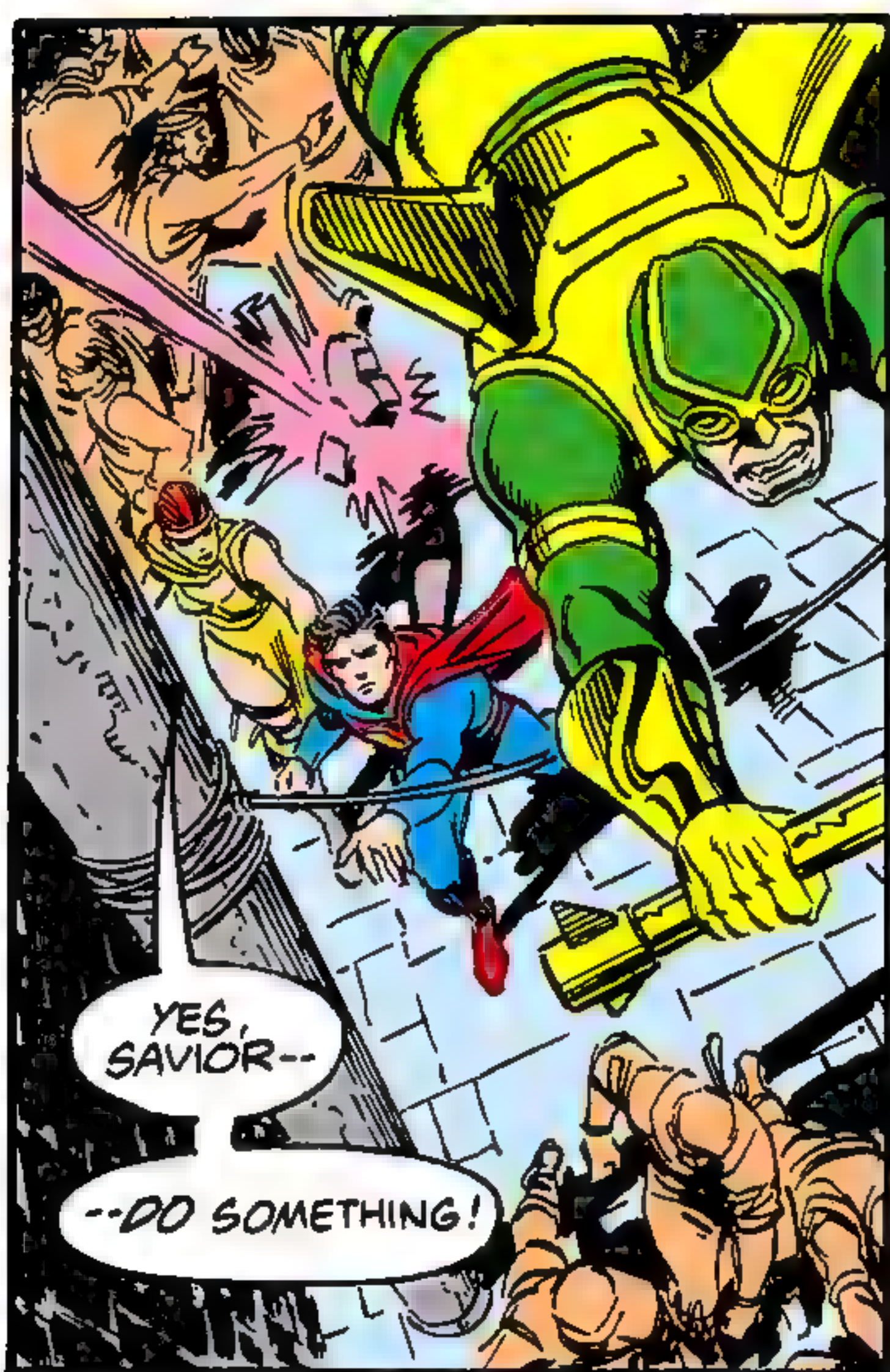


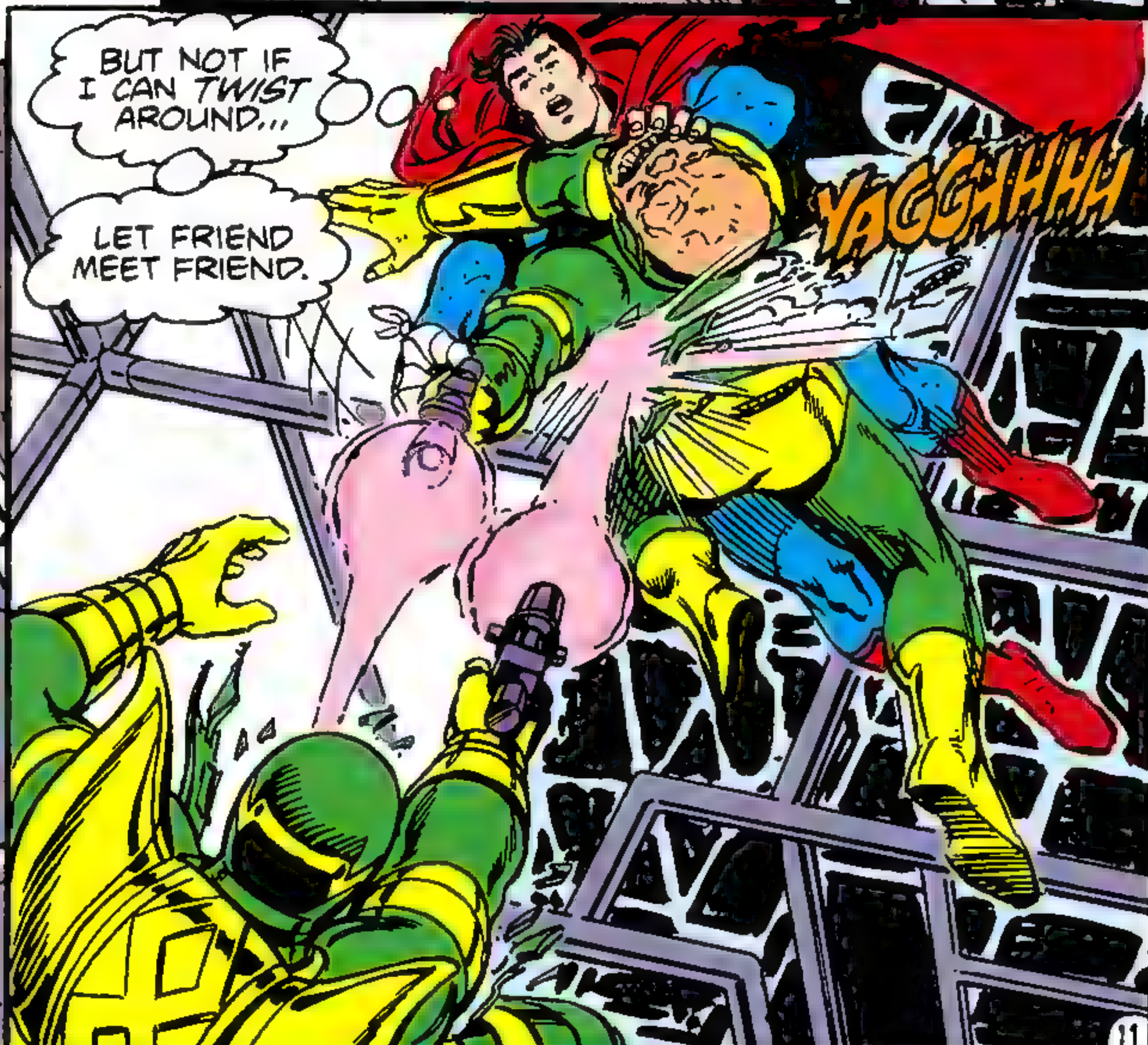
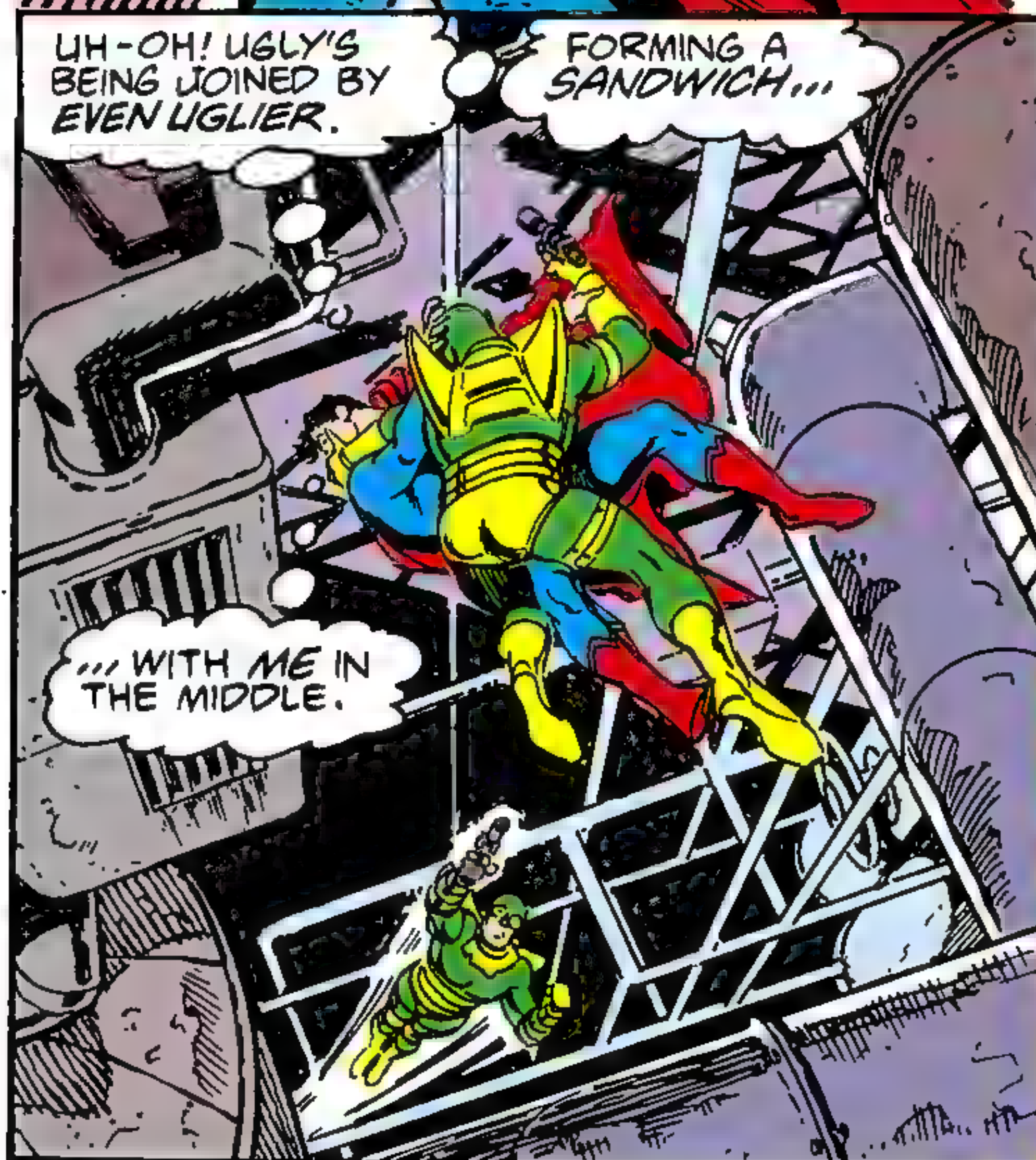
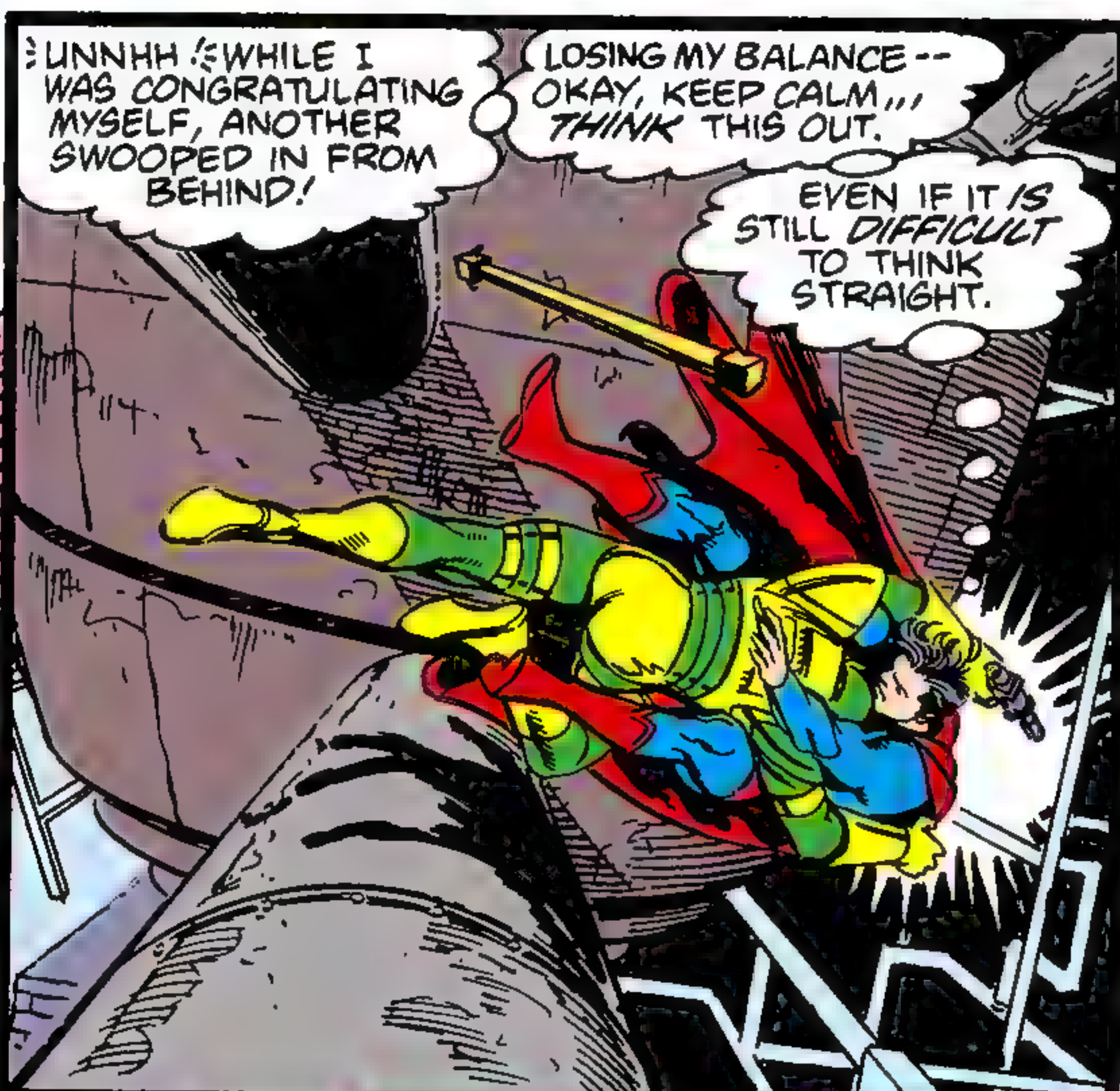
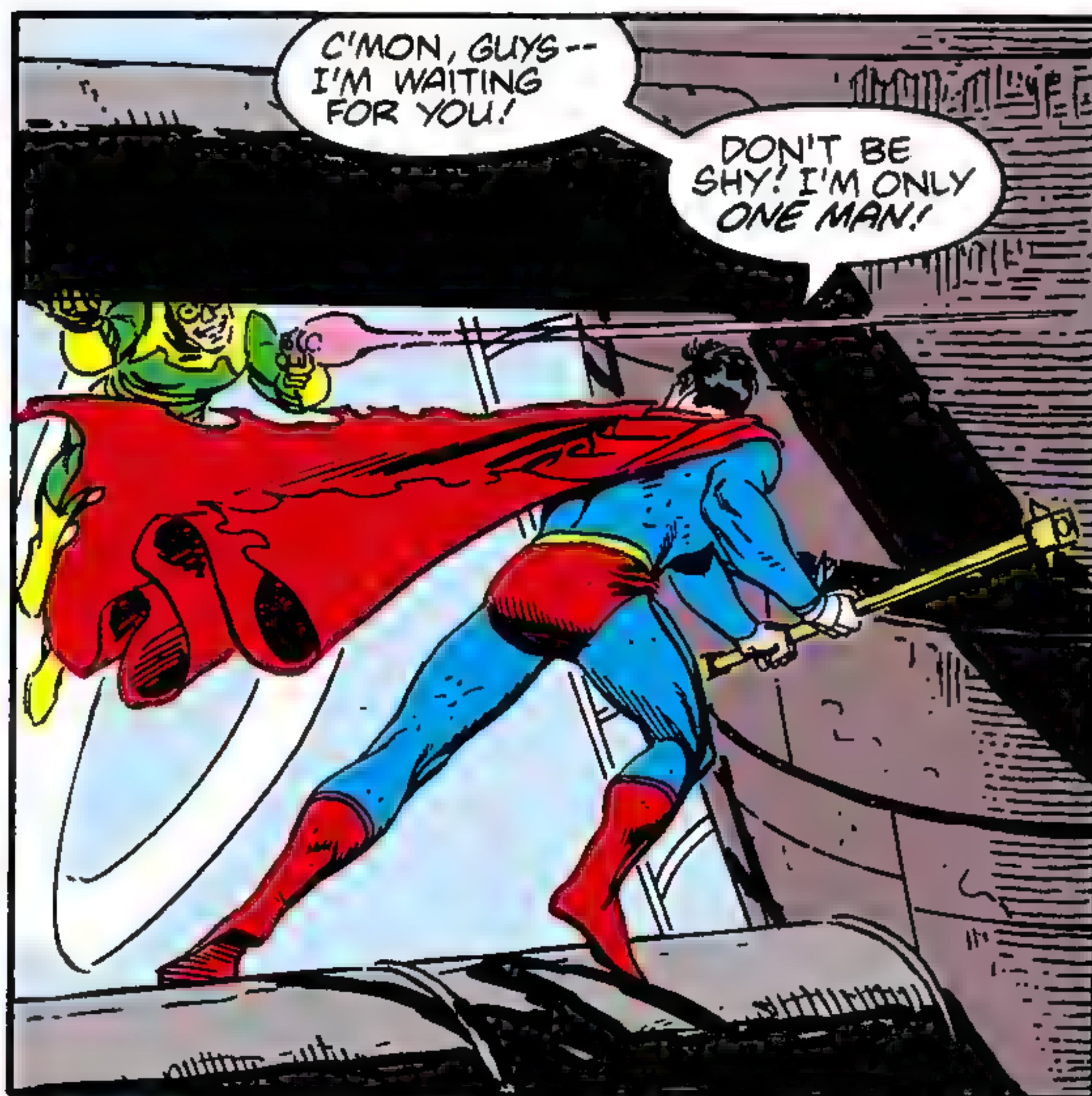
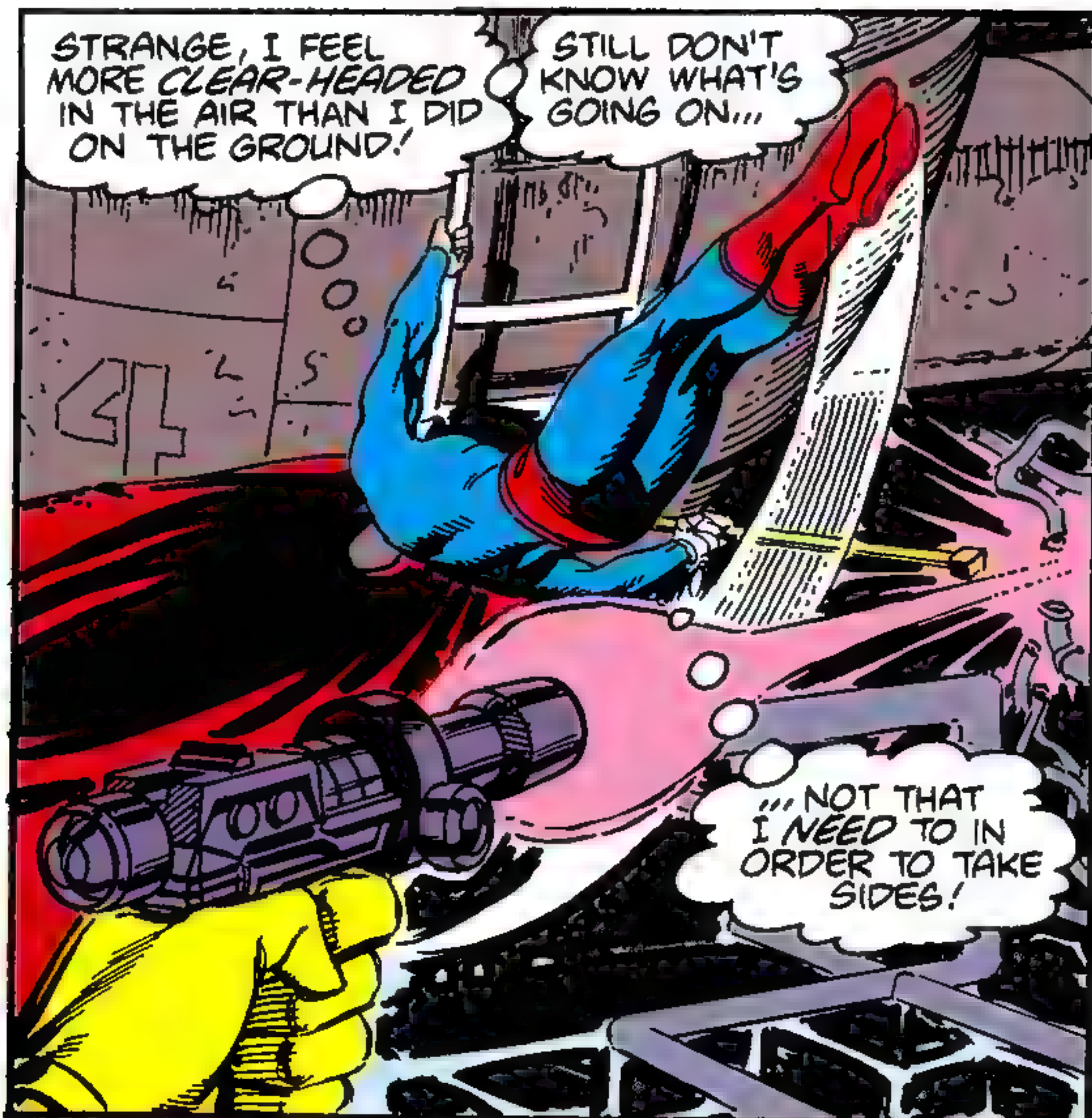
DARKSEID'S DISCOVERED OUR PLAN!

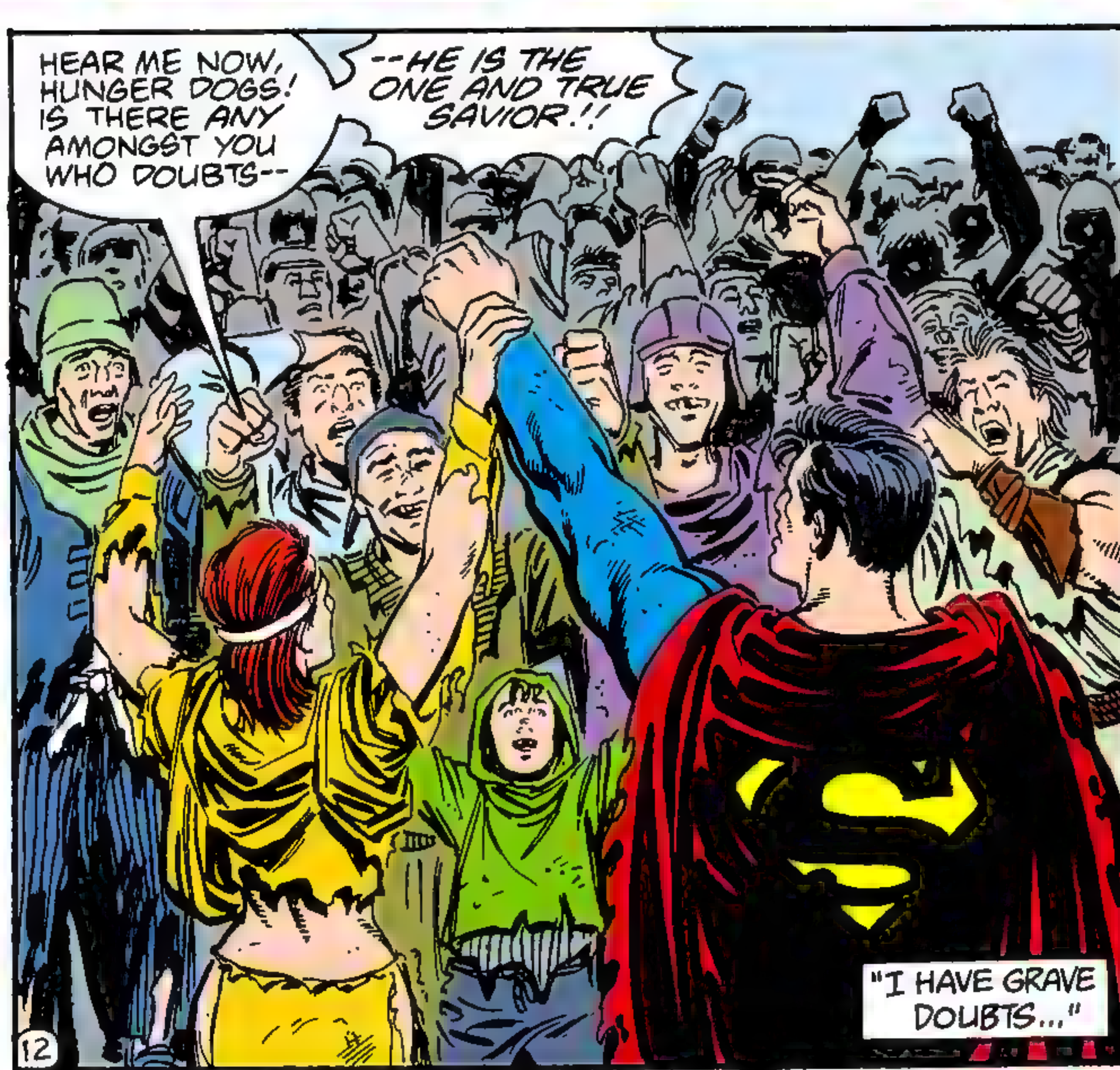
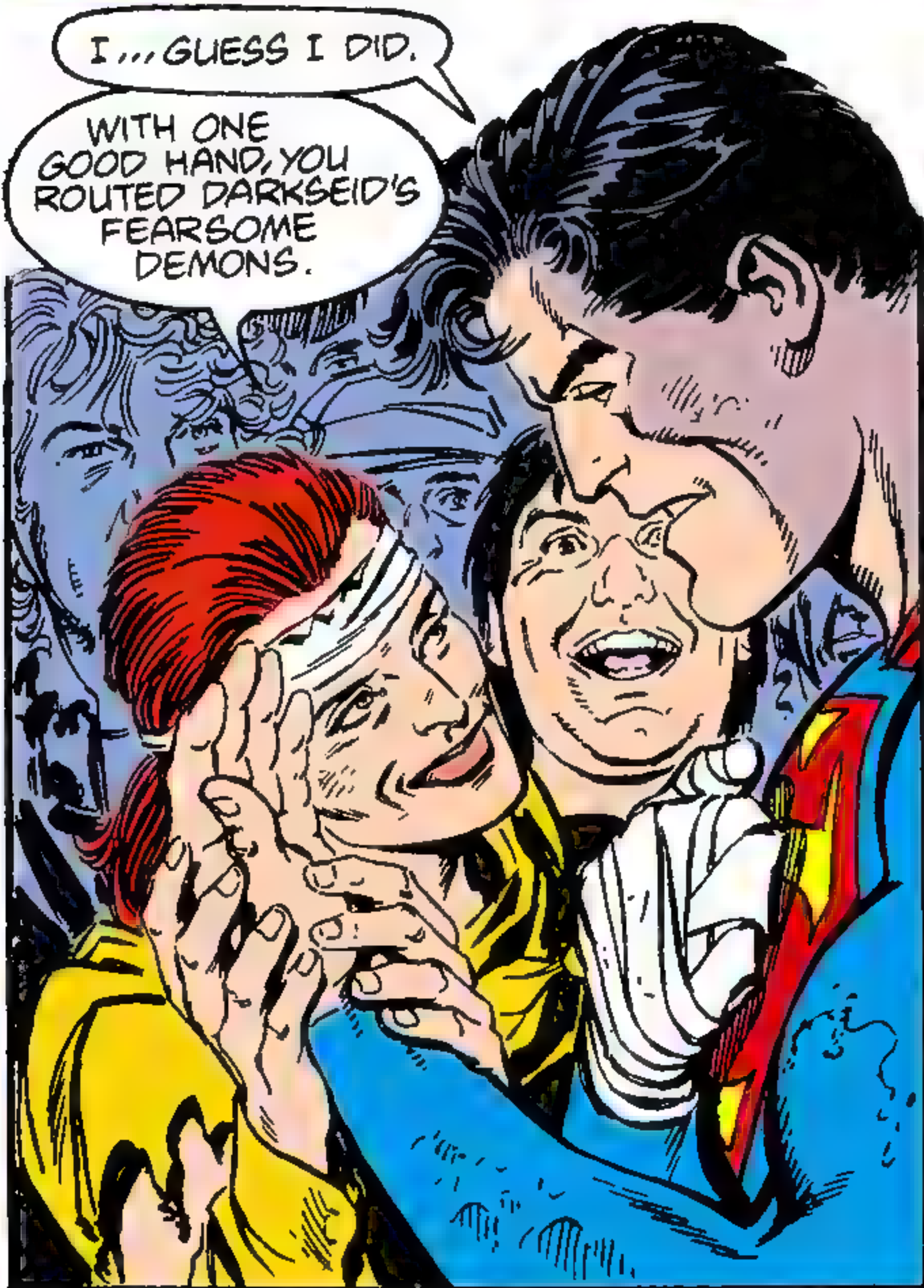
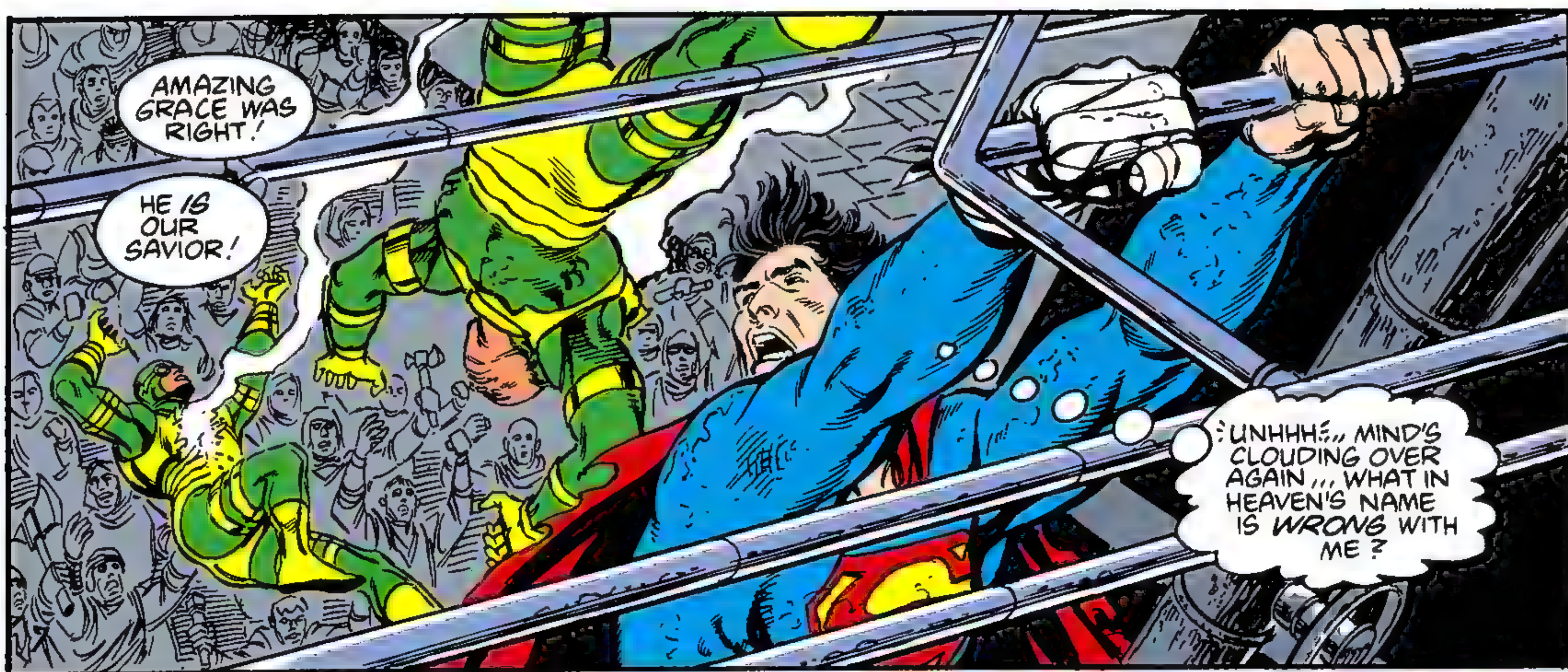
HE'S SENT HIS DEMONS TO DESTROY US!

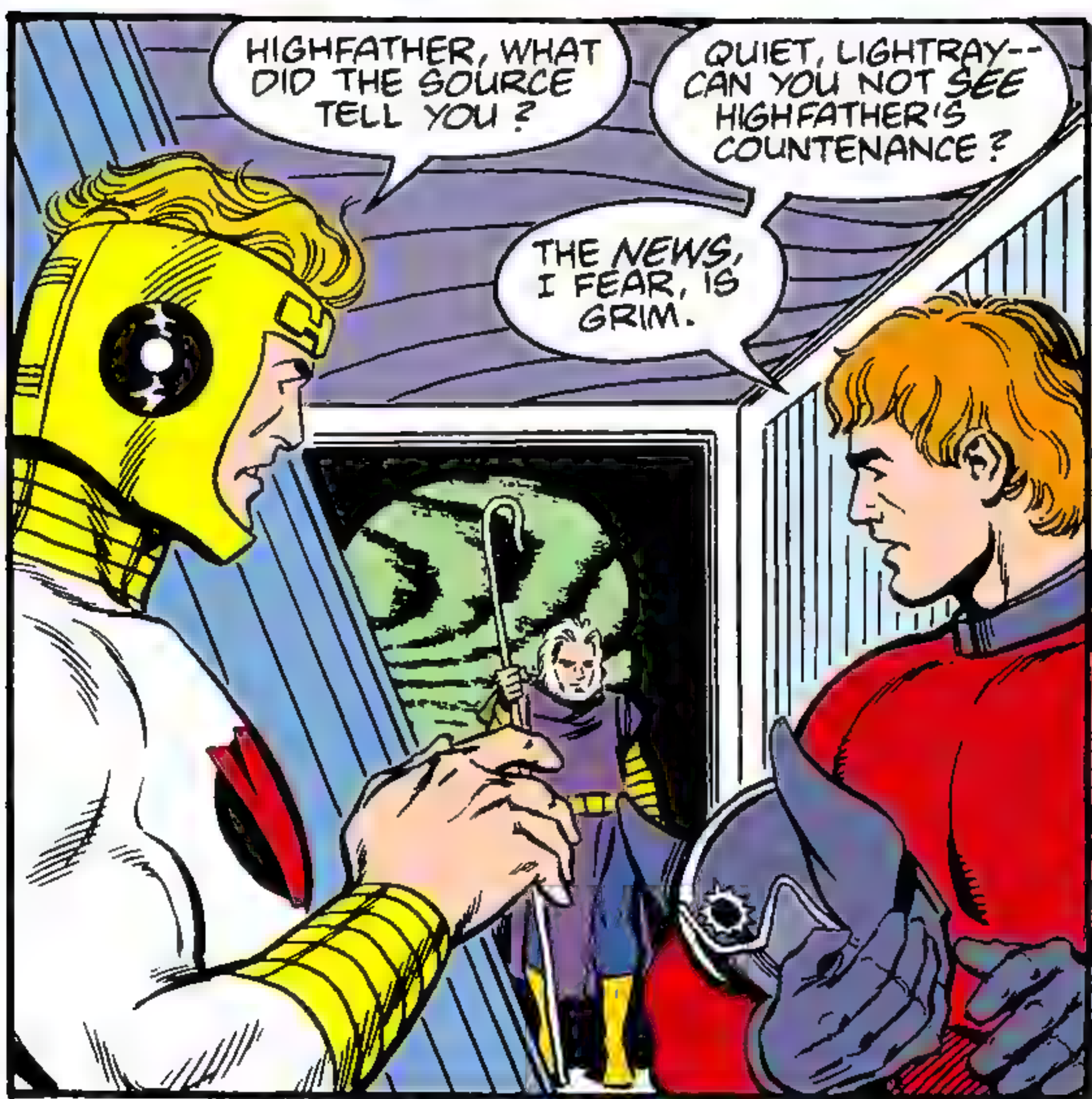
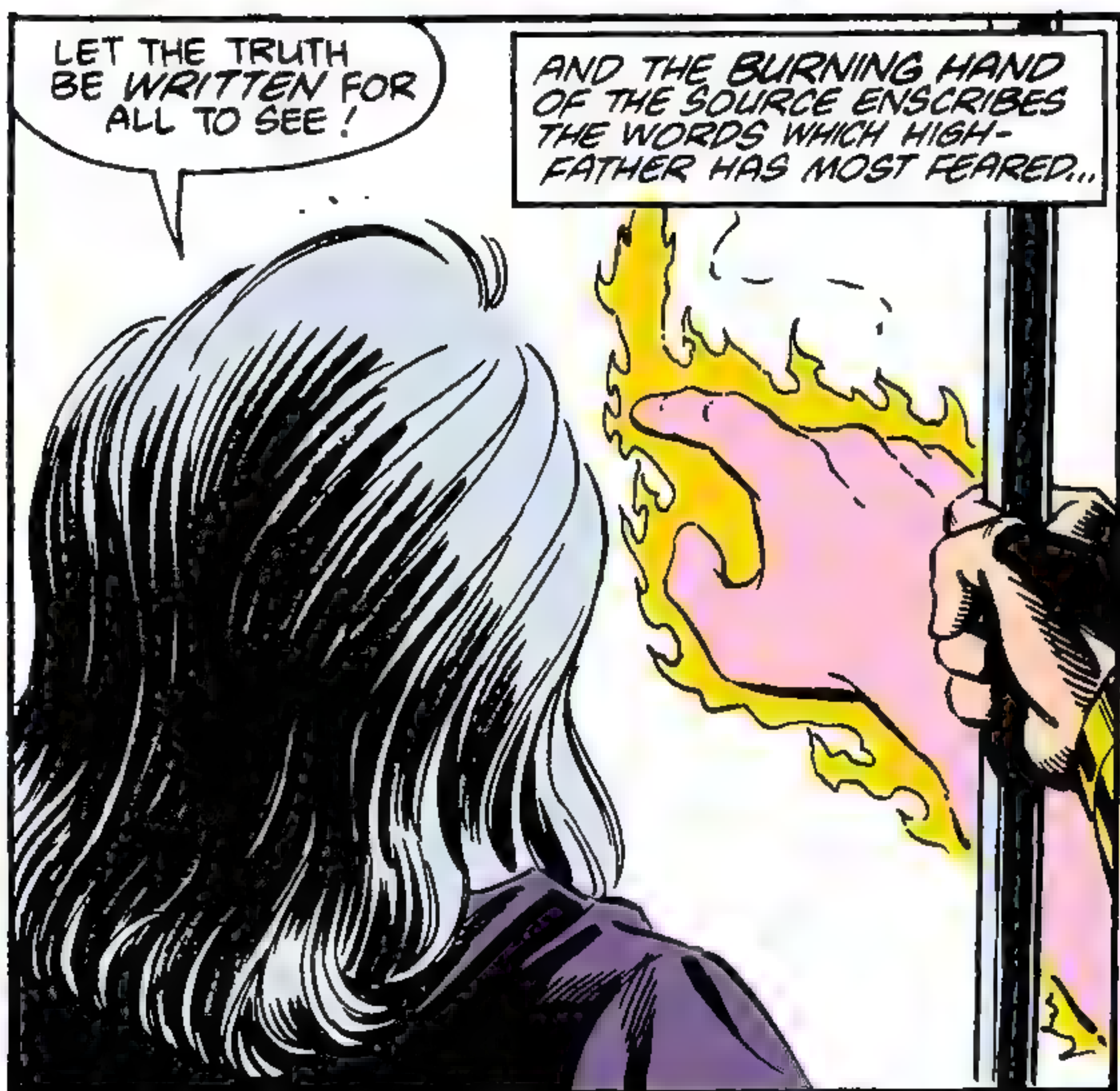
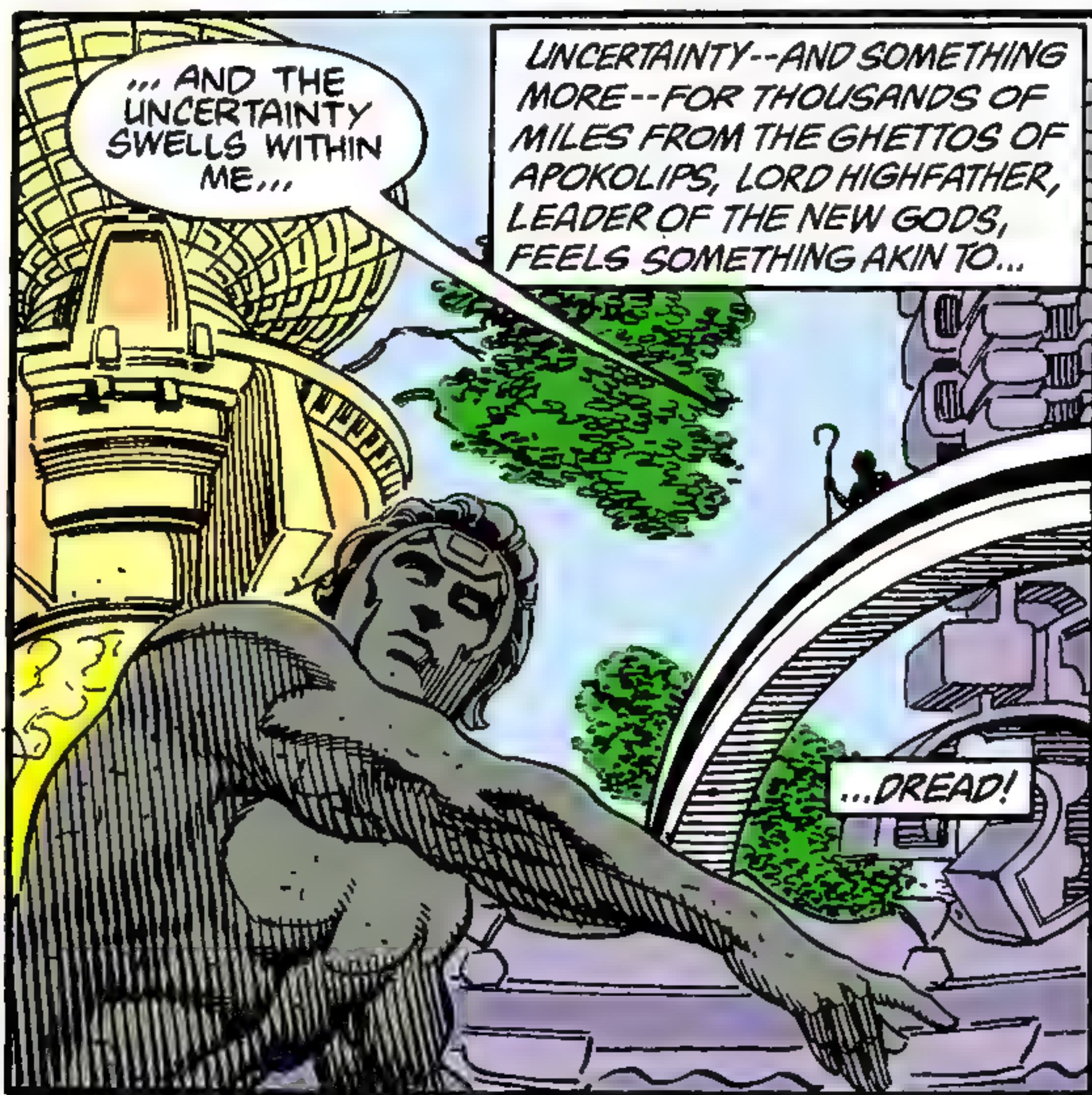
DO SOMETHING, SAVIOR!

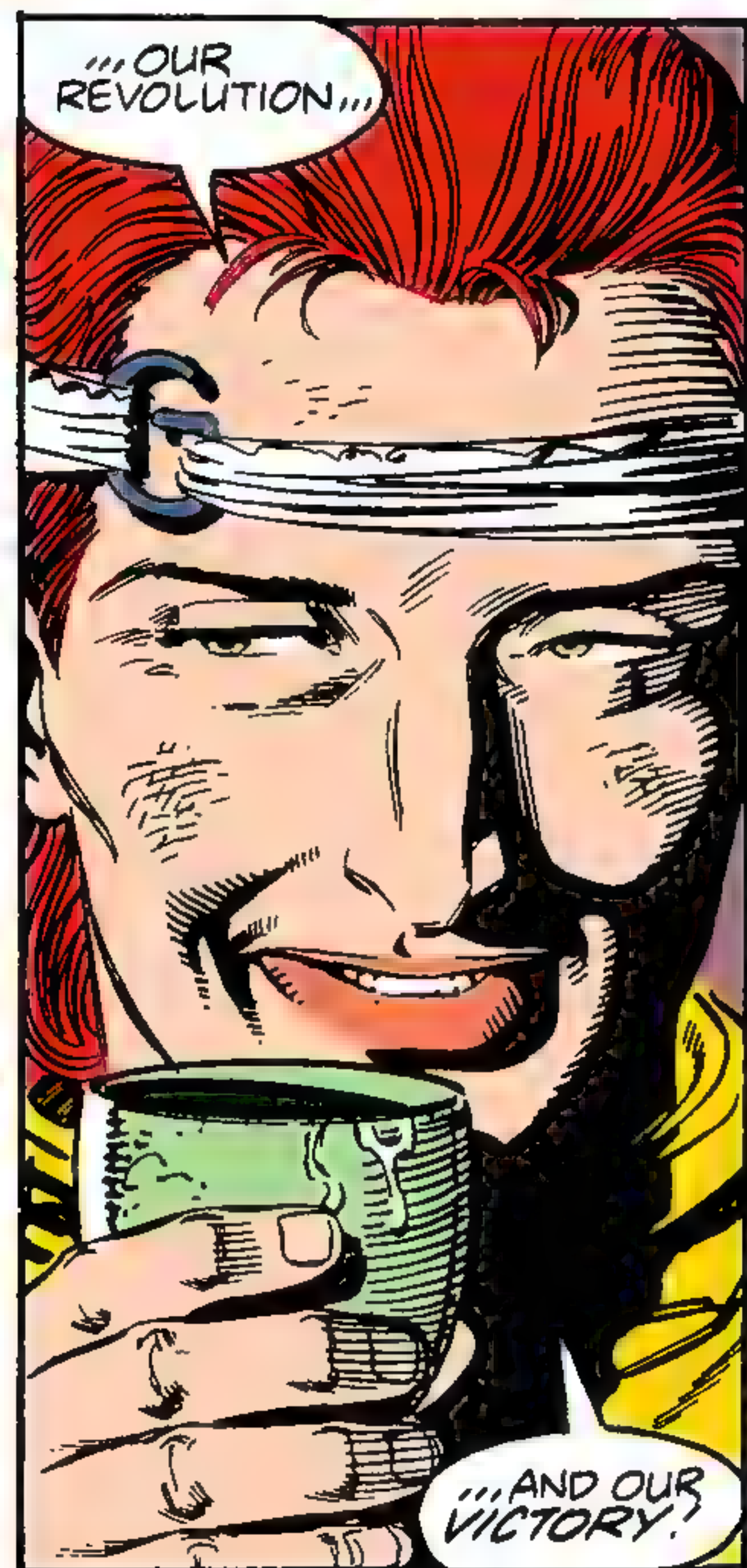
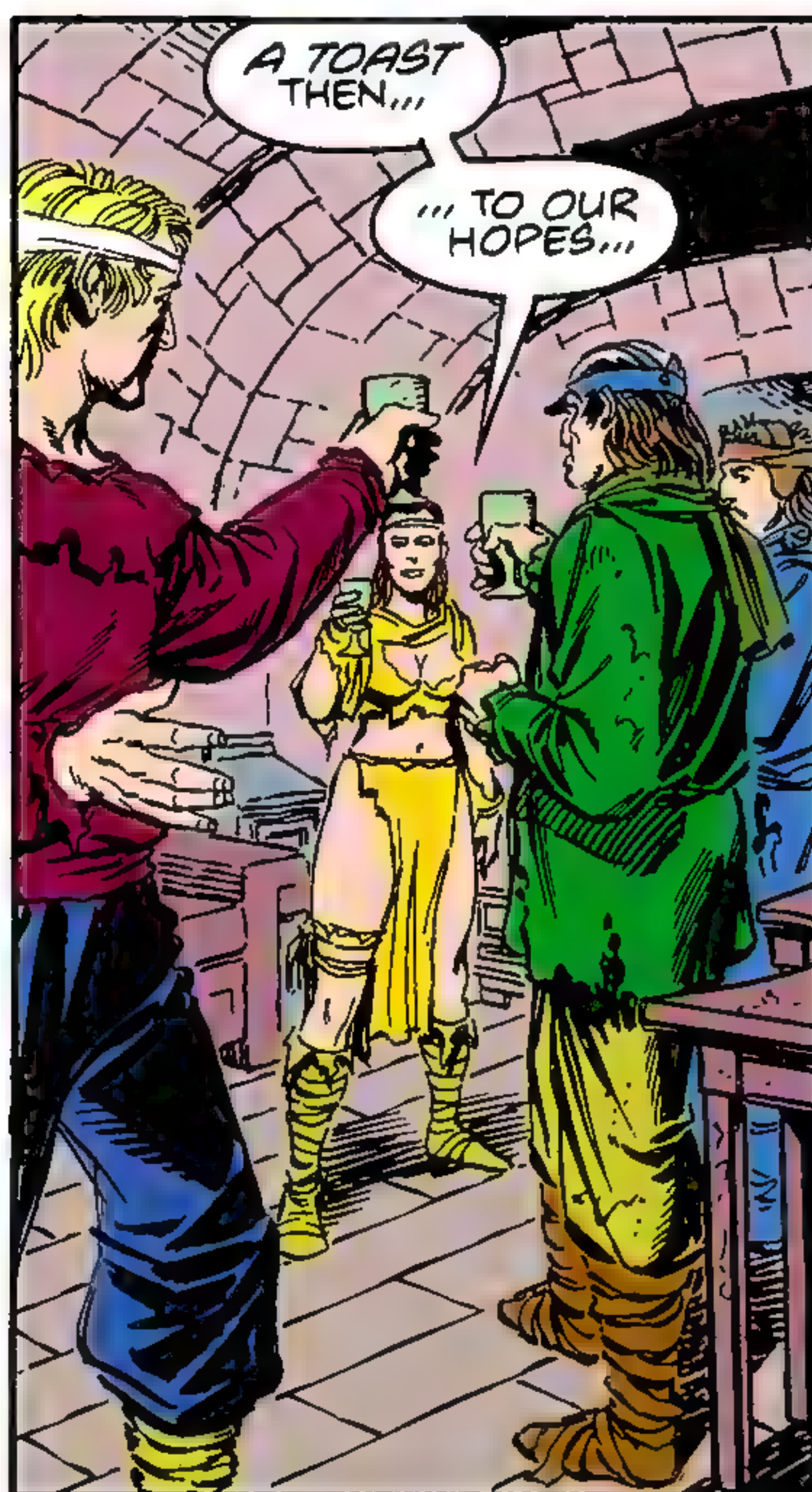
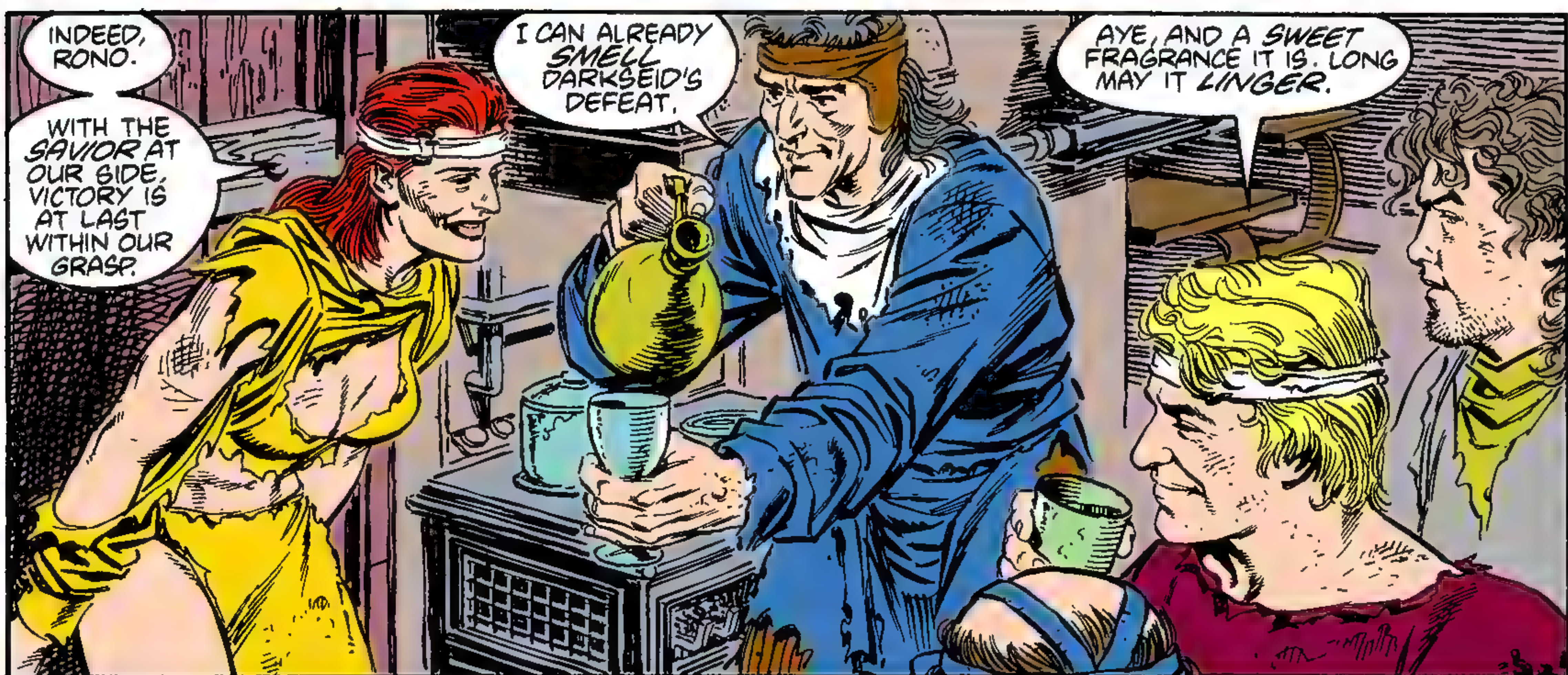
SAVE US NOW!

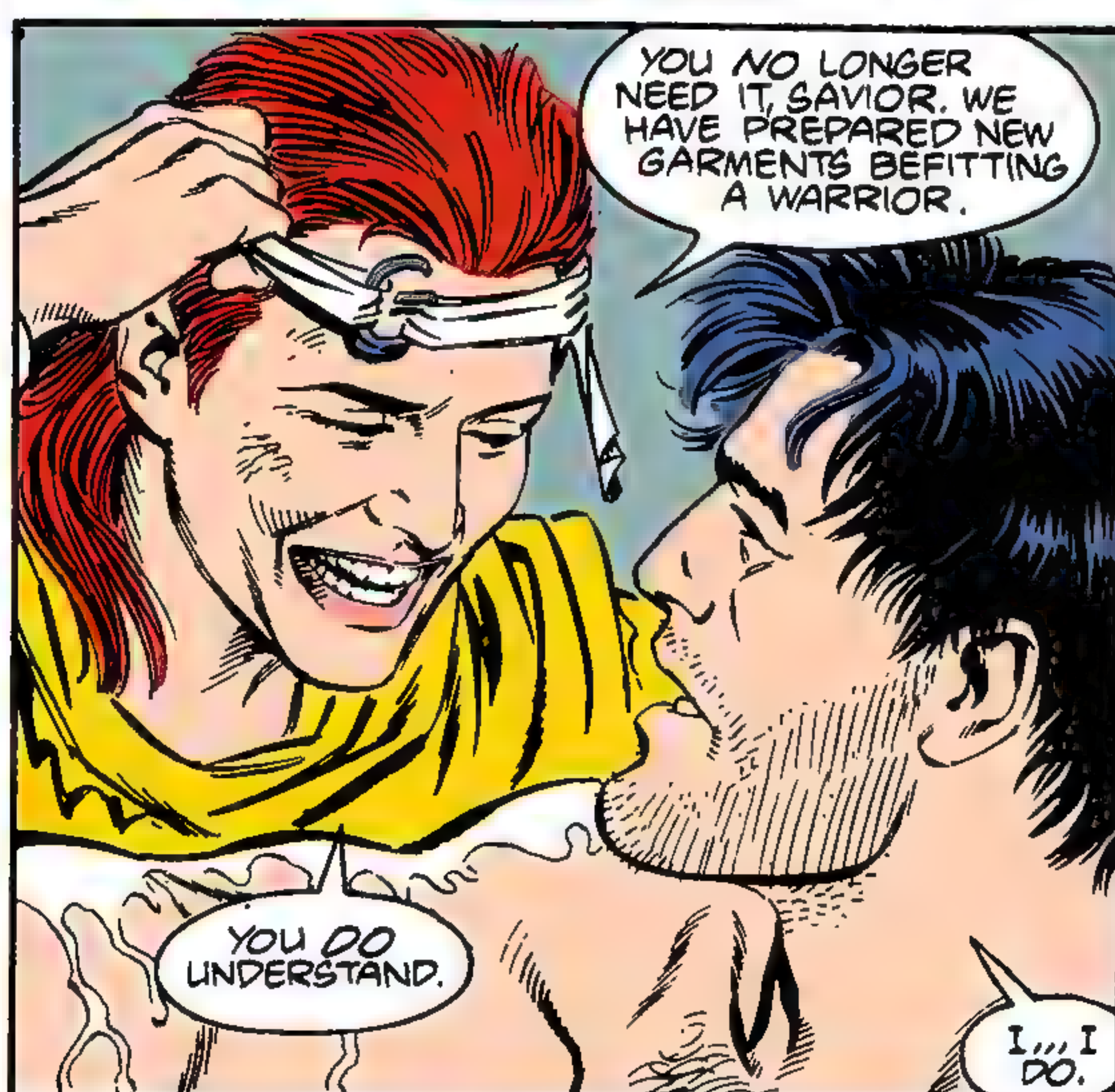
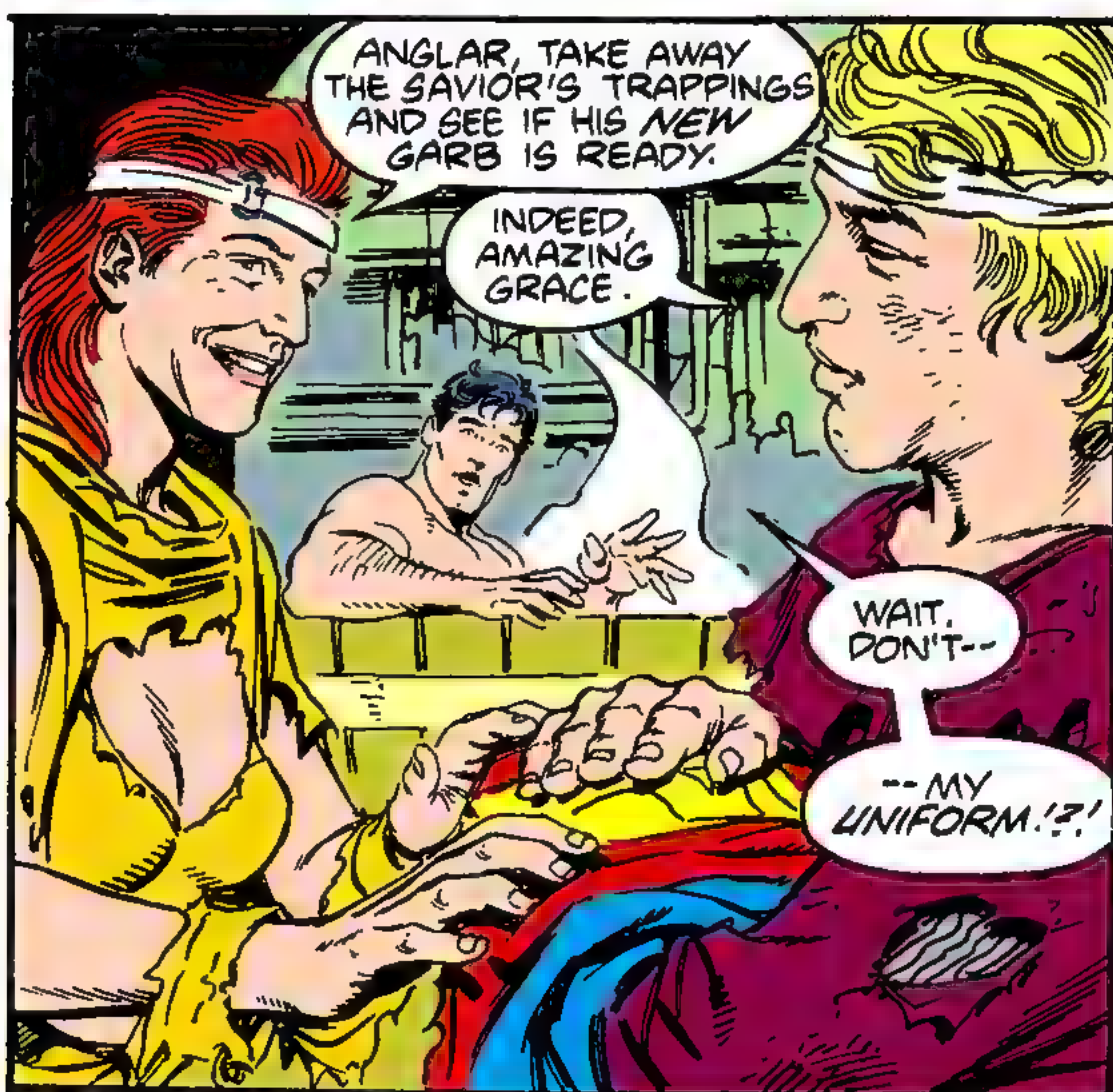
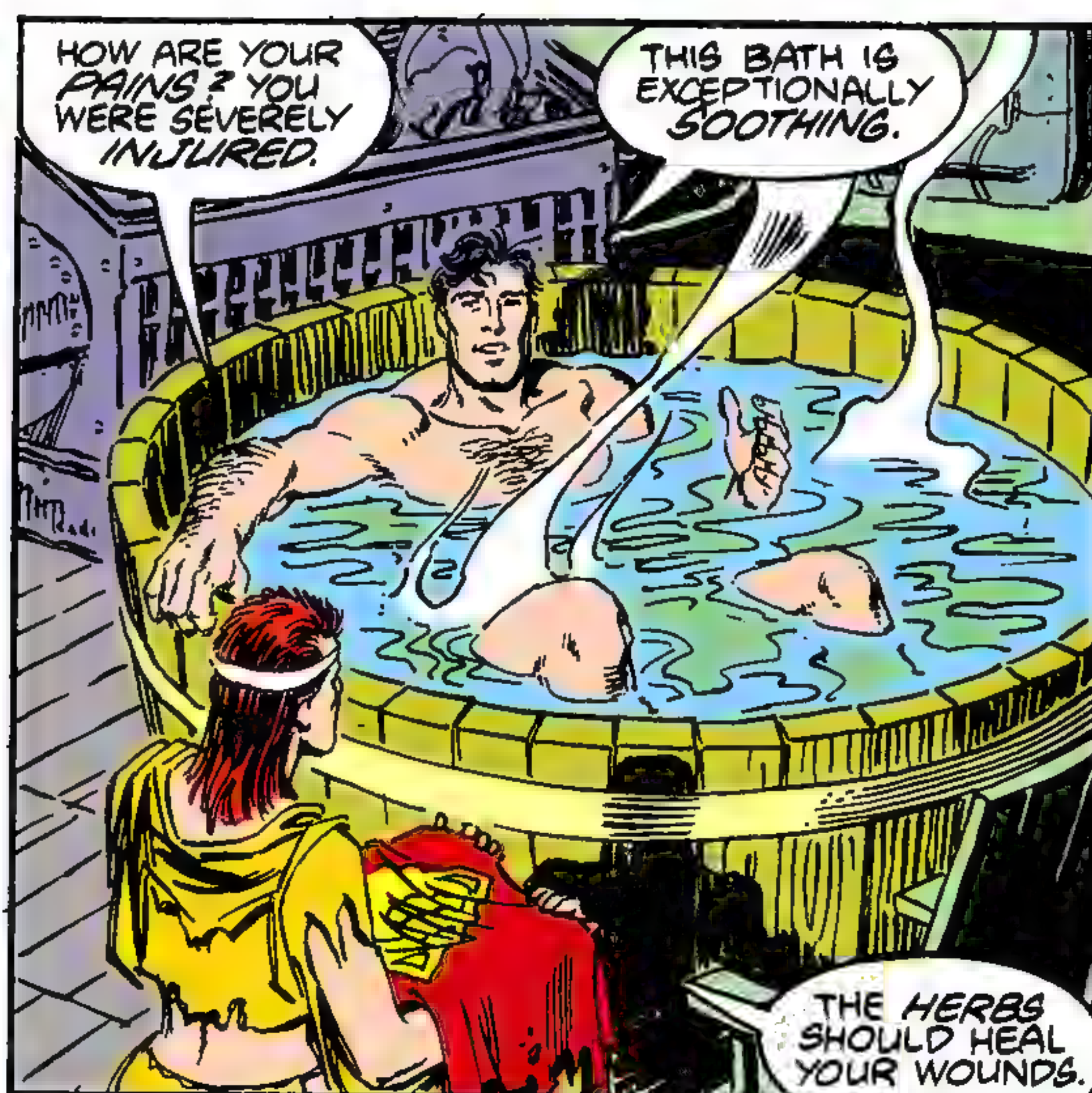
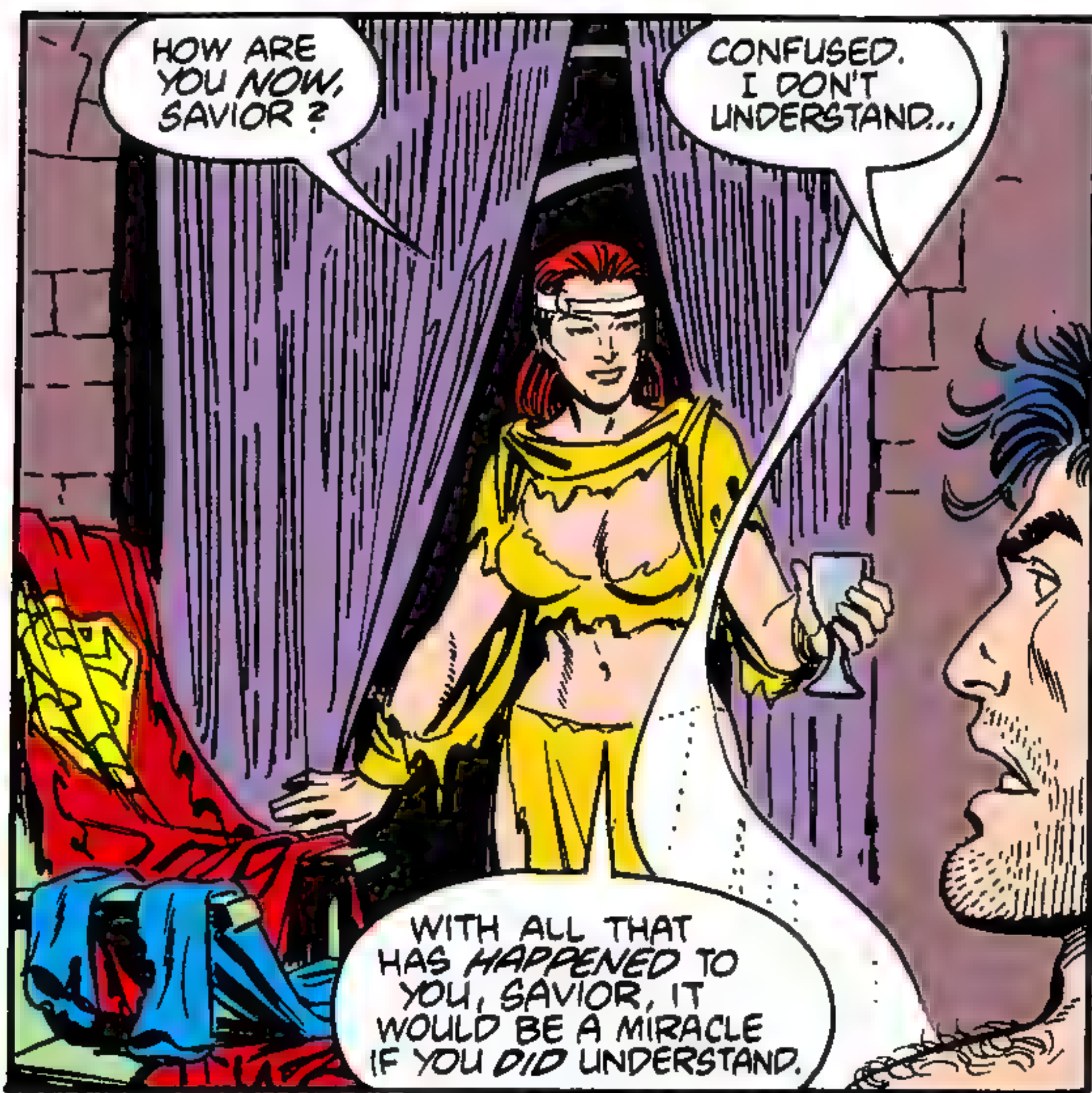








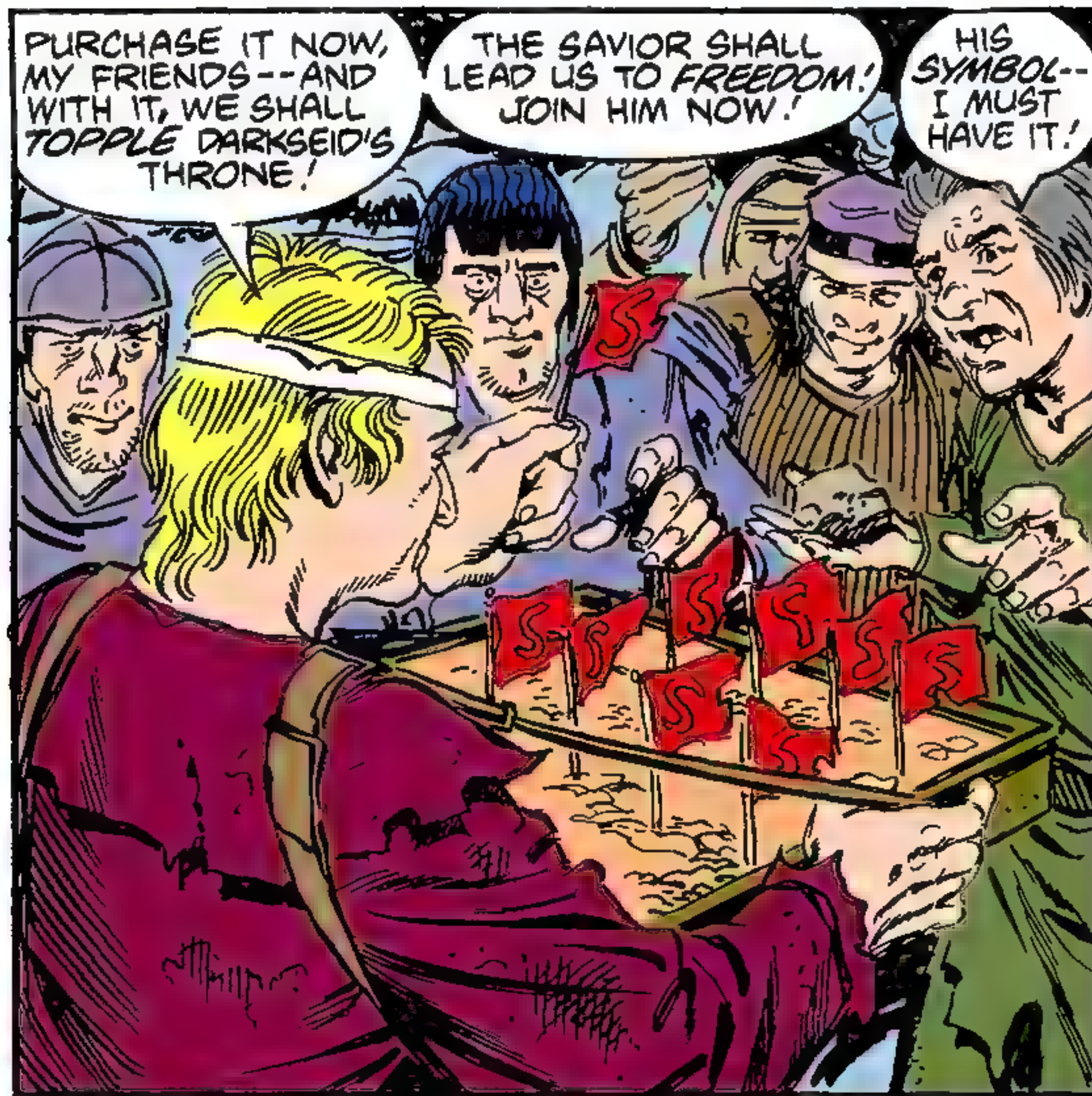






HERE, HUNGER DOGS--
YOU CAN POSSESS THIS
FETISH DRESSED IN
THE SAVIOR'S OWN
CLOTH!

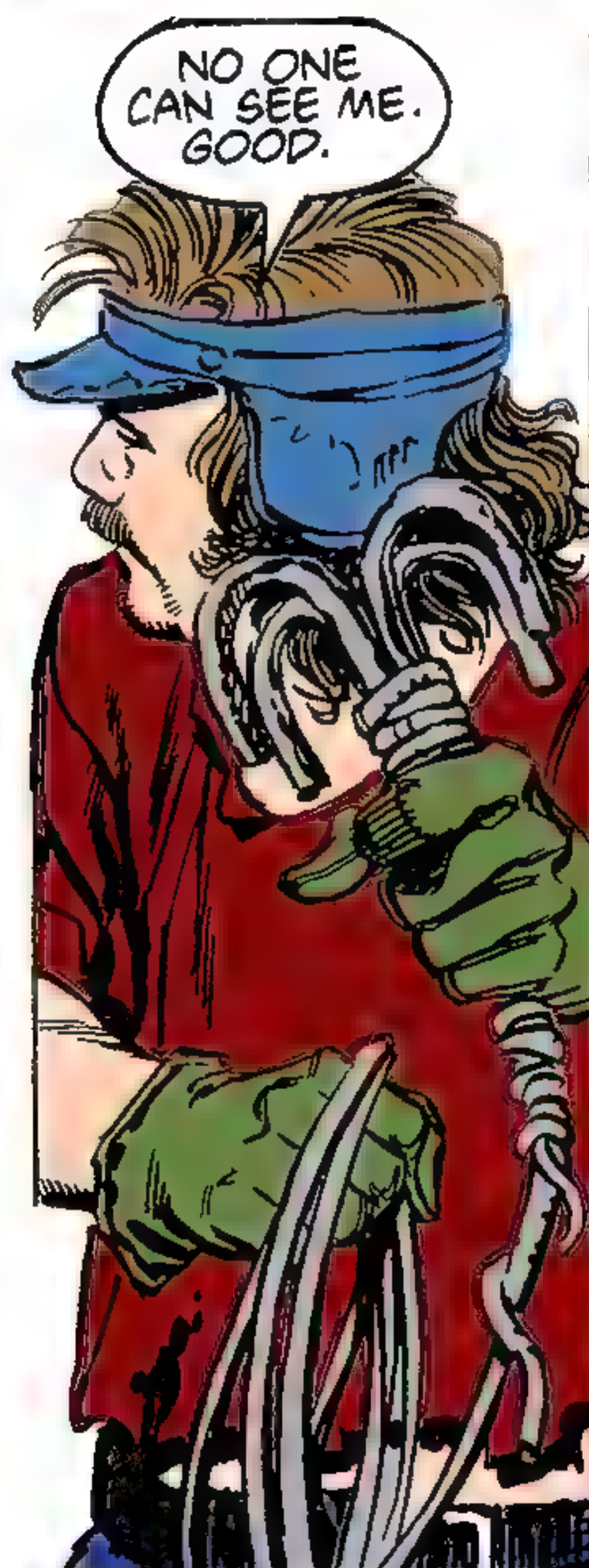
HIS
POWER
CAN BE
YOURS!



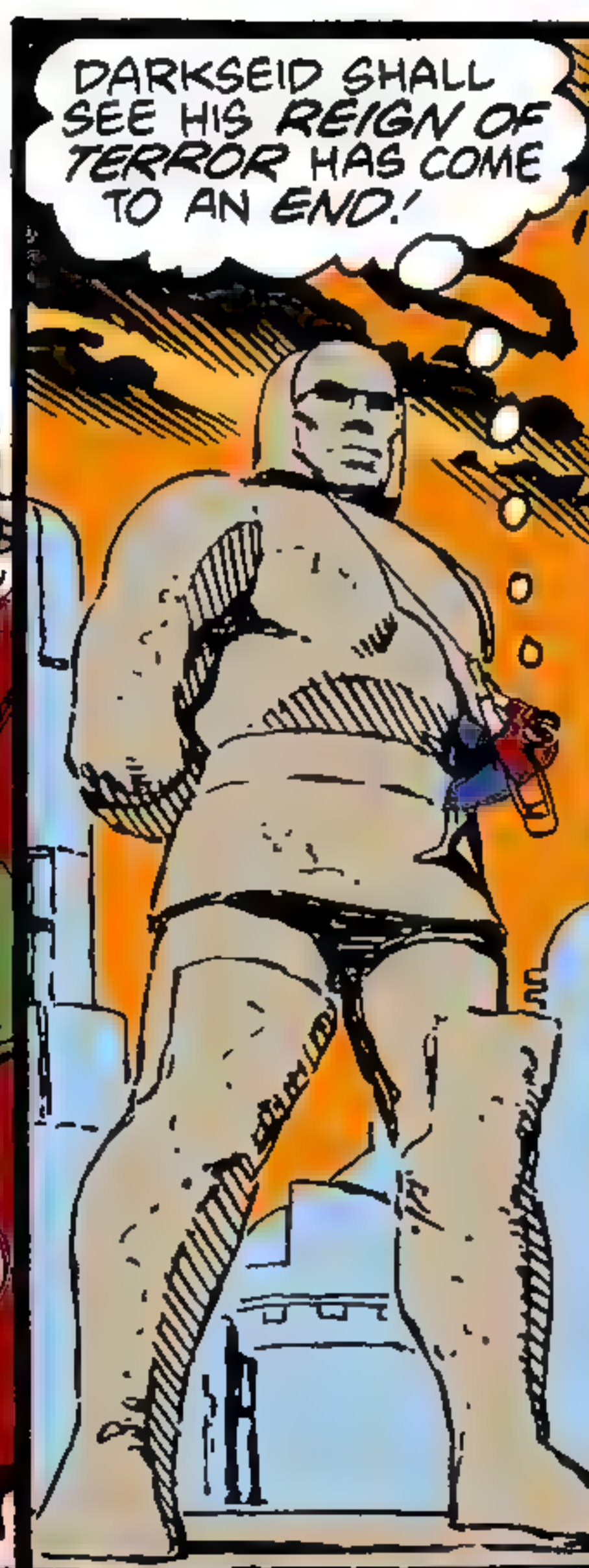
PURCHASE IT NOW,
MY FRIENDS--AND
WITH IT, WE SHALL
TOPPLE DARKSEID'S
THRONE!

THE SAVIOR SHALL
LEAD US TO FREEDOM!
JOIN HIM NOW!

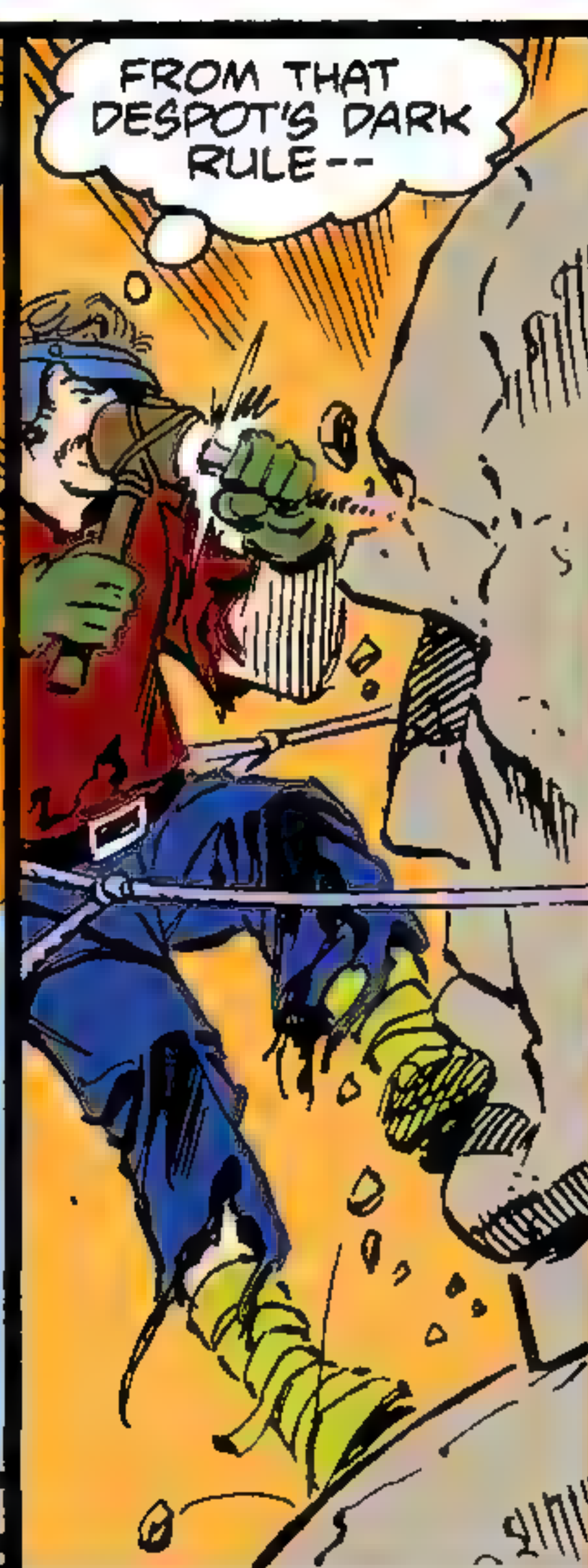
HIS
SYMBOL--
I MUST
HAVE IT!



NO ONE
CAN SEE ME.
GOOD.



DARKSEID SHALL
SEE HIS REIGN OF
TERROR HAS COME
TO AN END!



FROM THAT
DESPOT'S DARK
RULE--



--FROM HIS
AGES-- LONG
TYRANNY--



...A NEW
ORDER SHALL
TRIUMPH!



THE SAVIOR
WILL LIBERATE
US!

APOKOLIPS
SHALL BE
FREE!

"AMAZING GRACE! THE SAVIOR LEADS OUR FORCES INTO BATTLE. THE WAR HAS BEGUN!"

"THEN SETTLE BACK, FAITHFUL ONE. AND ENJOY!!"

DARKSEID'S TROOPS HAVE GREATER WEAPONS THAN WE, BUT THAT WILL NOT STOP US! THE HUNGER DOGS CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED! OUR NUMBER IS LEGION!

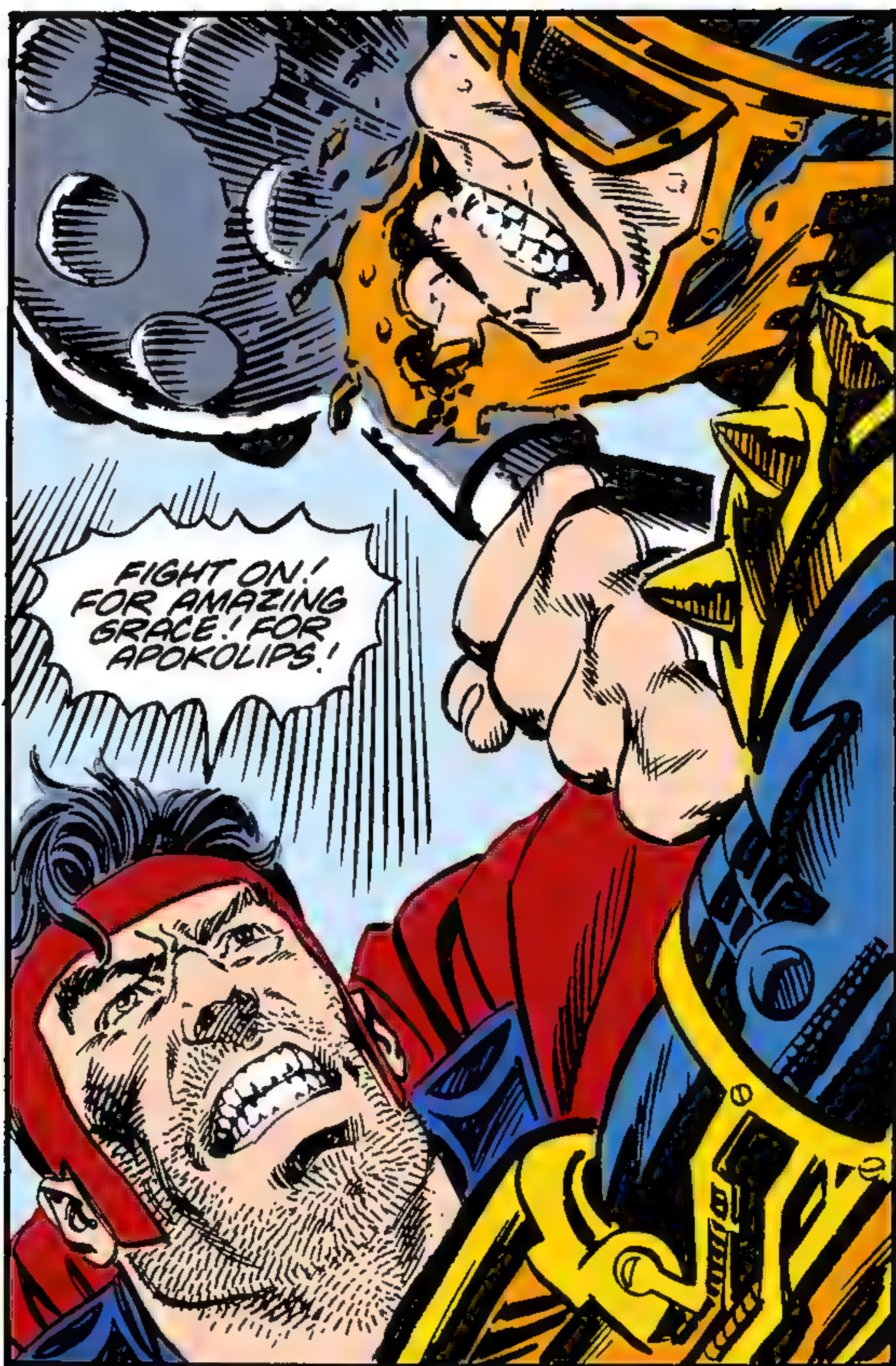
FIGHT ON!

**FREEDOM
WILL BE
OURS!**

IN THE FIRST ASSAULT, ONE THOUSAND HUNGER DOGS FALL BEFORE THE FORCES OF DARKSEID. BUT THE TEN THOUSAND BEHIND THEM PRESS FORWARD. AND BEHIND THOSE TEN THOUSAND YET ANOTHER WAVE STANDS READY...

TERRY
ORDWAY
9 86



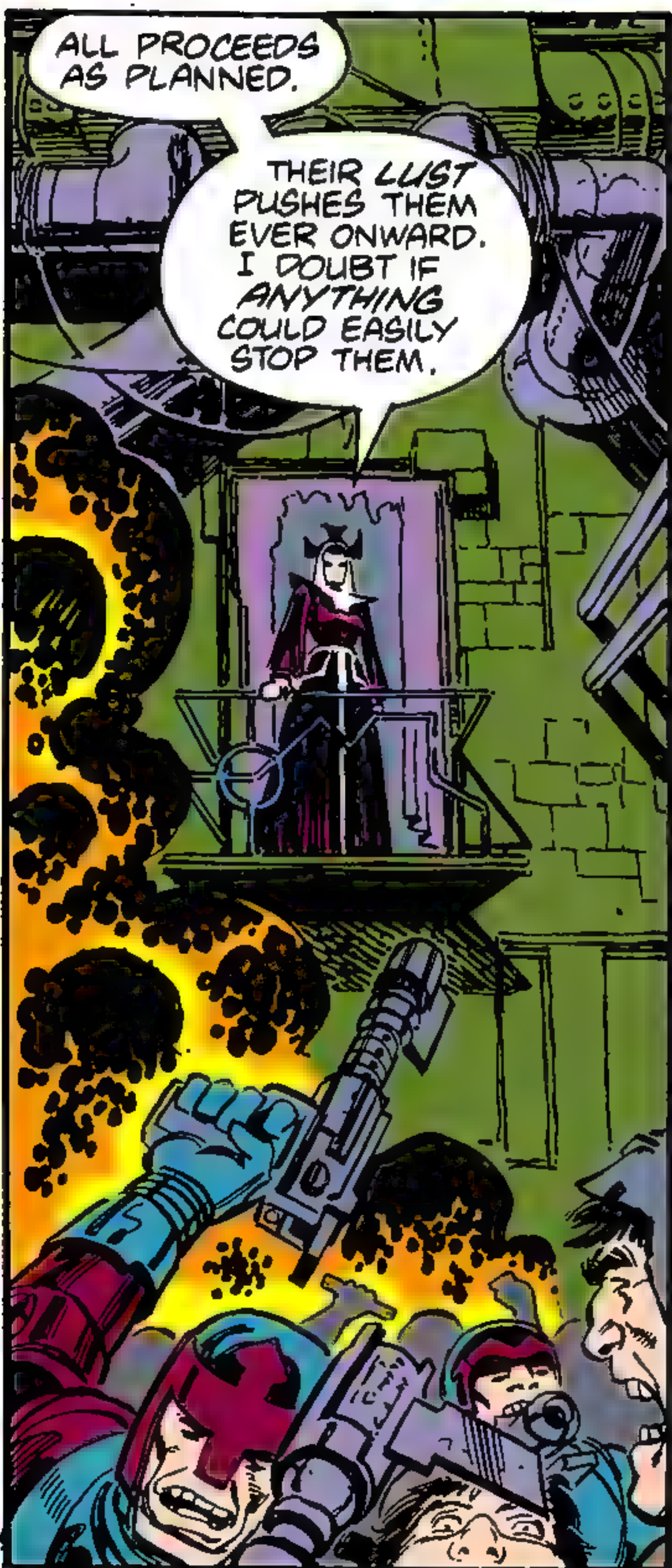


FIGHT ON!
FOR AMAZING
GRACE! FOR
APOKOLIPS!



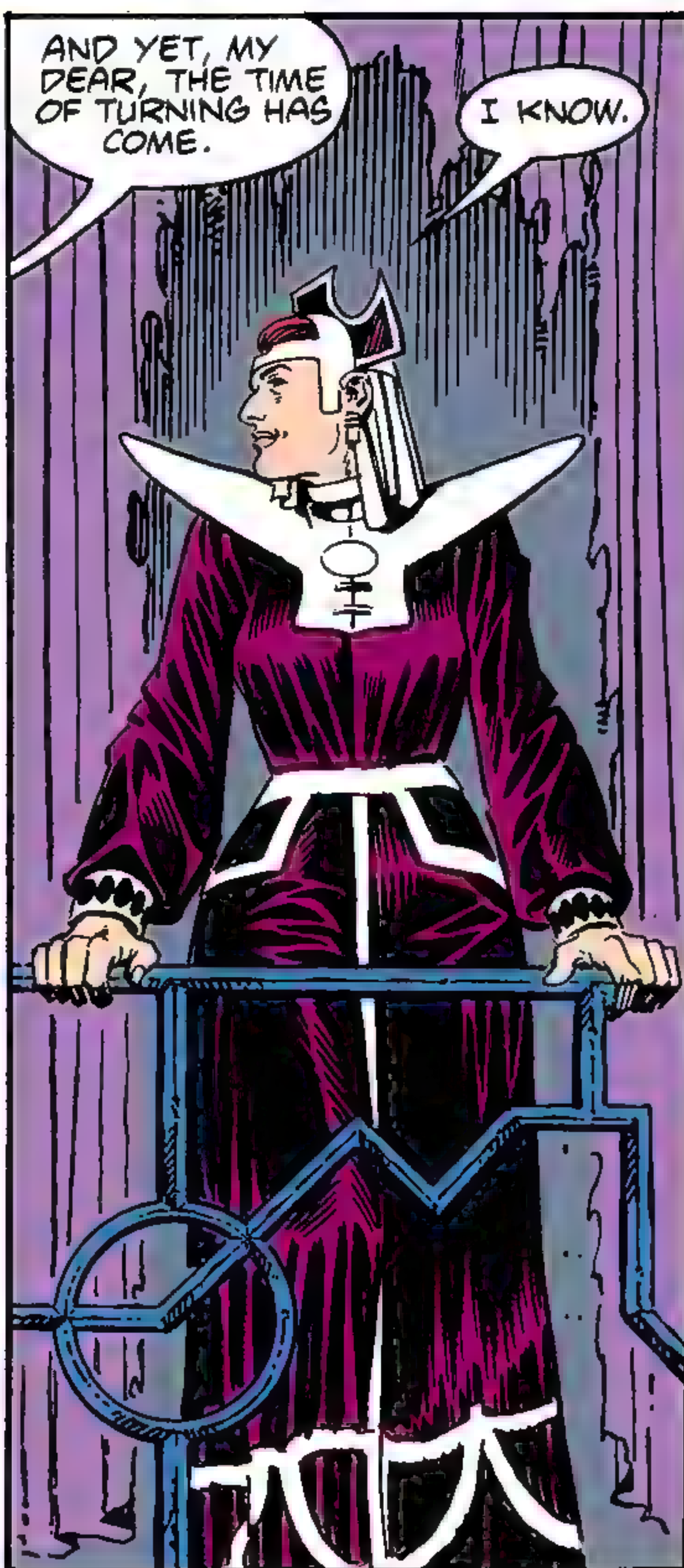
AND FIGHT ON THEY DO.
FOR EACH HUNGER DOG
WHO FALLS, TWO OF
DARKSEID'S LEGION ARE
CUT DOWN.

**VICTORY
IS
OURS!**



ALL PROCEEDS
AS PLANNED.

THEIR LUST
PUSHES THEM
EVER ONWARD.
I DOUBT IF
ANYTHING
COULD EASILY
STOP THEM.



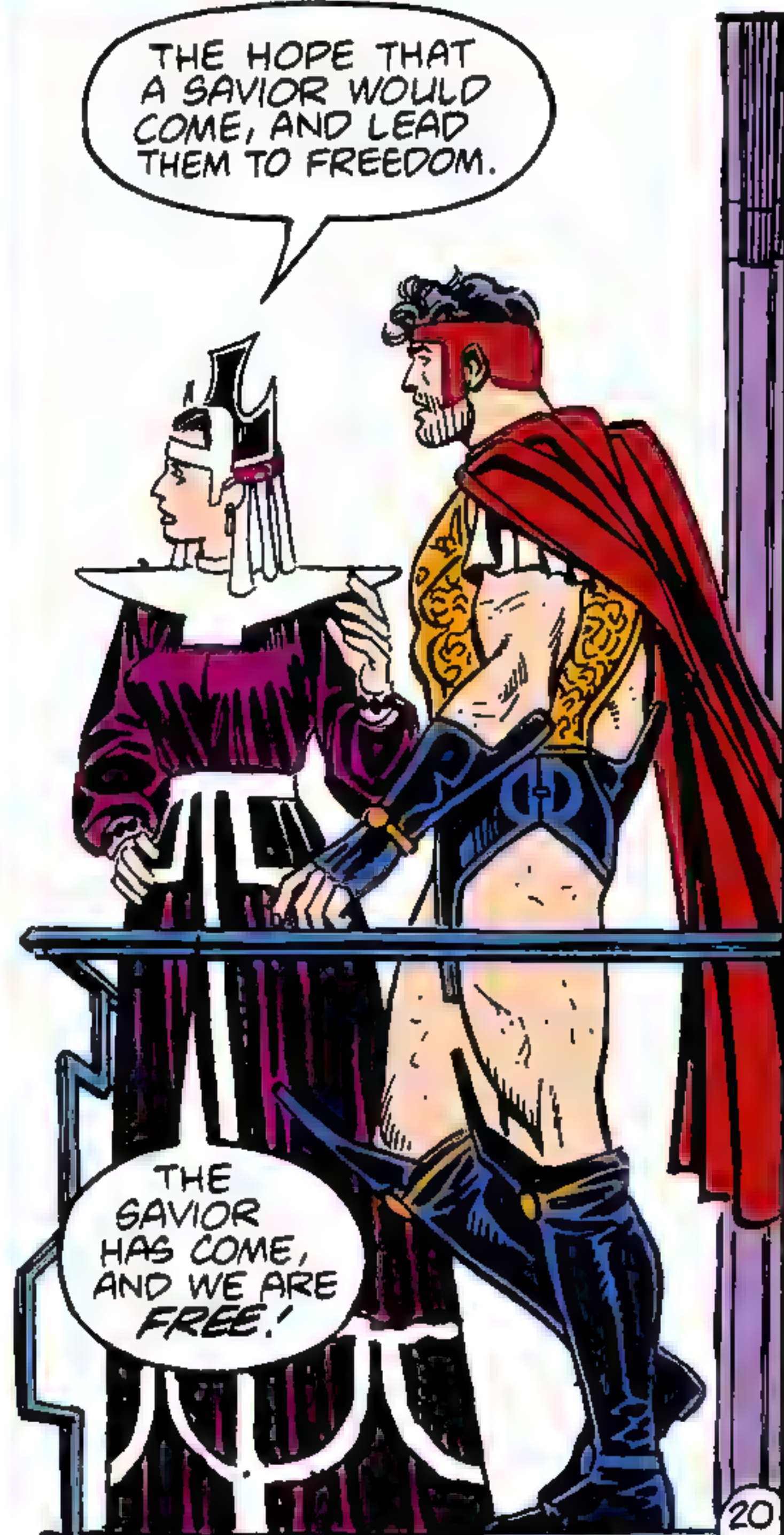
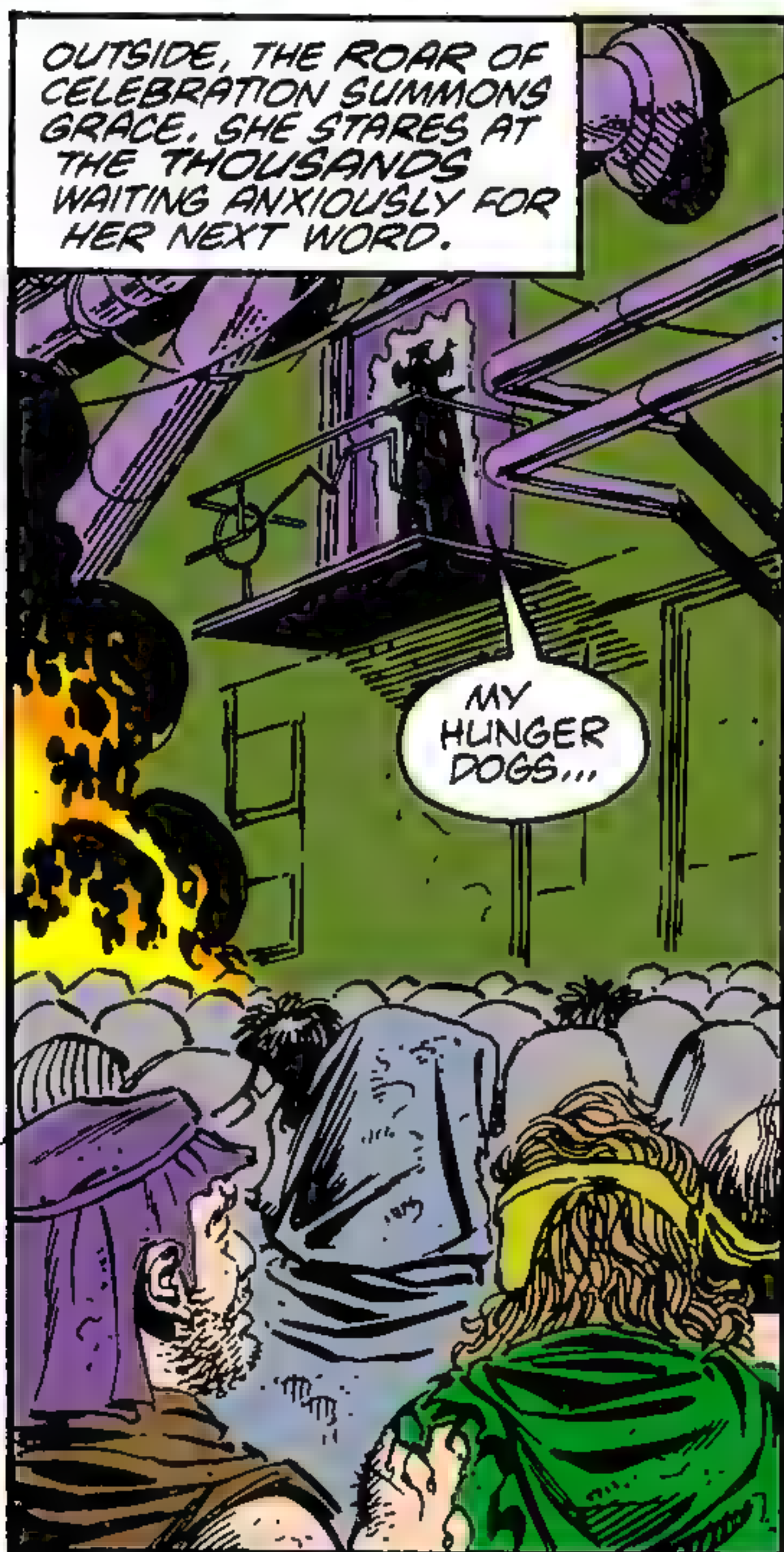
AND YET, MY
DEAR, THE TIME
OF TURNING HAS
COME.

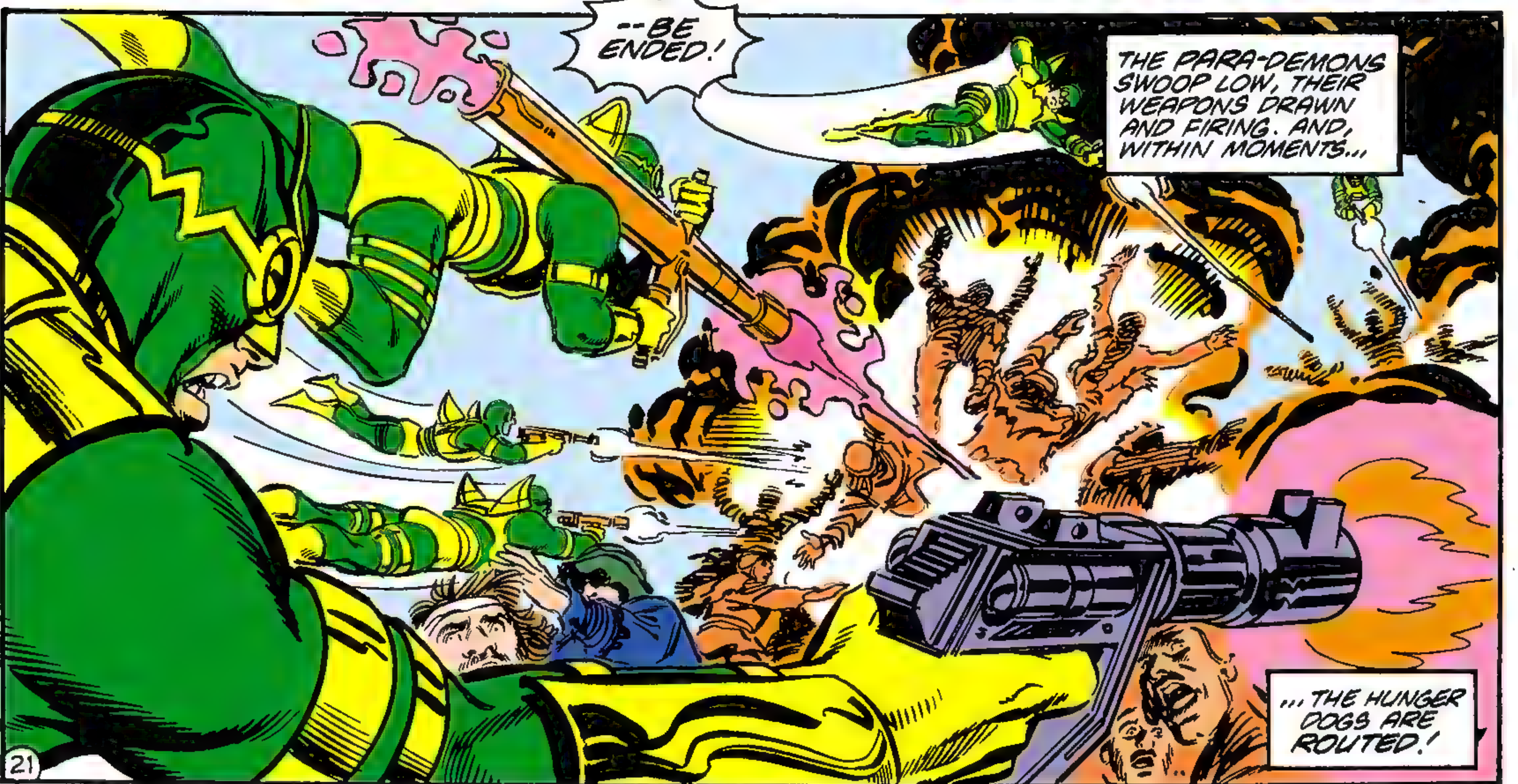
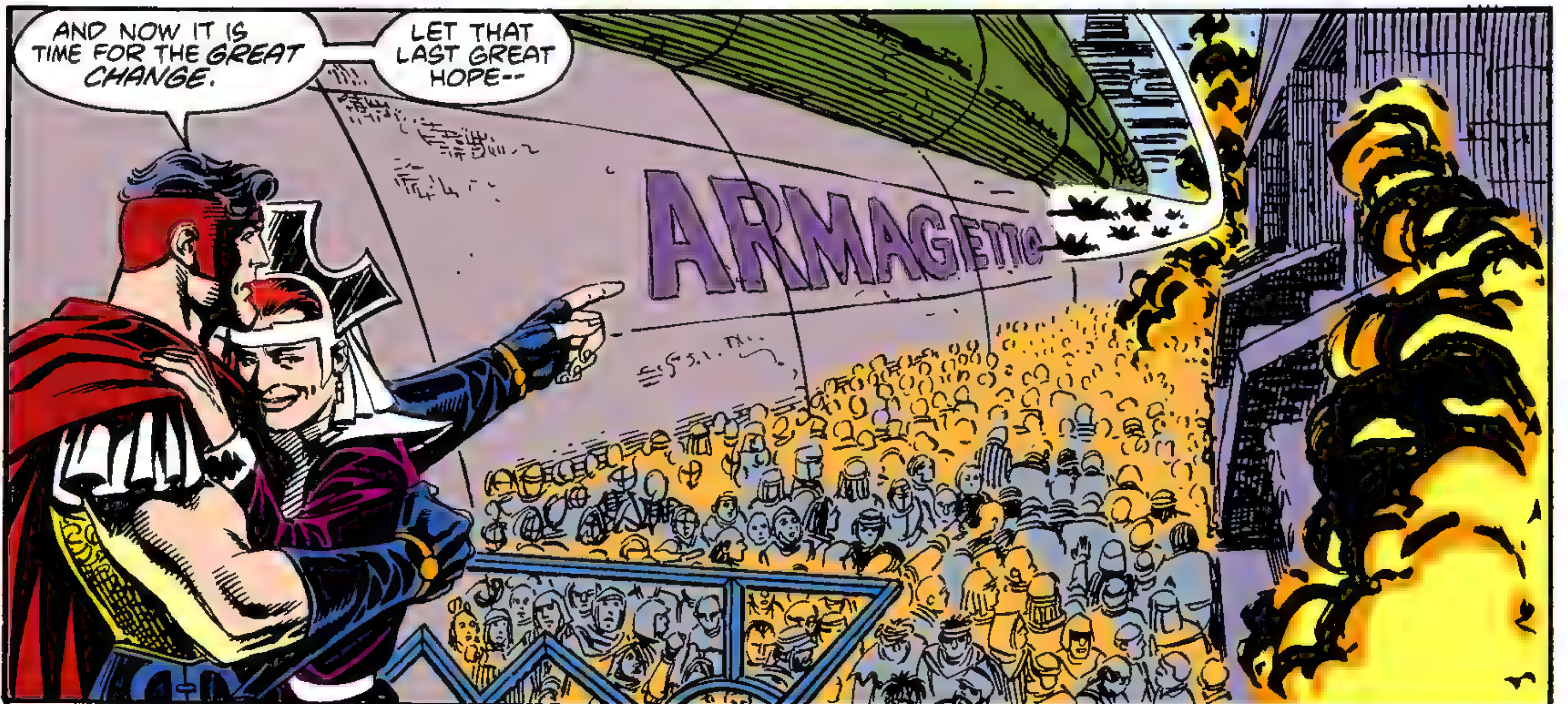
I KNOW.

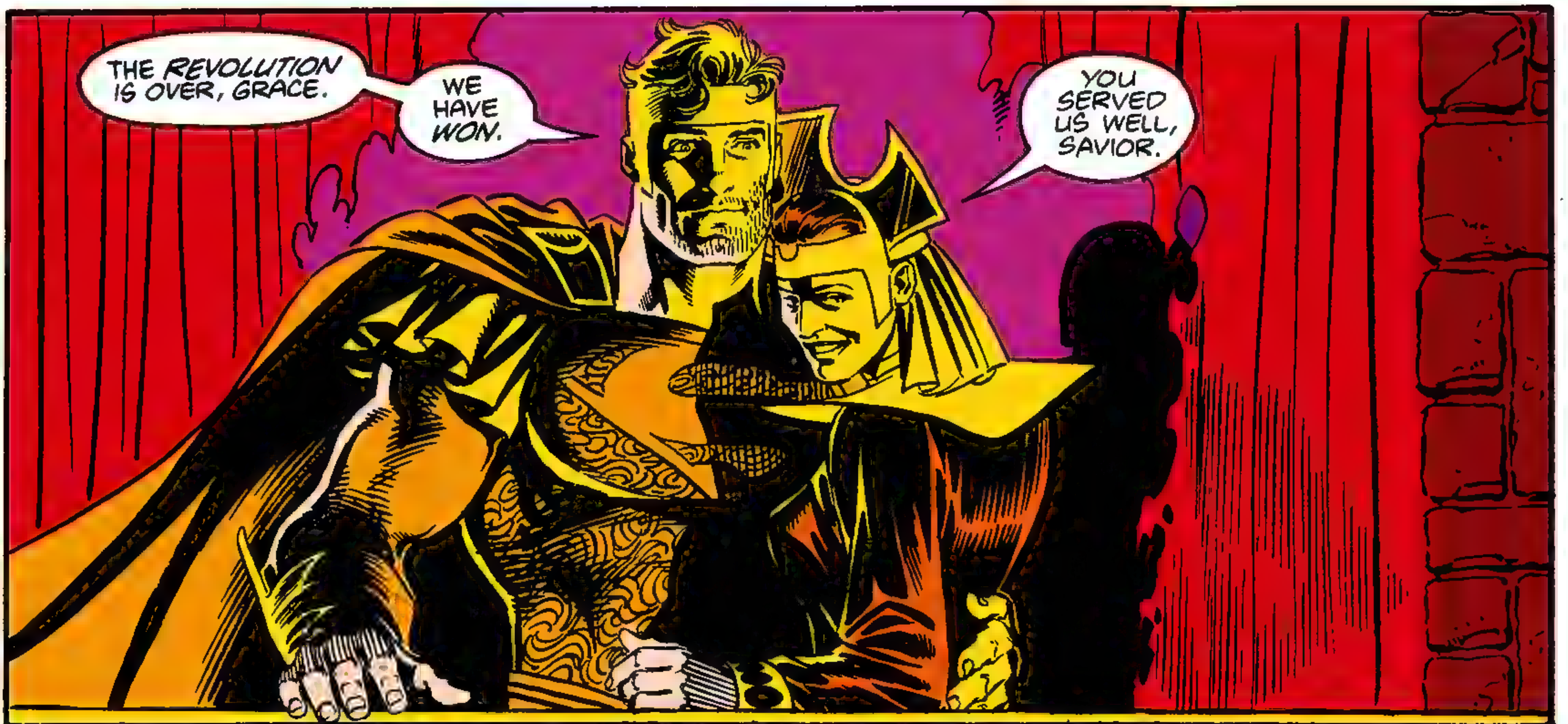


AND I AM,
AS ALWAYS,
READY TO
SERVE.

GRACE...





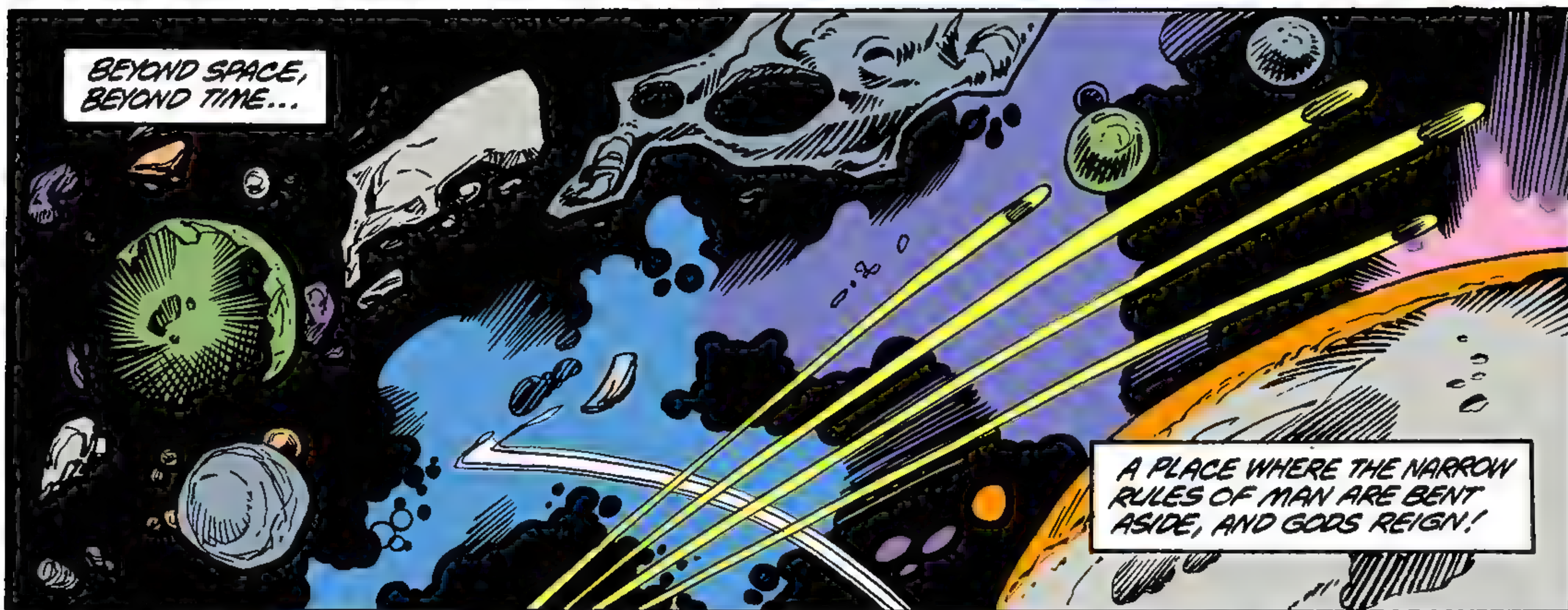


NEXT!
SUPERMAN
VERSUS
ORION!

FACE-TO-
FACE WITH
DARKSEID!

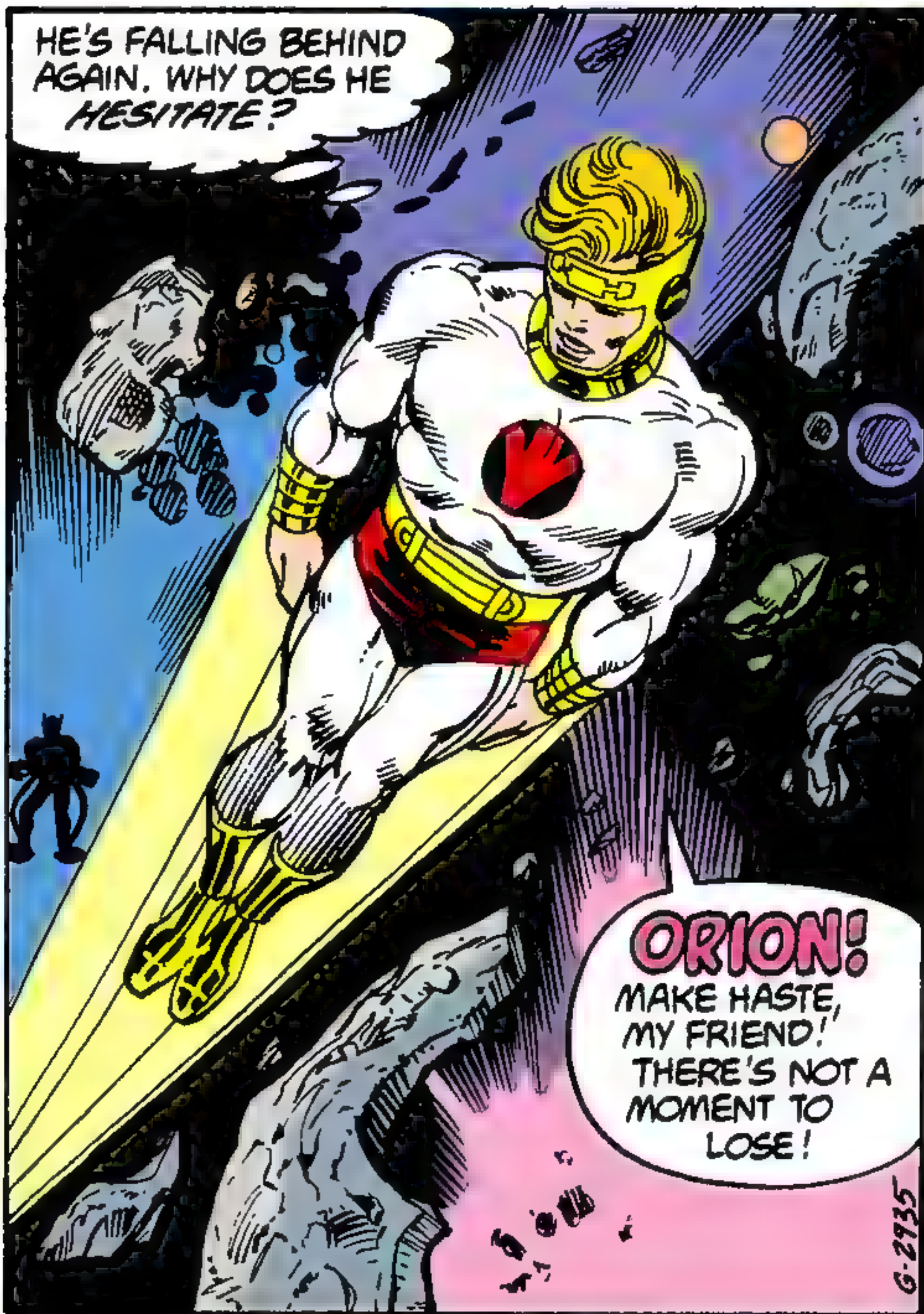
THE RETURN
OF
MOTHER
BOX!

DON'T MISS THE STUNNING
CONCLUSION TO OUR 3-PART
CROSSOVER! COMING
NEXT WEEK IN
ACTION #586



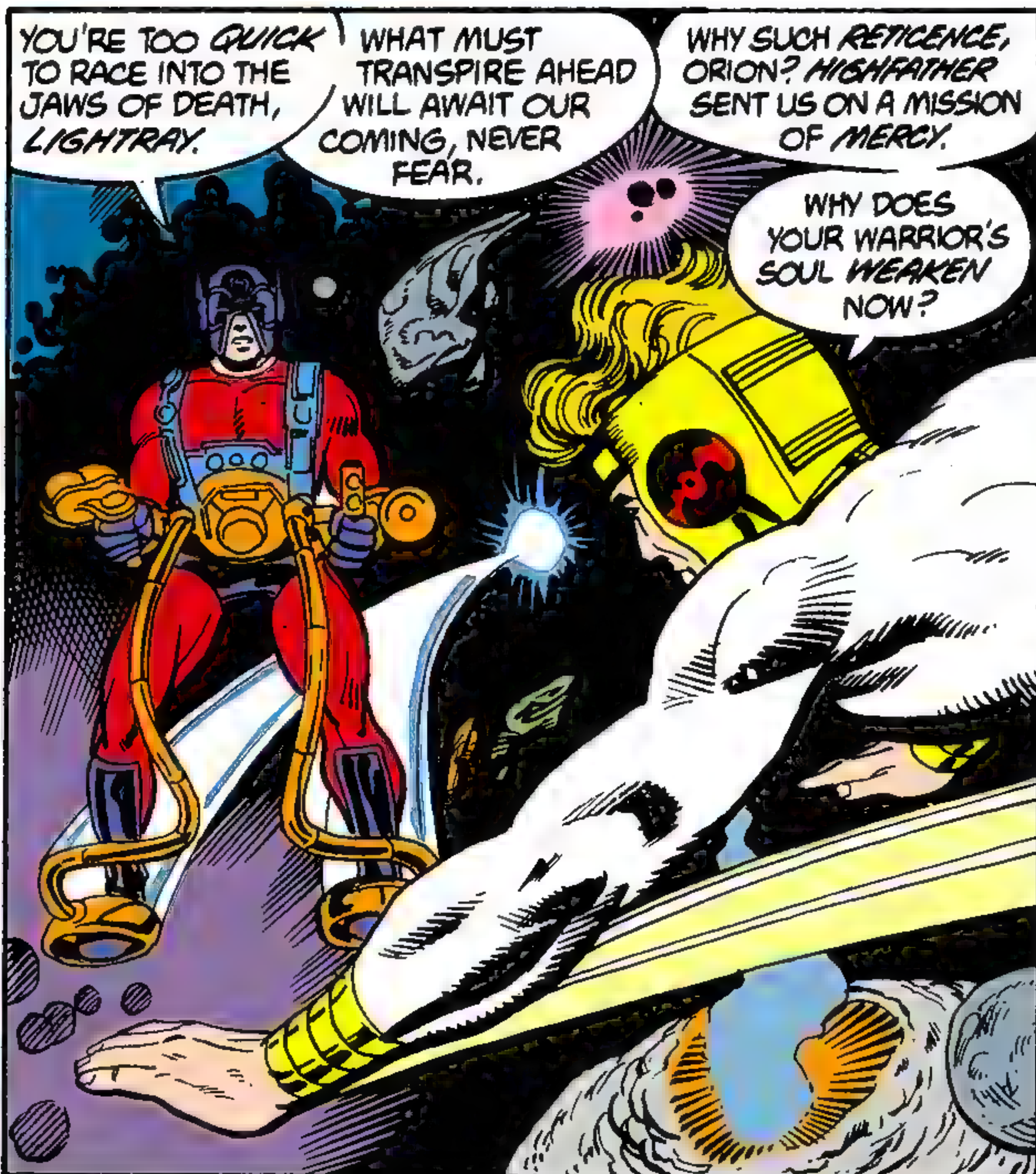
BEYOND SPACE,
BEYOND TIME...

A PLACE WHERE THE NARROW
RULES OF MAN ARE BENT
ASIDE, AND GODS REIGN!



HE'S FALLING BEHIND
AGAIN. WHY DOES HE
HESITATE?

ORION!
MAKE HASTE,
MY FRIEND!
THERE'S NOT A
MOMENT TO
LOSE!

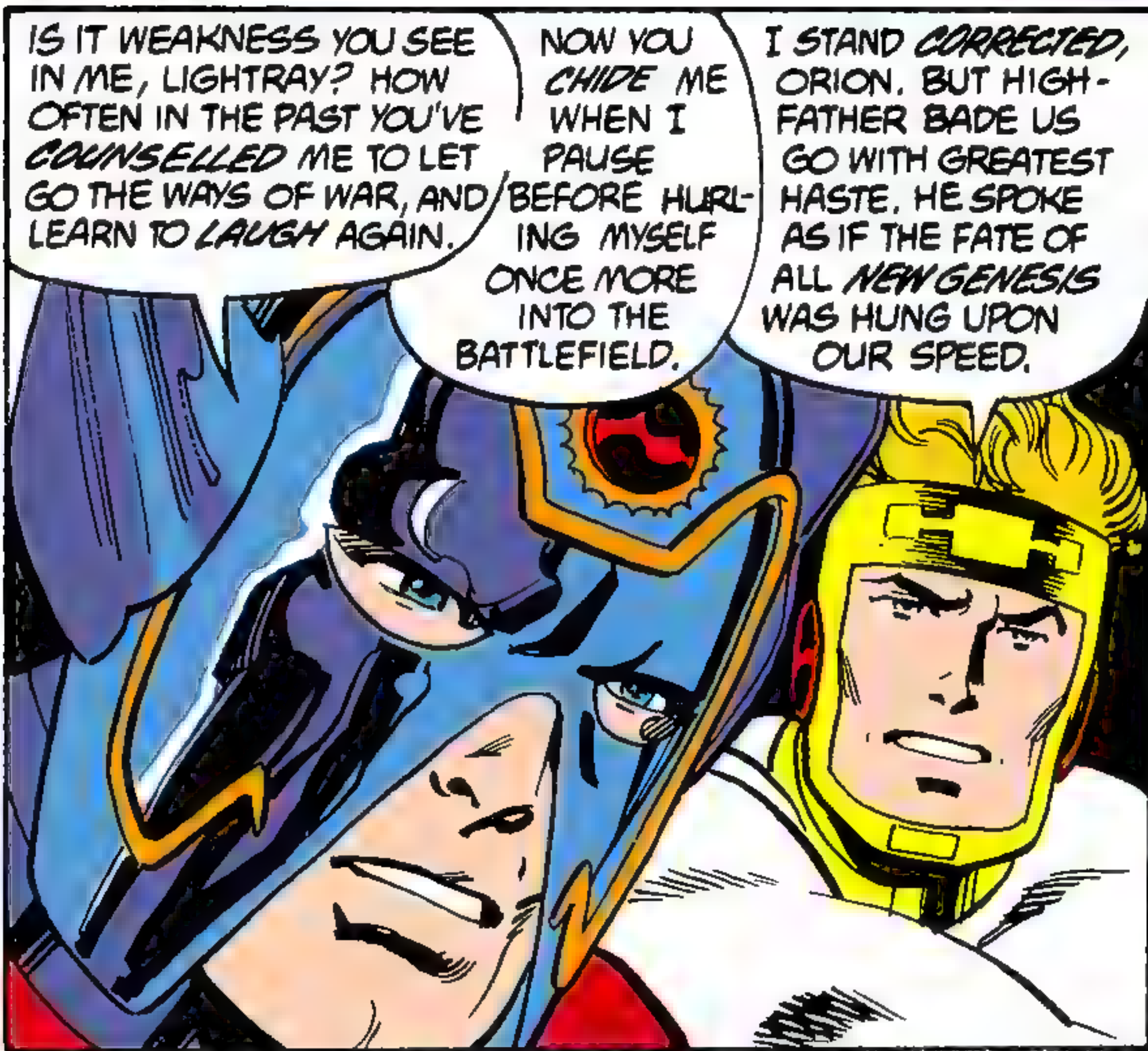


YOU'RE TOO *QUICK*
TO RACE INTO THE
JAWS OF DEATH,
LIGHTRAY.

WHAT MUST
TRANSPIRE AHEAD
WILL AWAIT OUR
COMING, NEVER
FEAR.

WHY SUCH *RETICENCE*,
ORION? *HIGHFATHER*
SENT US ON A MISSION
OF *MERCY*.

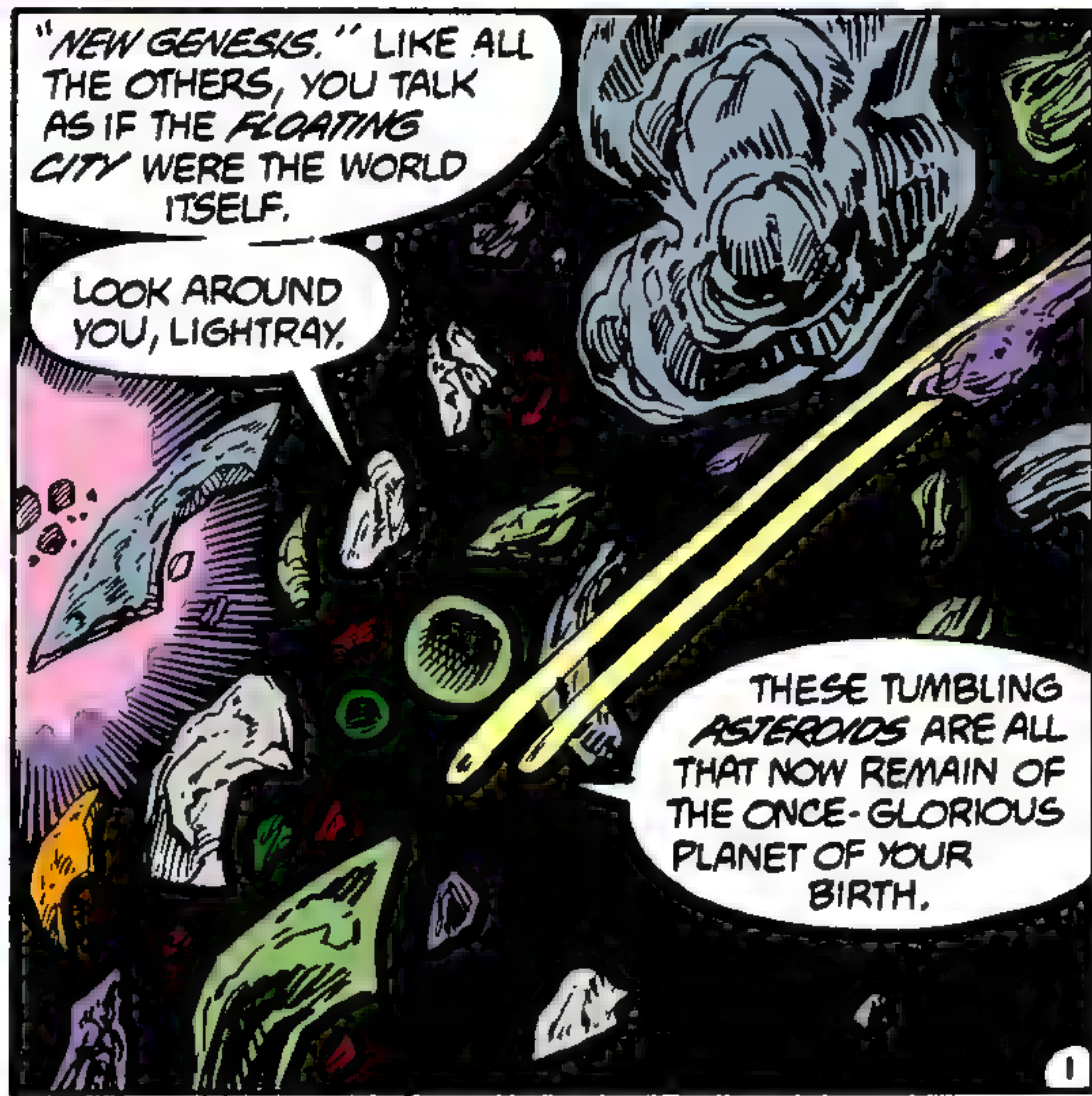
WHY DOES
YOUR WARRIOR'S
SOUL *WEAKEN*
NOW?



IS IT WEAKNESS YOU SEE
IN ME, *LIGHTRAY*? HOW
OFTEN IN THE PAST YOU'VE
COUNSELLED ME TO LET
GO THE WAYS OF WAR, AND
LEARN TO *LAUGH* AGAIN.

NOW YOU
CHIDE ME
WHEN I
PAUSE
BEFORE *HURL-*
ING MYSELF
ONCE MORE
INTO THE
BATTLEFIELD.

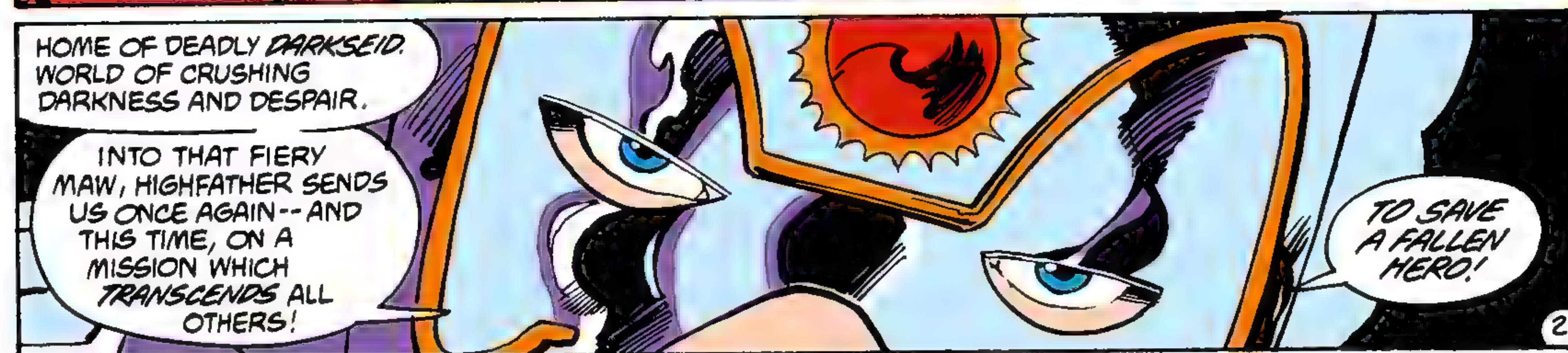
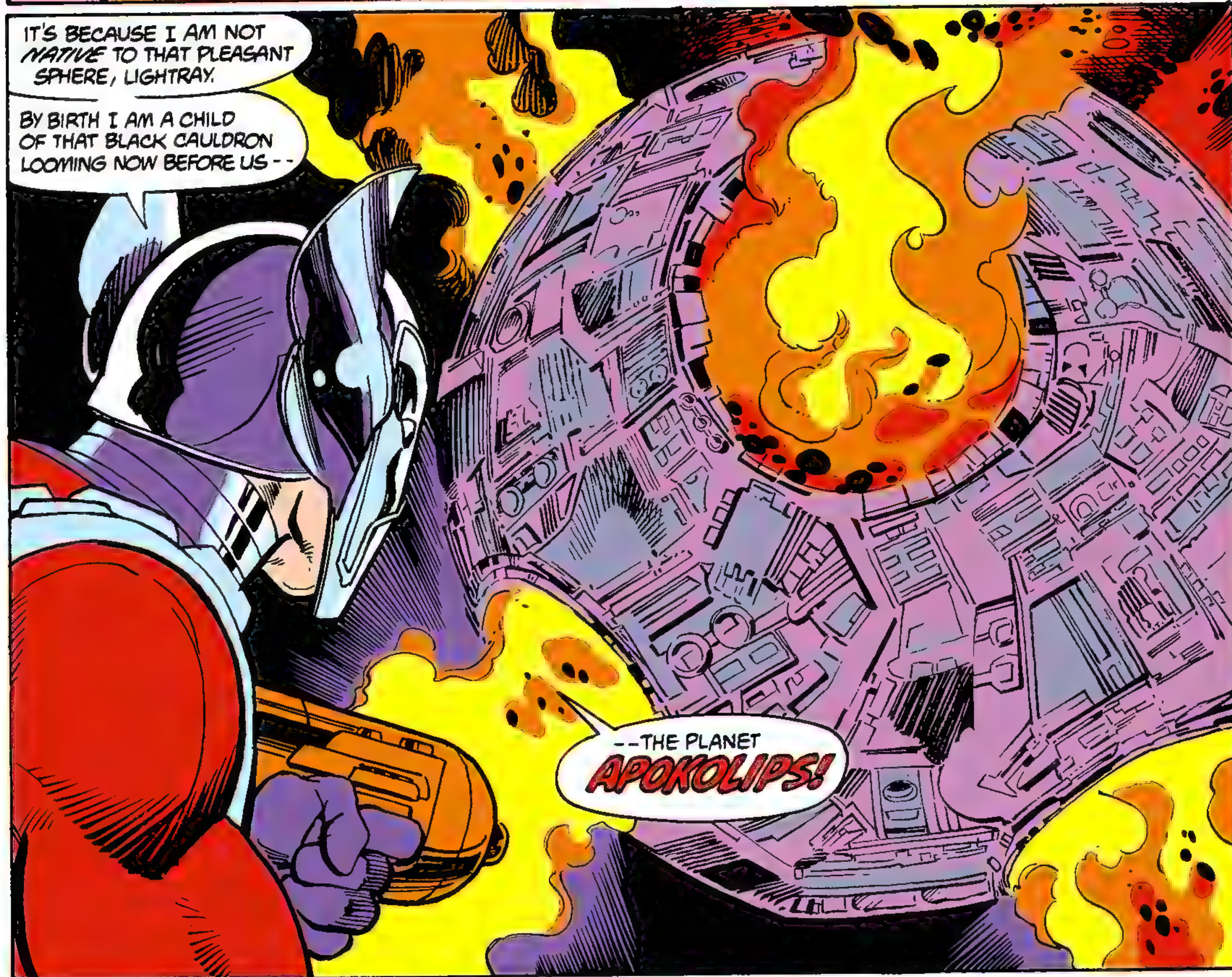
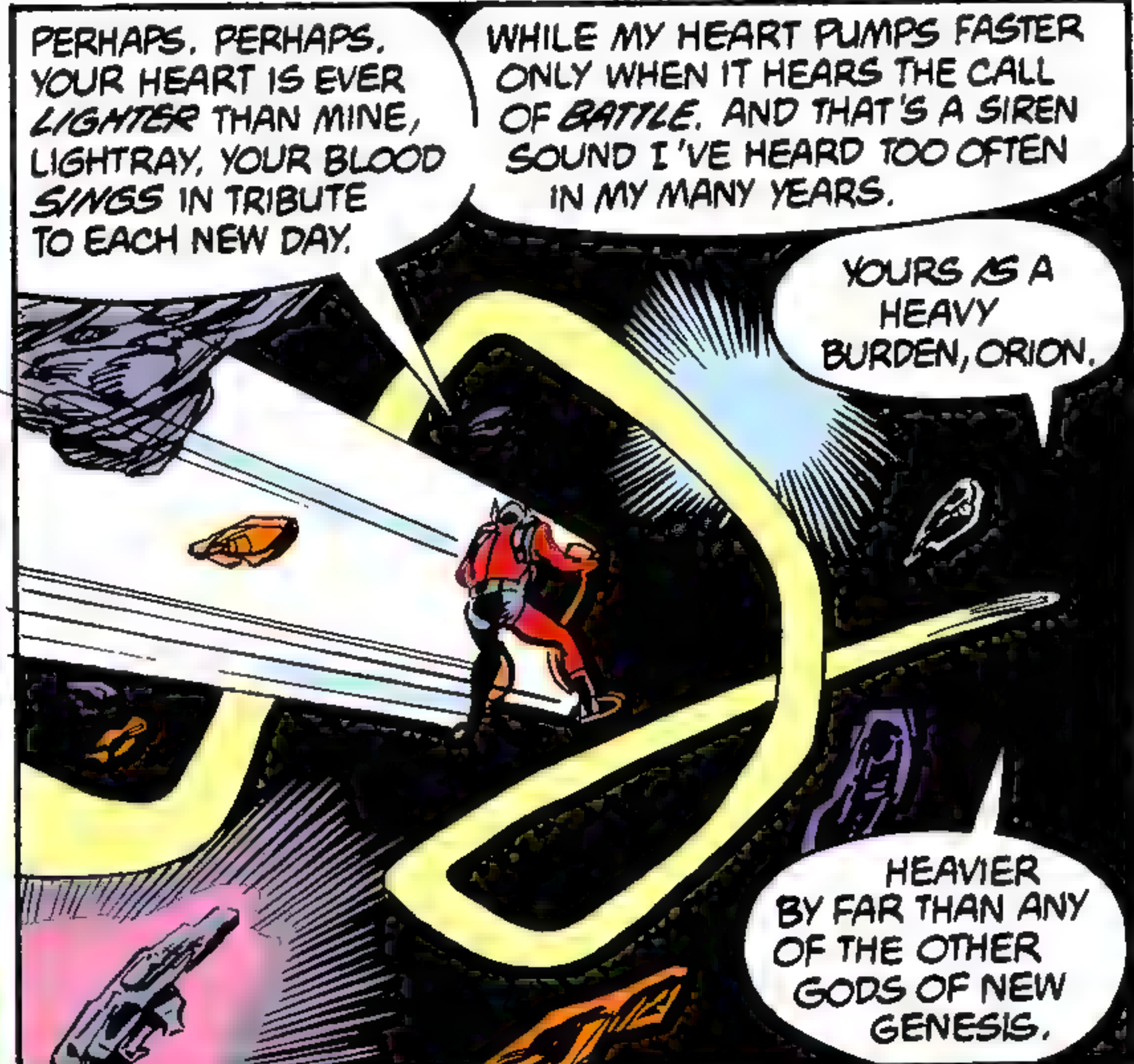
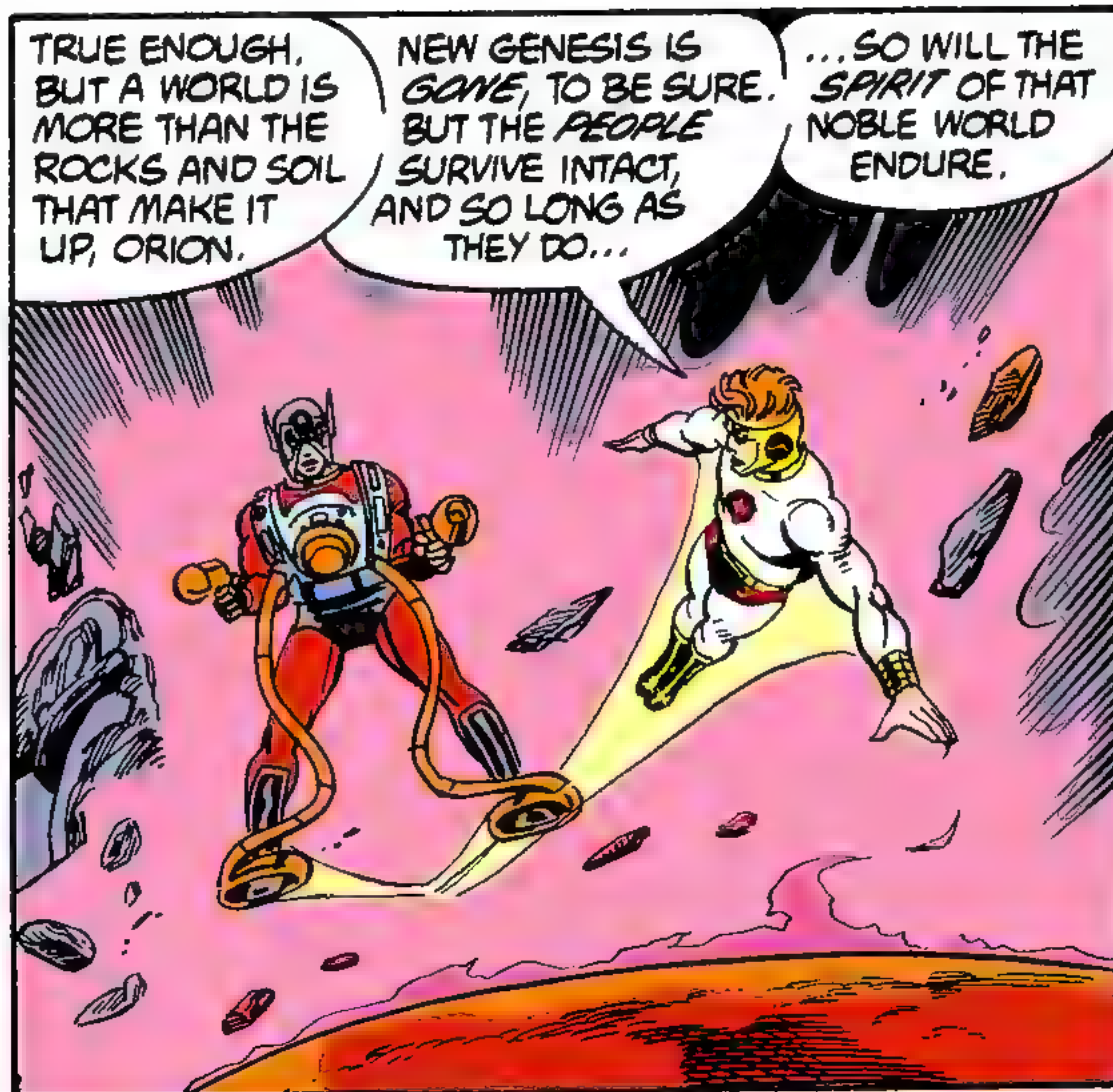
I STAND *CORRECTED*,
ORION. BUT *HIGH-*
FATHER BADE US
GO WITH GREATEST
HASTE. HE SPOKE
AS IF THE FATE OF
ALL *NEW GENESIS*
WAS HUNG UPON
OUR SPEED.



"*NEW GENESIS*." LIKE ALL
THE OTHERS, YOU TALK
AS IF THE *FLOATING*
CITY WERE THE WORLD
ITSELF.

LOOK AROUND
YOU, *LIGHTRAY*.

THESE TUMBLING
ASTEROIDS ARE ALL
THAT NOW REMAIN
OF THE ONCE-GLORIOUS
PLANET OF YOUR
BIRTH.



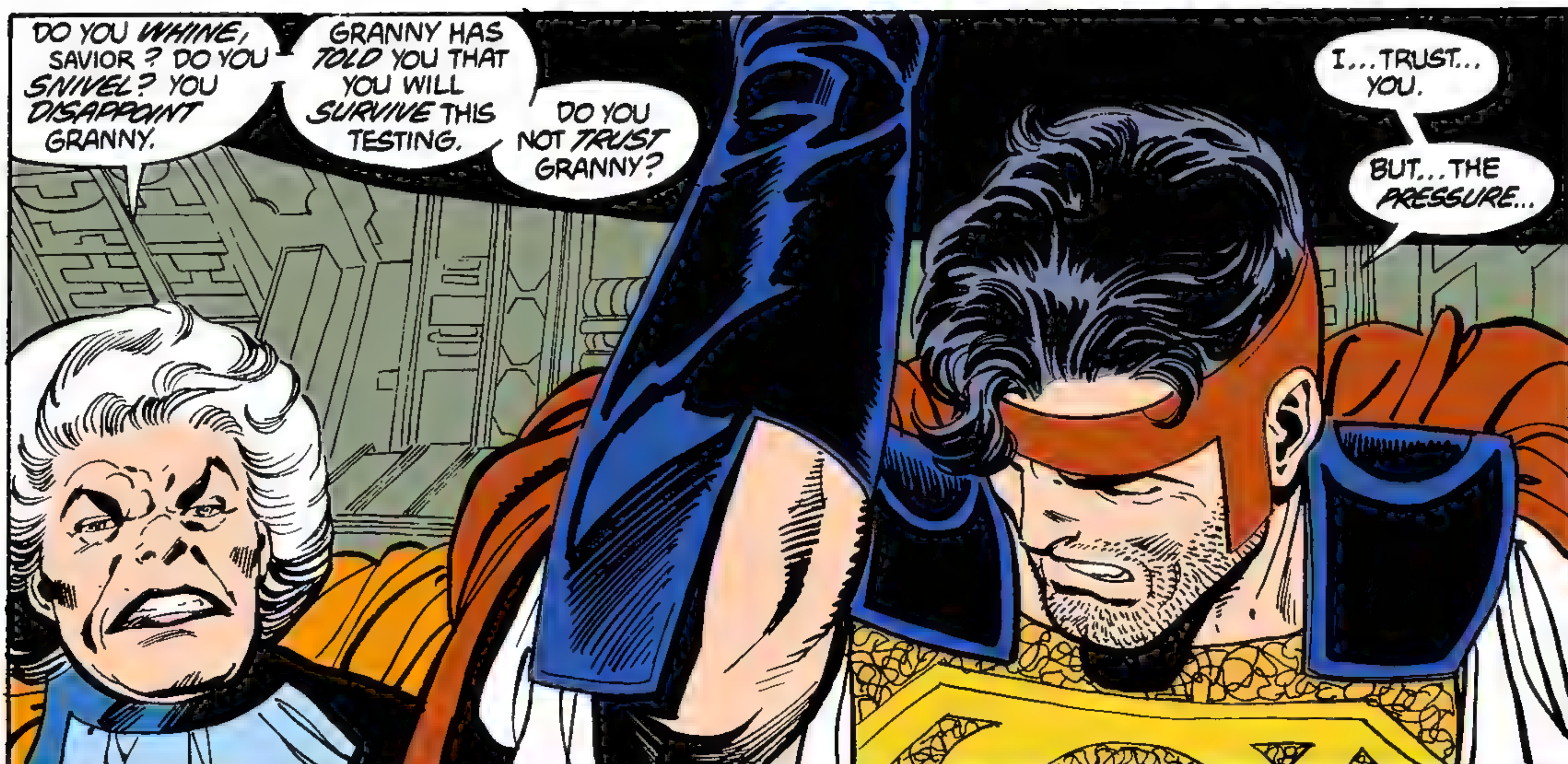


MORE! MORE
PRESSURE!
MORE! MORE!
MORE!!

G-GRANNY!
N-NO! PLEASE!
MY BACK WILL
BREAK!!

JOHN BYRNE - storyteller
DICK GIORDANO - Embellisher
JOHN COSTANZA - letterer
TOM ZIUKO - colorist
ANDREW HELFER - Editor

*** WARNING! READ NO FURTHER IF
YOU HAVE NOT YET SEEN THE FIRST
TWO CHAPTERS OF THIS SAGA, STILL
ON SALE IN SUPERMAN #3 AND THE
ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #126-130!**



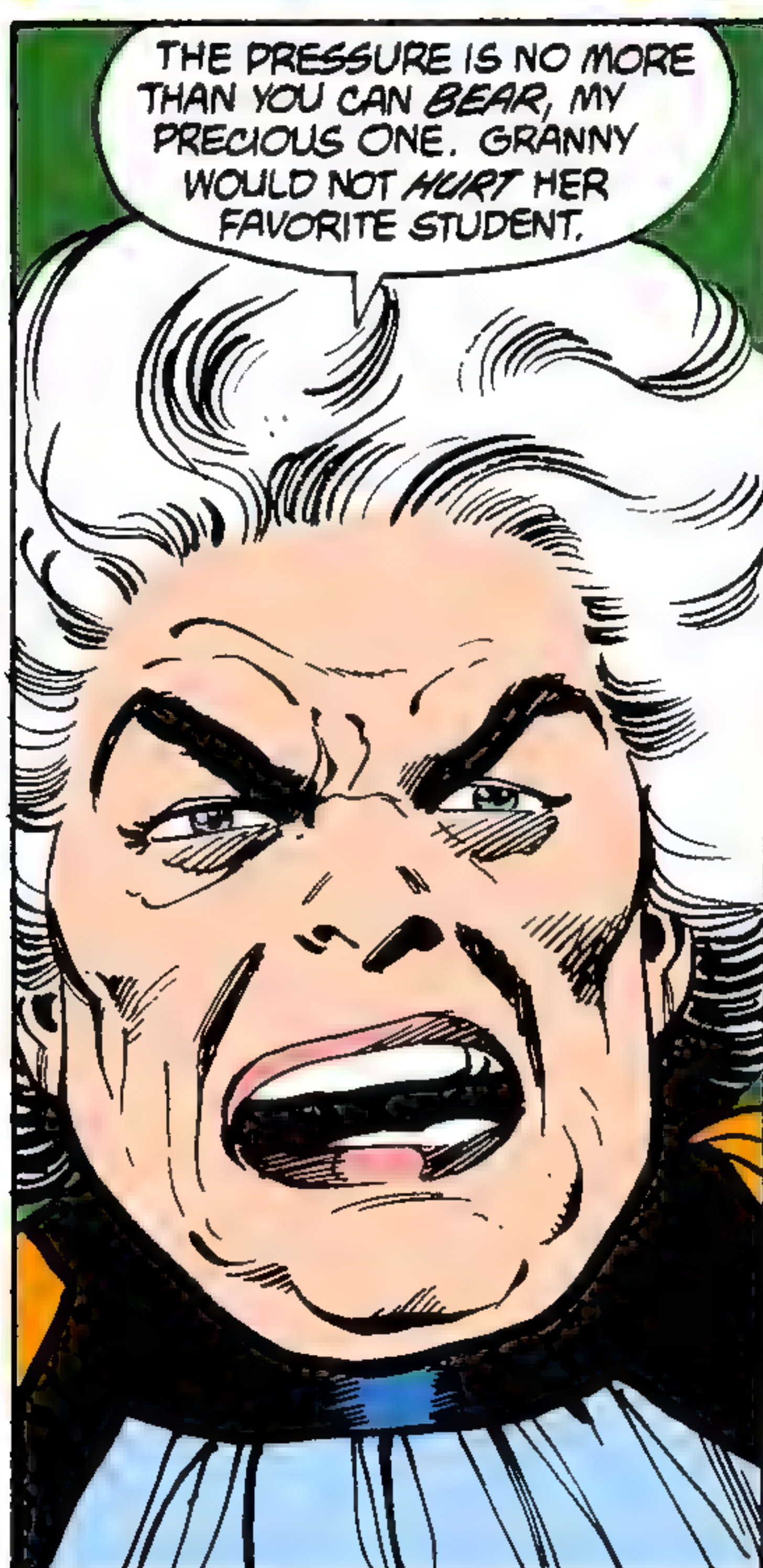
DO YOU WHINE, SAVIOR? DO YOU SNIVEL? YOU DISAPPOINT GRANNY.

GRANNY HAS TOLD YOU THAT YOU WILL SURVIVE THIS TESTING.

DO YOU NOT TRUST GRANNY?

I... TRUST... YOU.

BUT... THE PRESSURE...



THE PRESSURE IS NO MORE THAN YOU CAN BEAR, MY PRECIOUS ONE. GRANNY WOULD NOT HURT HER FAVORITE STUDENT.

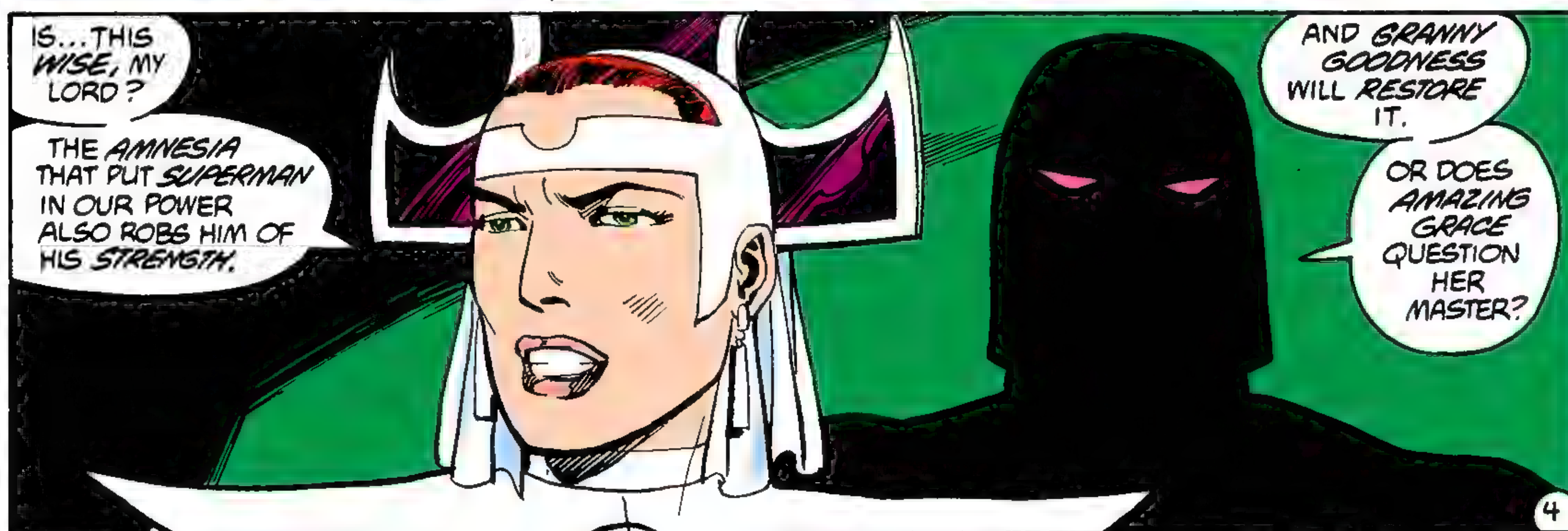


AND YOU ARE GRANNY'S FAVORITE, SAVIOR. YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WILL SHINE AS THE PINNACLE OF GRANNY'S WORK!



FOR YOU ARE MORE THAN JUST A RUFFIAN TAKEN FROM THE MESS OF ARMAGETTO. YOU ARE THE SON OF DARKSEID! NEVER FORGET THAT!

NOW--MORE PRESSURE!!



IS... THIS WISE, MY LORD?

THE AMNESIA THAT PUT SUPERMAN IN OUR POWER ALSO ROBS HIM OF HIS STRENGTH.

AND GRANNY GOODNESS WILL RESTORE IT.

OR DOES AMAZING GRACE QUESTION HER MASTER?



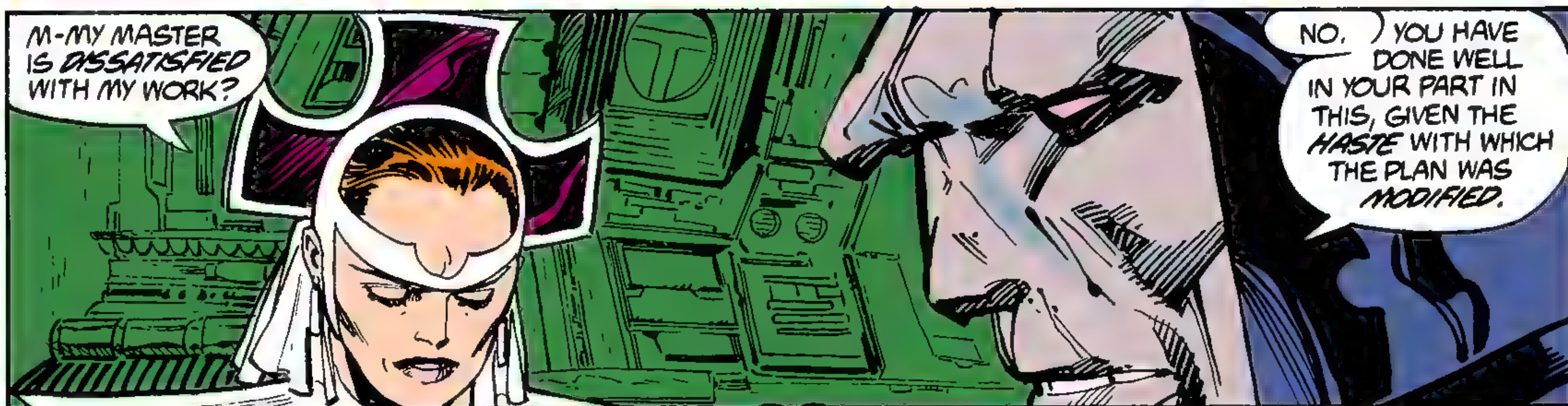
N-NO, GREAT DARKSEID!

NEVER!

NEVER!

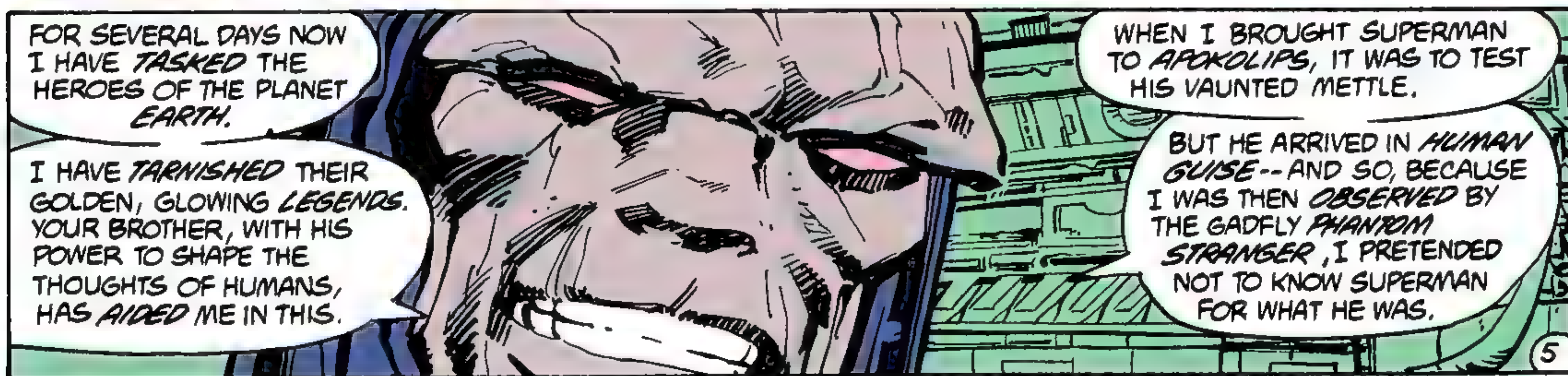
PATHETIC CREATURE. YOUR CRINGING MANNER REMINDS ME OF YOUR BROTHER, GLORIOUS GODFREY.

A PITY THAT YOU DO NOT ALSO SHARE THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS MANIPULATING POWERS.



M-MY MASTER IS DISSATISFIED WITH MY WORK?

NO. YOU HAVE DONE WELL IN YOUR PART IN THIS, GIVEN THE HASTE WITH WHICH THE PLAN WAS MODIFIED.



FOR SEVERAL DAYS NOW I HAVE TASKED THE HEROES OF THE PLANET EARTH.

I HAVE TARNISHED THEIR GOLDEN, GLOWING LEGENDS. YOUR BROTHER, WITH HIS POWER TO SHAPE THE THOUGHTS OF HUMANS, HAS AIDED ME IN THIS.

WHEN I BROUGHT SUPERMAN TO APOKOLIPS, IT WAS TO TEST HIS VAUNTED METTLE.

BUT HE ARRIVED IN HUMAN GUISE-- AND SO, BECAUSE I WAS THEN OBSERVED BY THE GADFLY PHANTOM STRANGER, I PRETENDED NOT TO KNOW SUPERMAN FOR WHAT HE WAS.

INSTEAD, I SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO TEST THE PHANTOM STRANGER'S AVOWED *NEUTRALITY* IN THIS GAME OF THE GODS.

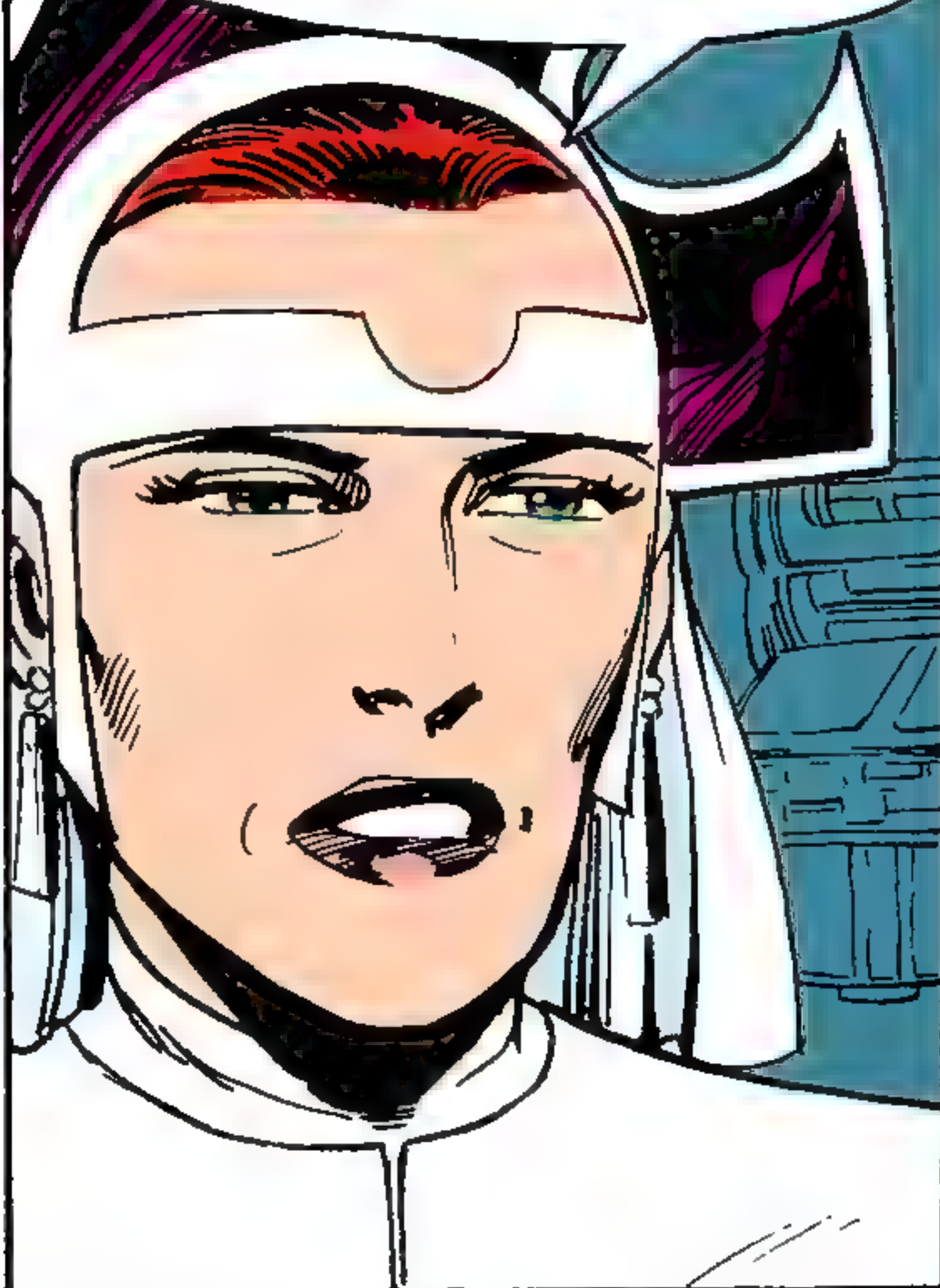
I *HURLED* THE DISGUISED SUPERMAN FROM THE FORTRESS TOWER...

...OUT INTO THE SWARMING MASSES OF MY *HUNGER DOGS*.



AND WHILE WE WANDERED THROUGH THE DARK ALLEYS OF *ARMAGETTO*, YOUR SHOCK TROOPS SEIZED ME FROM MY "*HIDDEN*" HEADQUARTERS.

YOUR PLAN WAS TO *LURE* SUPERMAN INTO THE OPEN BY FORCING HIM TO RESCUE ME. BUT I CONFESS, GREAT DARKSEID, I FEARED YOUR PLANS HAD CHANGED TO INCLUDE MY *DEATH*!



HOW *UNTRUSTING* YOU ARE, CHILD. I SET YOU IN THE MIDST OF THE "*LOWLIES*" TO STIR THEIR HEARTS AND RAISE THEIR SPIRITS.

SO THAT, AT THE PROPER TIME, THEY COULD BE *CRUSHED* AS A REMINDER OF MY *POWER*.

AND YOU SAW *SUPERMAN* AS YET ANOTHER ELEMENT YOU COULD *SEED* INTO THIS SCHEME.



QUITE SO. ESPECIALLY AFTER A *PLUNGE* INTO THE RAGING *FIRE-PITS* ROBBED HIM OF HIS *MEMORY*--

--AND, CURIOUSLY, HIS *SUPERHUMAN POWERS*!



EVEN WITHOUT THOSE POWERS, HE WAS A NOBLE HEART, O DARKSEID.

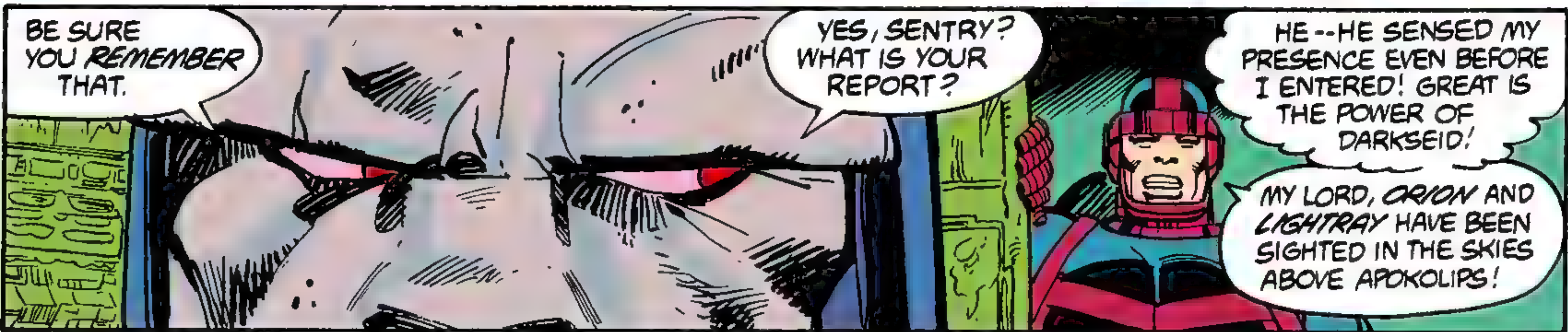
THE BRIEF REBELLION HE LED SMASHED THROUGH YOUR GUARDS LIKE THEY WERE NAUGHT BUT *RAG DOLLS*!



ONLY BECAUSE I ALLOWED THEM TO DO SO.

YOU SPEAK STRANGELY, WOMAN. HAS THIS HANDSOME STRANGER FOUND A SOFT SPOT IN YOUR HEART?

N-N-NO! NO, GREAT DARKSEID! MY HEART AND SOUL EVER BELONG TO YOU!



BE SURE YOU REMEMBER THAT.

YES, SENTRY? WHAT IS YOUR REPORT?

HE--HE SENSED MY PRESENCE EVEN BEFORE I ENTERED! GREAT IS THE POWER OF DARKSEID!

MY LORD, ORION AND LIGHTRAY HAVE BEEN SIGHTED IN THE SKIES ABOVE APOKOLIPS!



ORION...YES, HIS COMING WAS NOT UN-ANTICIPATED.

MEDDLING HIGHFATHER WILL DOUBTLESS HAVE LEARNED OF SUPERMAN'S PLIGHT.

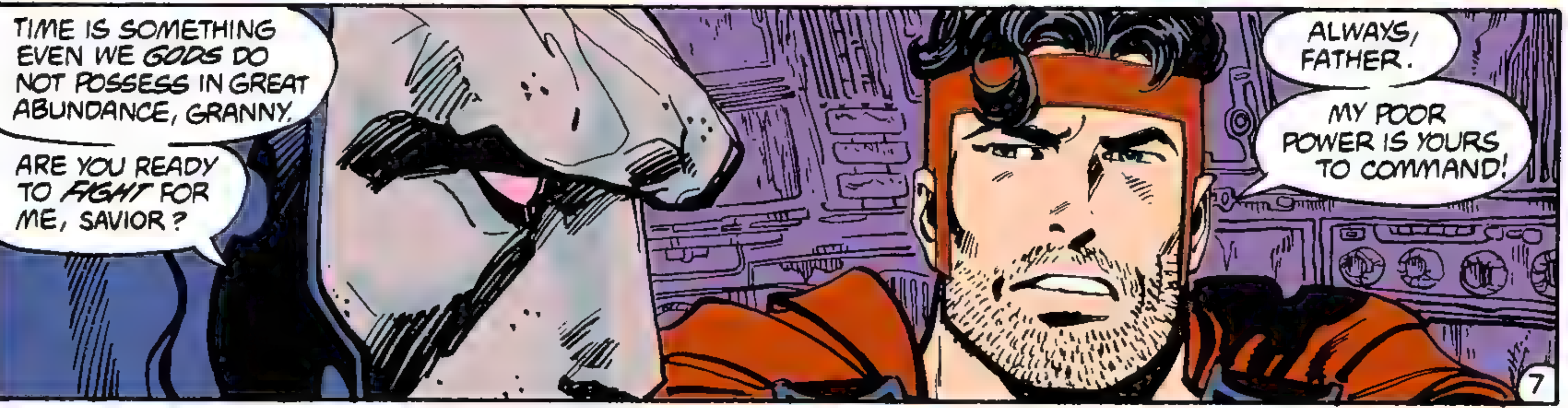
PREPARE THE GUARD!

AT ONCE, MY LORD!



THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO SURRENDER YOUR CHARGE TO ME, GRANNY.

BUT... BUT HE IS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED, GREAT DARKSEID. I NEED MORE TIME WITH HIM.

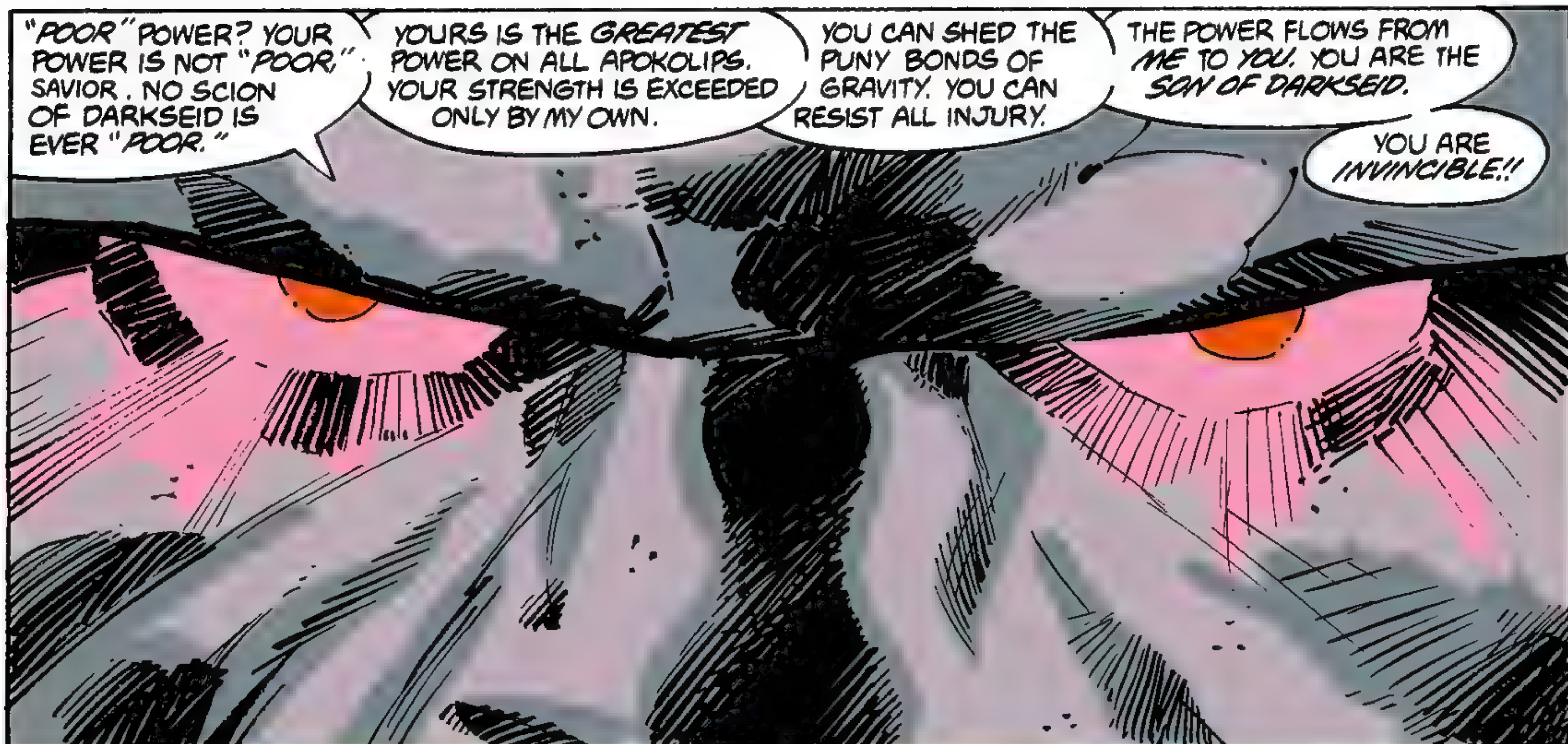


TIME IS SOMETHING EVEN WE GODS DO NOT POSSESS IN GREAT ABUNDANCE, GRANNY.

ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT FOR ME, SAVIOR?

ALWAYS, FATHER.

MY POOR POWER IS YOURS TO COMMAND!



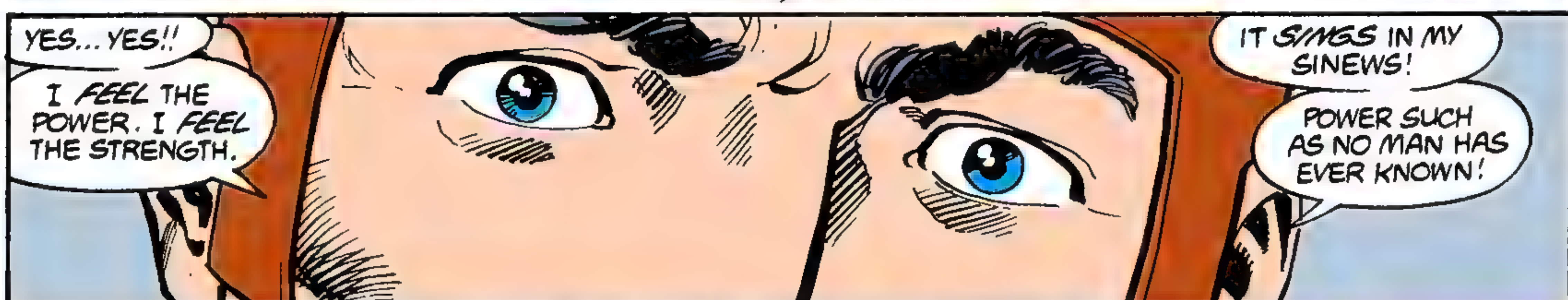
"POOR" POWER? YOUR POWER IS NOT "POOR," SAVIOR. NO SCION OF DARKSEID IS EVER "POOR."

YOURS IS THE *GREATEST* POWER ON ALL APOKOLIPS. YOUR STRENGTH IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY MY OWN.

YOU CAN SHED THE PUNY BONDS OF GRAVITY. YOU CAN RESIST ALL INJURY.

THE POWER FLOWS FROM ME TO YOU. YOU ARE THE *SON OF DARKSEID*.

YOU ARE *INVINCIBLE!!*

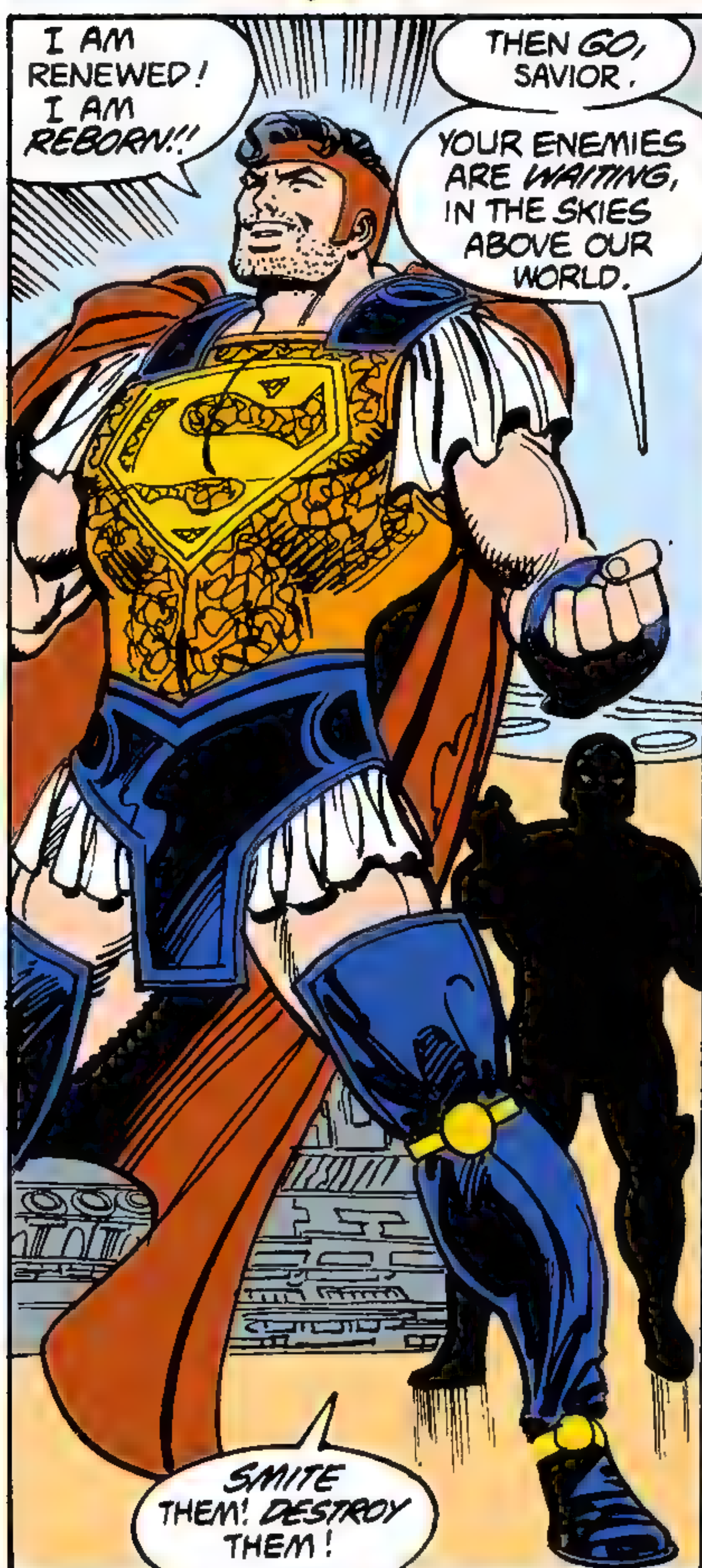


YES... YES!!

I FEEL THE POWER. I FEEL THE STRENGTH.

IT *SINGS* IN MY SINEWS!

POWER SUCH AS NO MAN HAS EVER KNOWN!



I AM RENEWED! I AM REBORN!!

THEN GO, SAVIOR.

YOUR ENEMIES ARE *WAITING*, IN THE SKIES ABOVE OUR WORLD.

SMITE THEM! DESTROY THEM!



YES!

YES!!

FOR THE *GLORY* OF DARKSEID...

NOW STRIKES THE SAVIOR!!

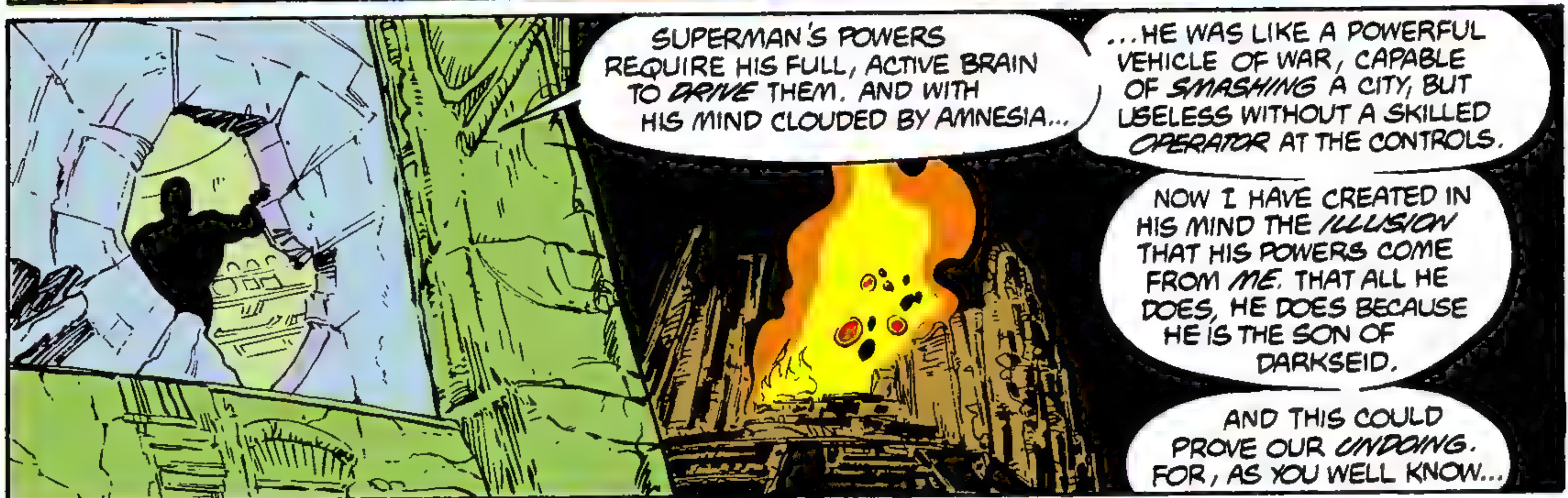


GREAT DARKSEID-- I AM *CONFUSED*. FOR MANY HOURS I HAVE LABORED TO RESTORE SUPERMAN'S POWERS.

NOW YOU RETURN THEM WITH A *GLANCE*. WHY DID YOU NOT DO SO BEFORE?

I WAITED NOT WITHOUT GOOD REASON, GRANNY.

WHAT I HAVE DONE IS *DANGEROUS*.

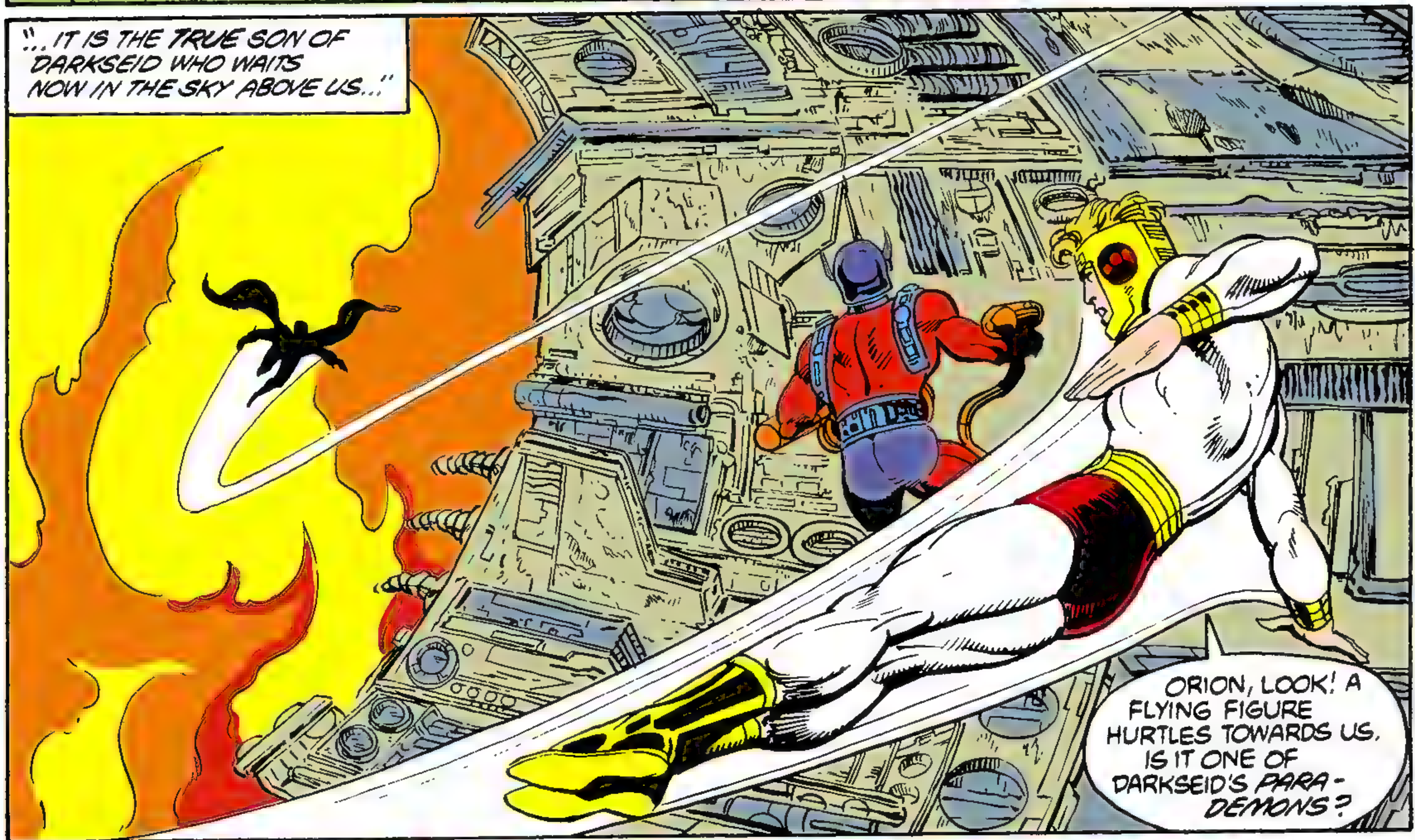


SUPERMAN'S POWERS REQUIRE HIS FULL, ACTIVE BRAIN TO *DRIVE* THEM. AND WITH HIS MIND CLOUDED BY AMNESIA...

...HE WAS LIKE A POWERFUL VEHICLE OF WAR, CAPABLE OF *SMASHING* A CITY, BUT USELESS WITHOUT A SKILLED OPERATOR AT THE CONTROLS.

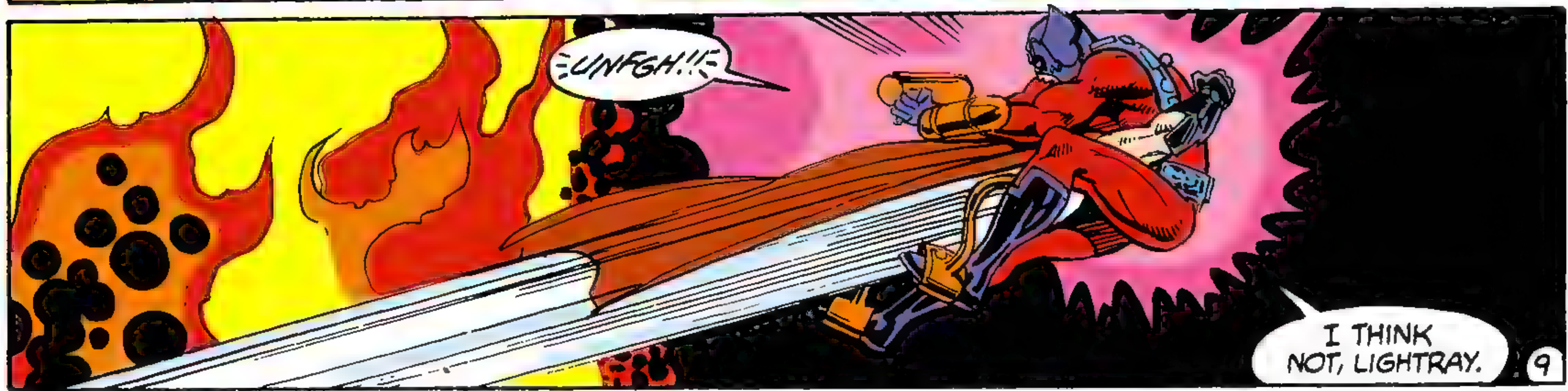
NOW I HAVE CREATED IN HIS MIND THE *ILLUSION* THAT HIS POWERS COME FROM *ME*. THAT ALL HE DOES, HE DOES BECAUSE HE IS THE SON OF DARKSEID.

AND THIS COULD PROVE OUR *UNDOING*. FOR, AS YOU WELL KNOW...



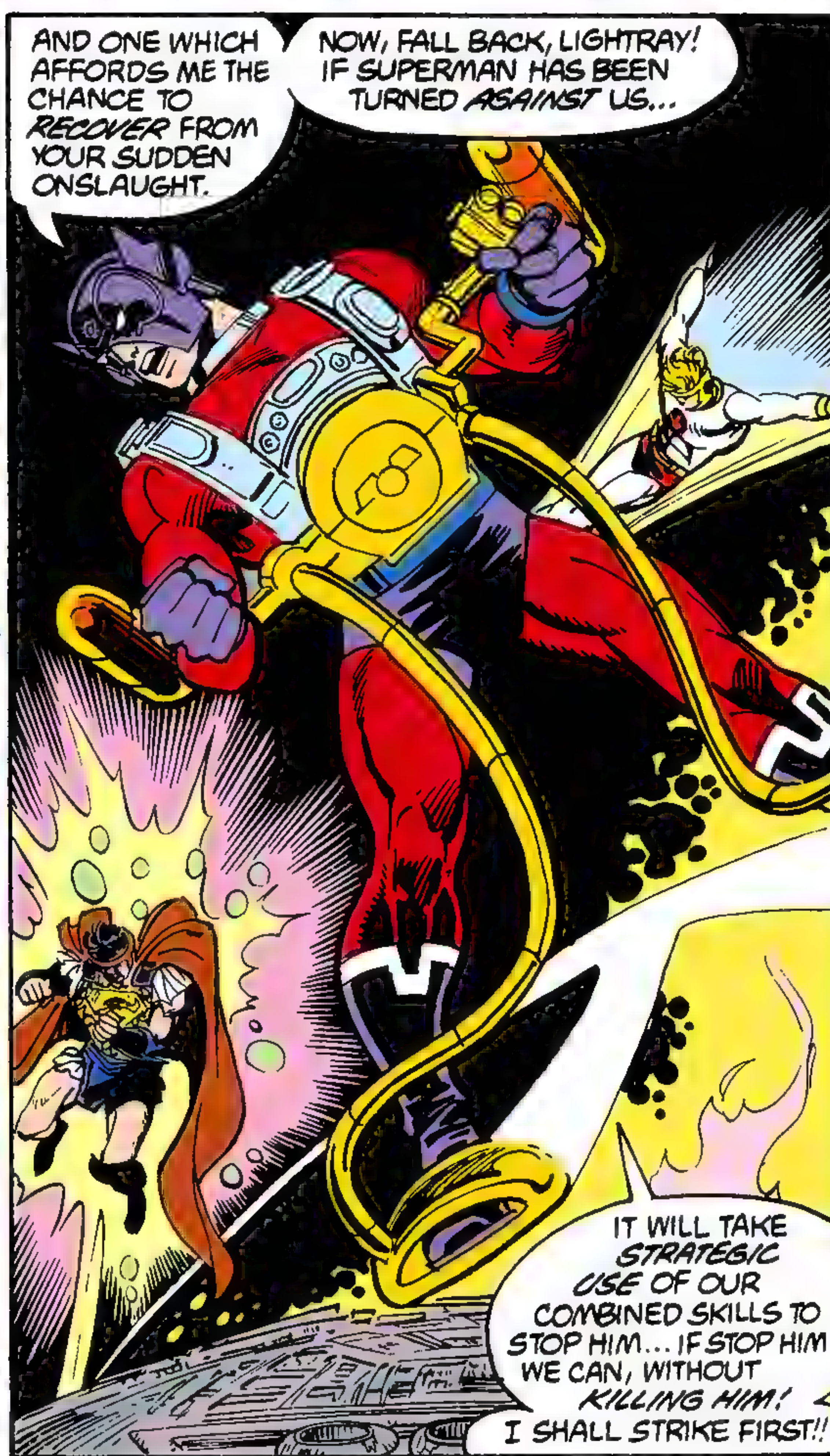
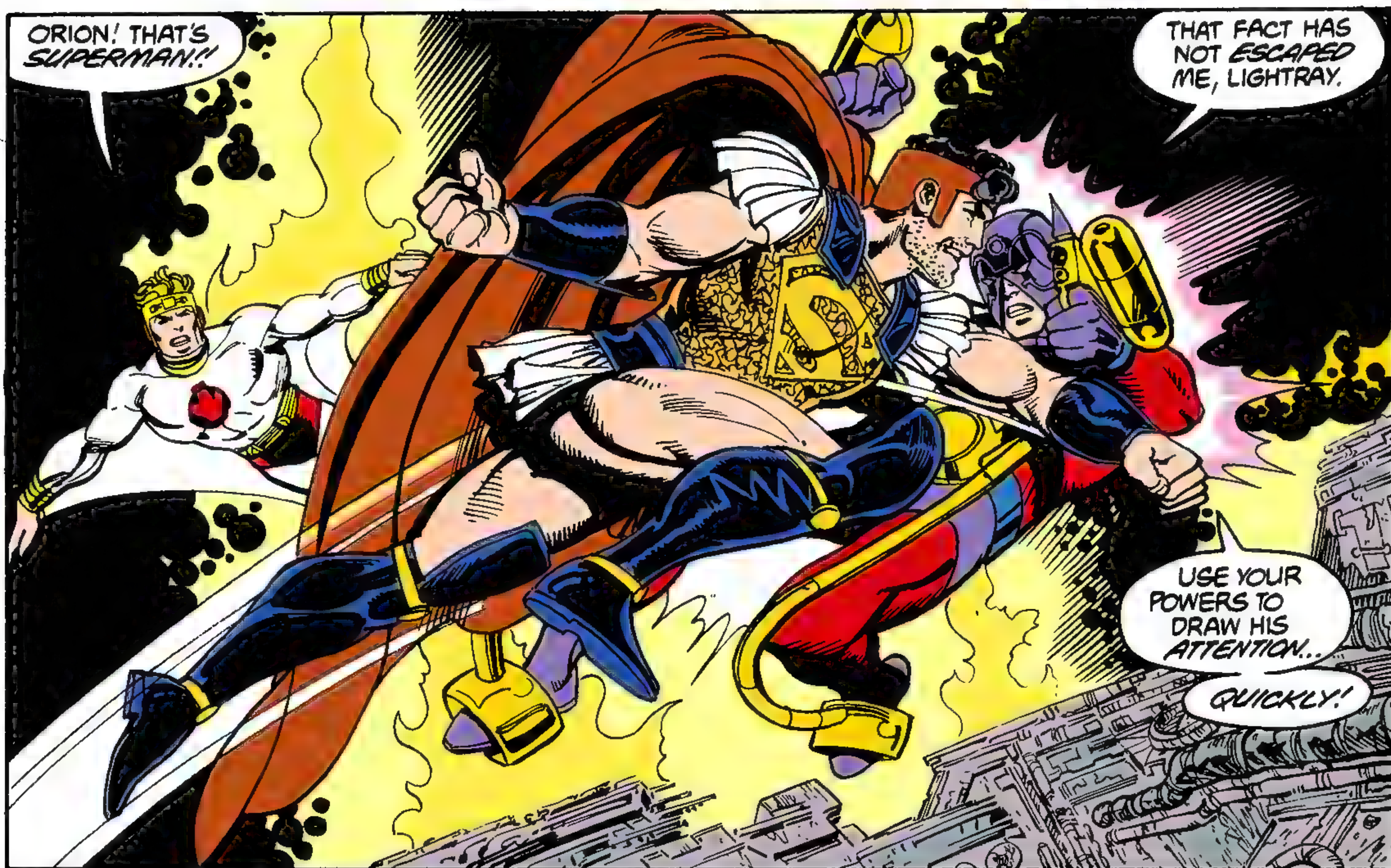
"...IT IS THE TRUE SON OF DARKSEID WHO WAITS NOW IN THE SKY ABOVE US..."

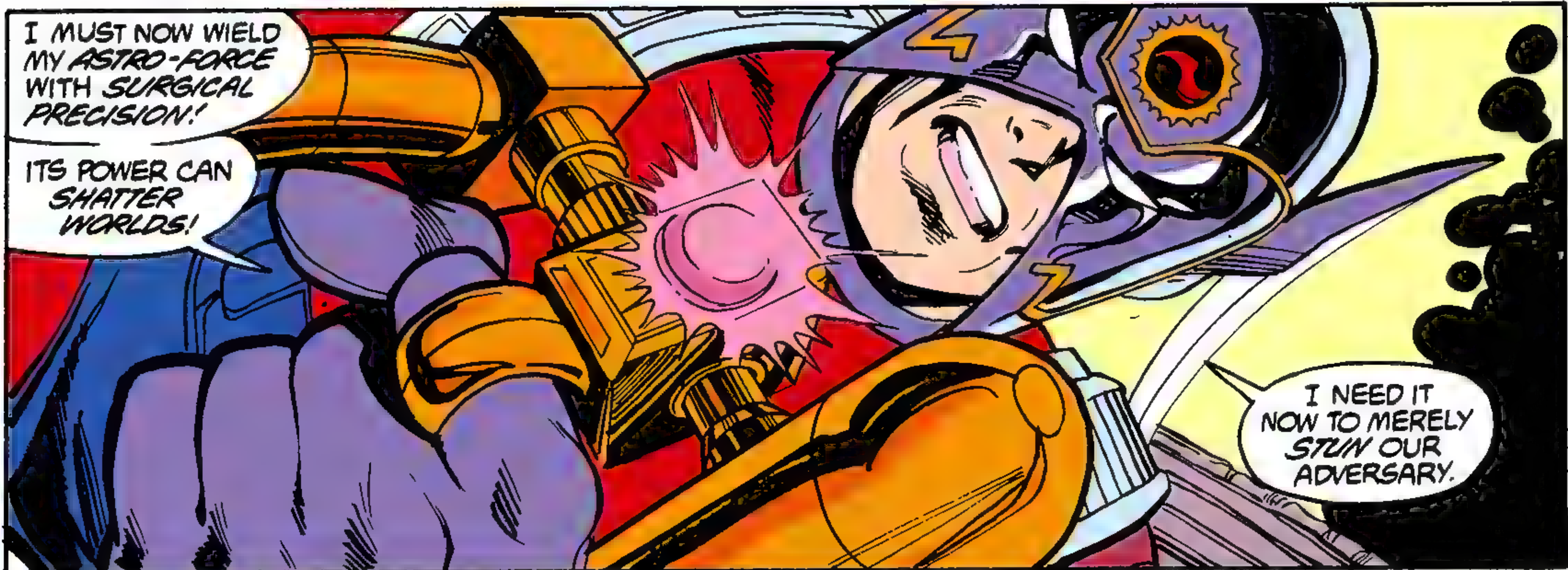
ORION, LOOK! A FLYING FIGURE HURTLES TOWARDS US. IS IT ONE OF DARKSEID'S *PARA-DEMONS*?



"UNFGH!!"

I THINK NOT, LIGHTRAY.

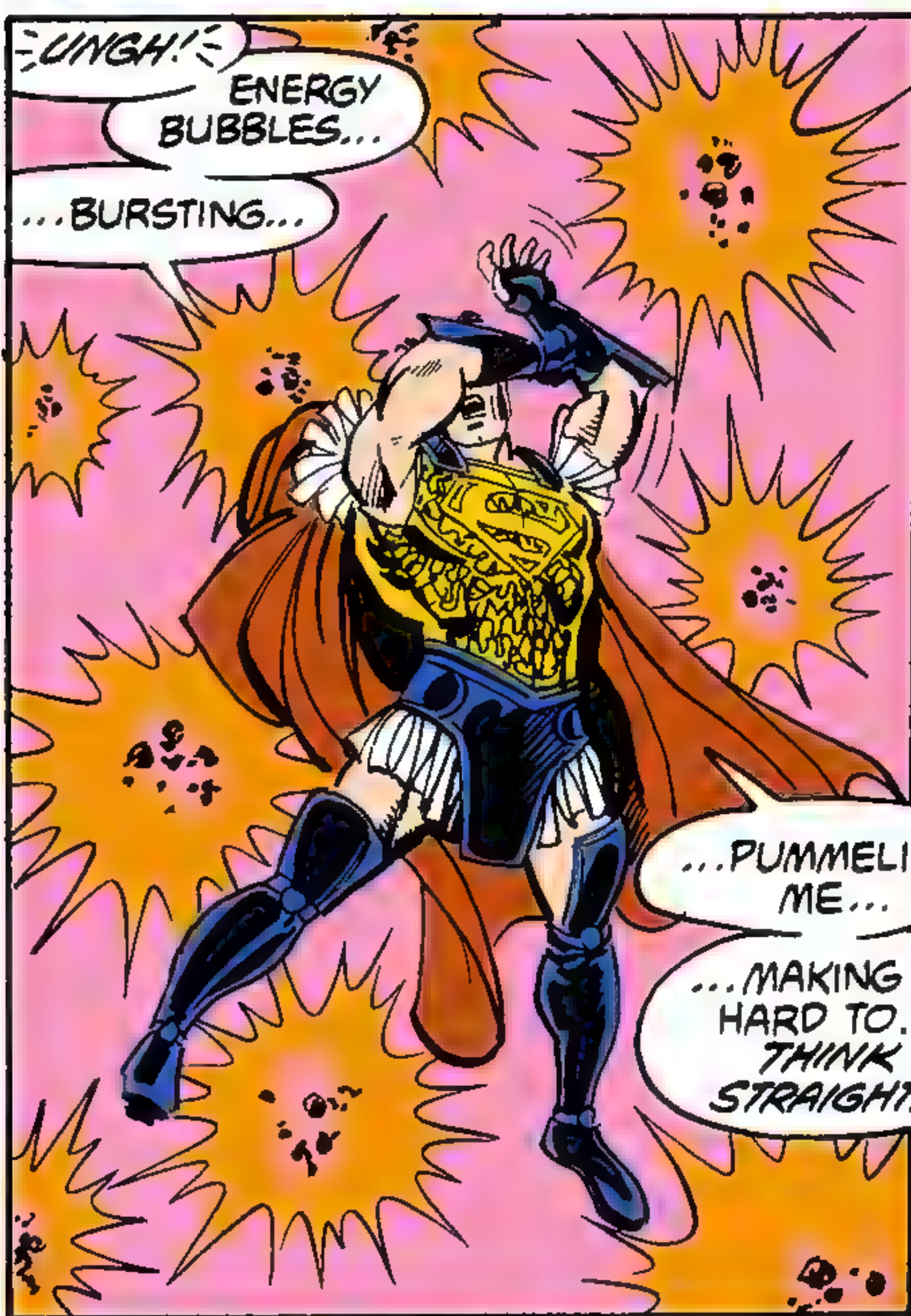




I MUST NOW WIELD
MY *ASTRO-FORCE*
WITH *SURGICAL*
PRECISION!

ITS POWER CAN
SHATTER
WORLDS!

I NEED IT
NOW TO MERELY
STUN OUR
ADVERSARY.



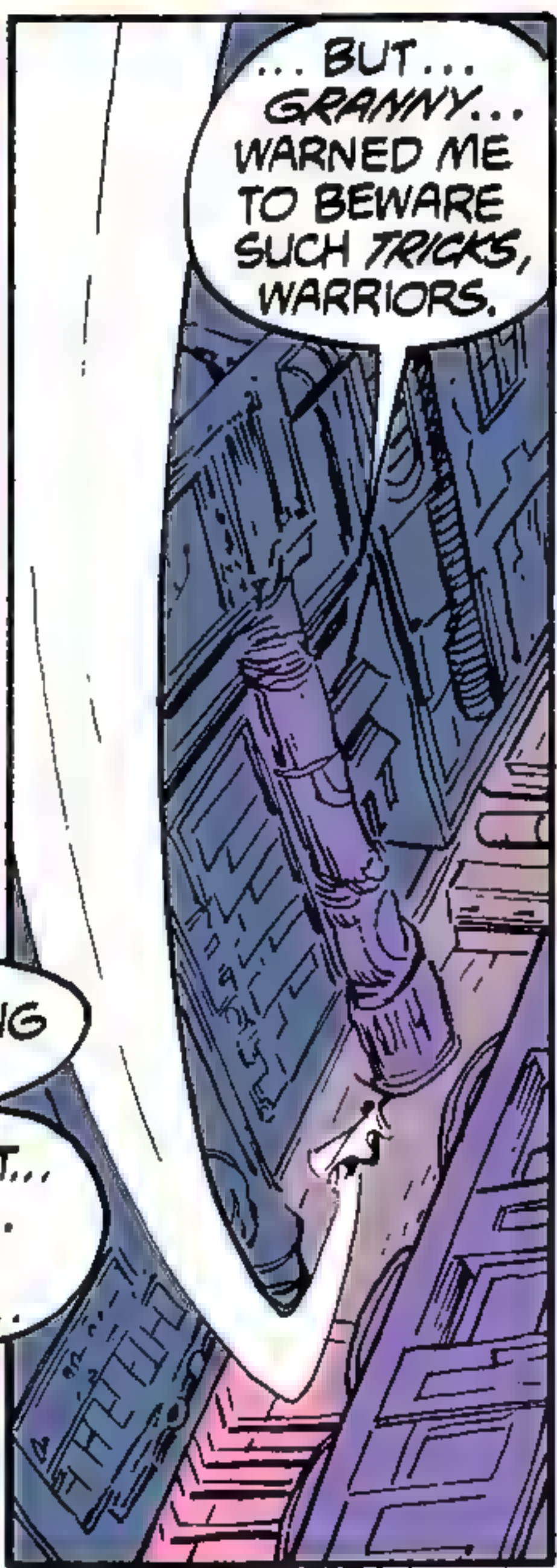
UUGH!

ENERGY
BUBBLES...

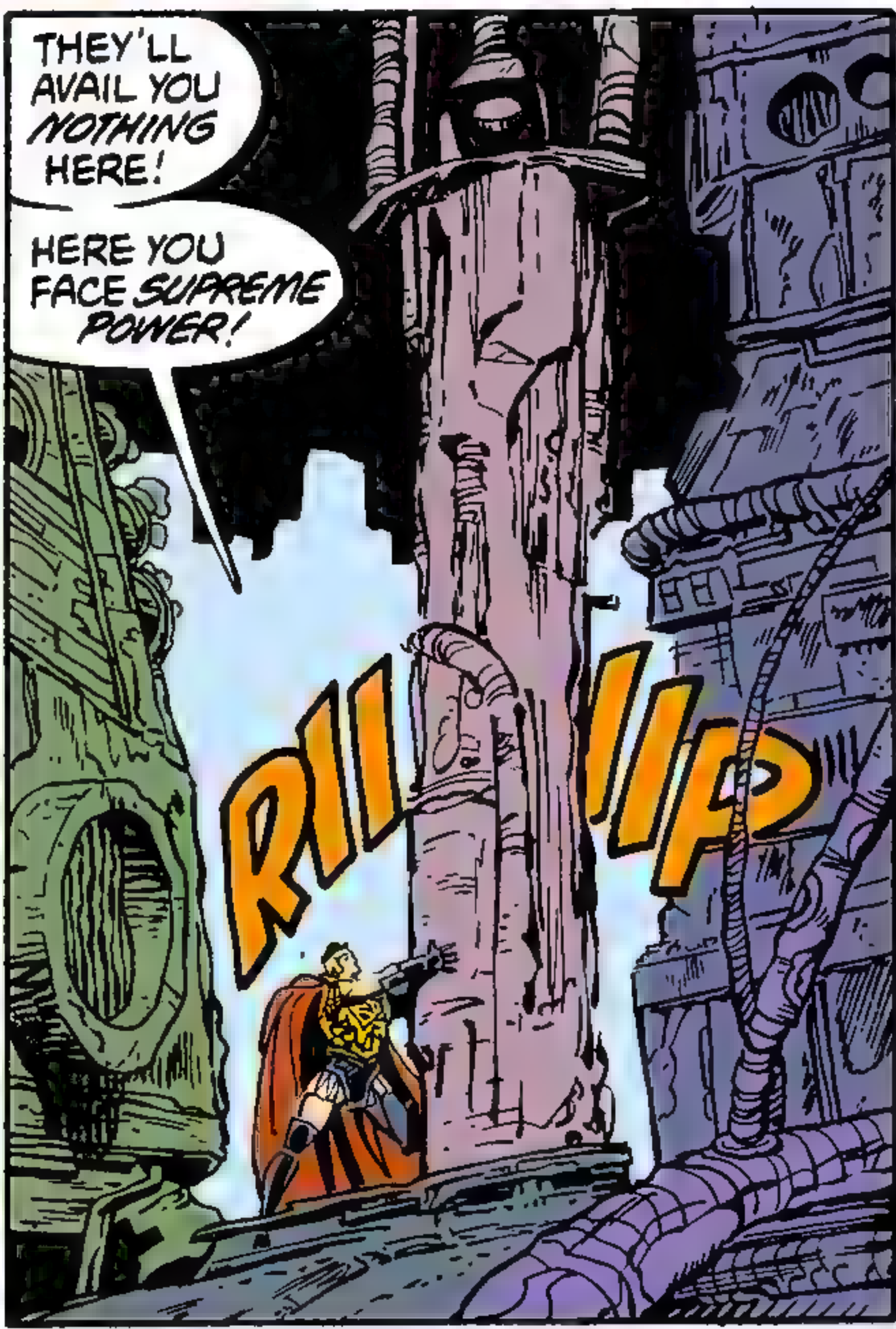
...BURSTING...

...PUMMELING
ME...

...MAKING IT...
HARD TO...
THINK
STRAIGHT...



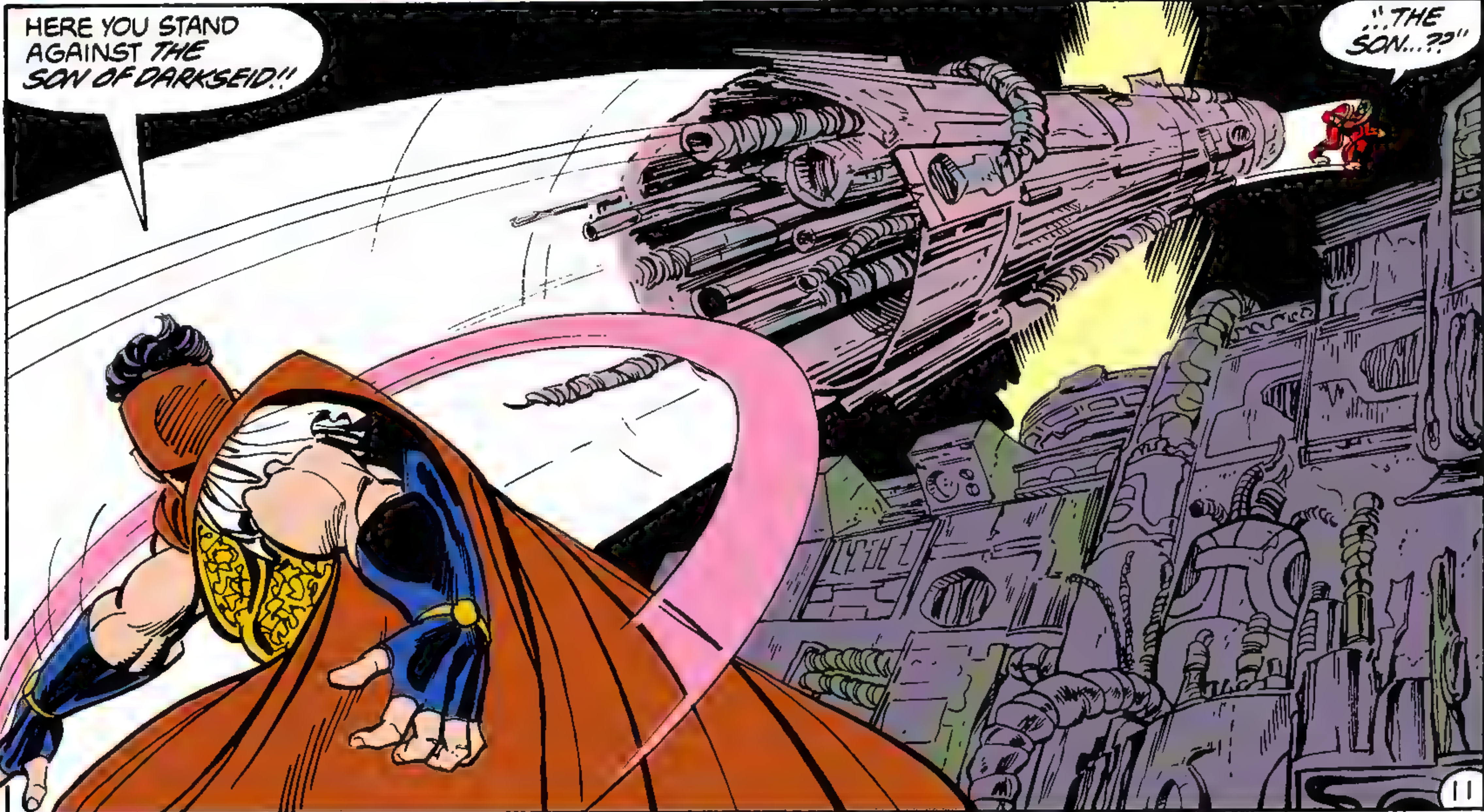
... BUT...
GRANNY...
WARNED ME
TO BEWARE
SUCH *TRICKS*,
WARRIORS.



THEY'LL
AVAIL YOU
NOTHING
HERE!

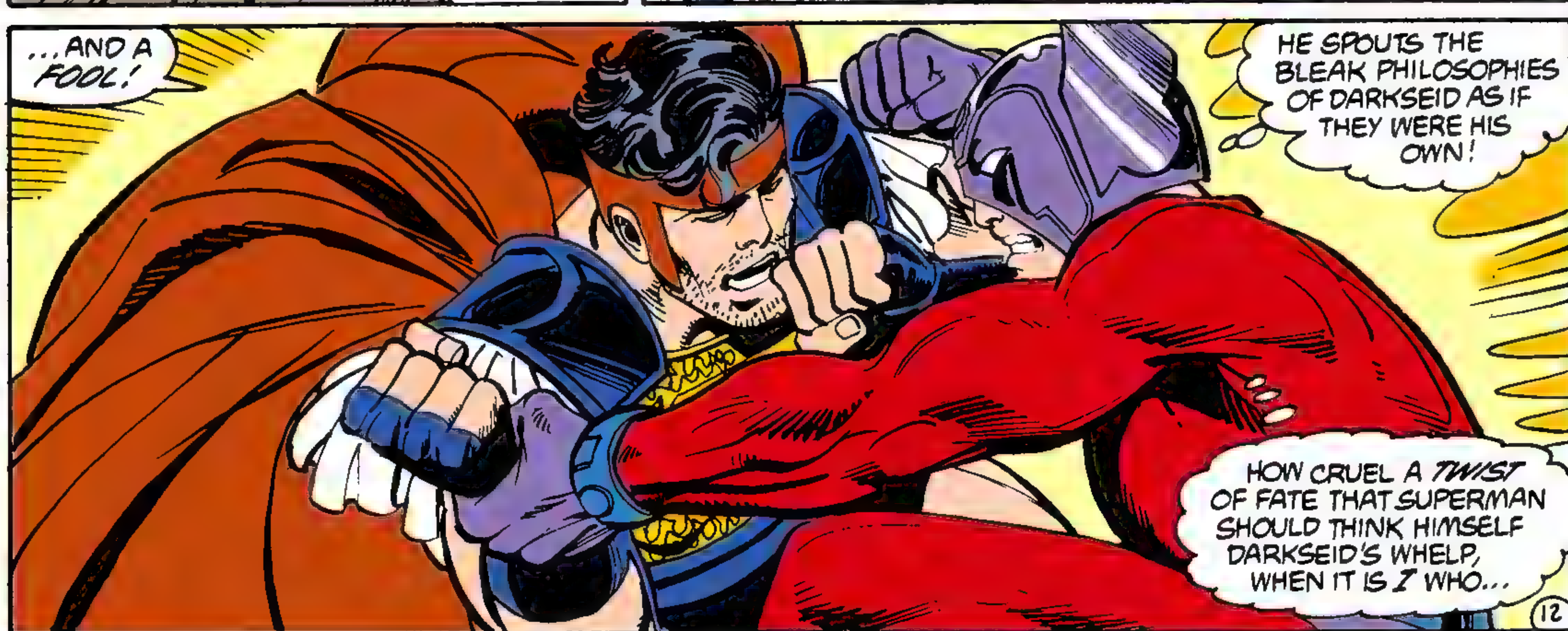
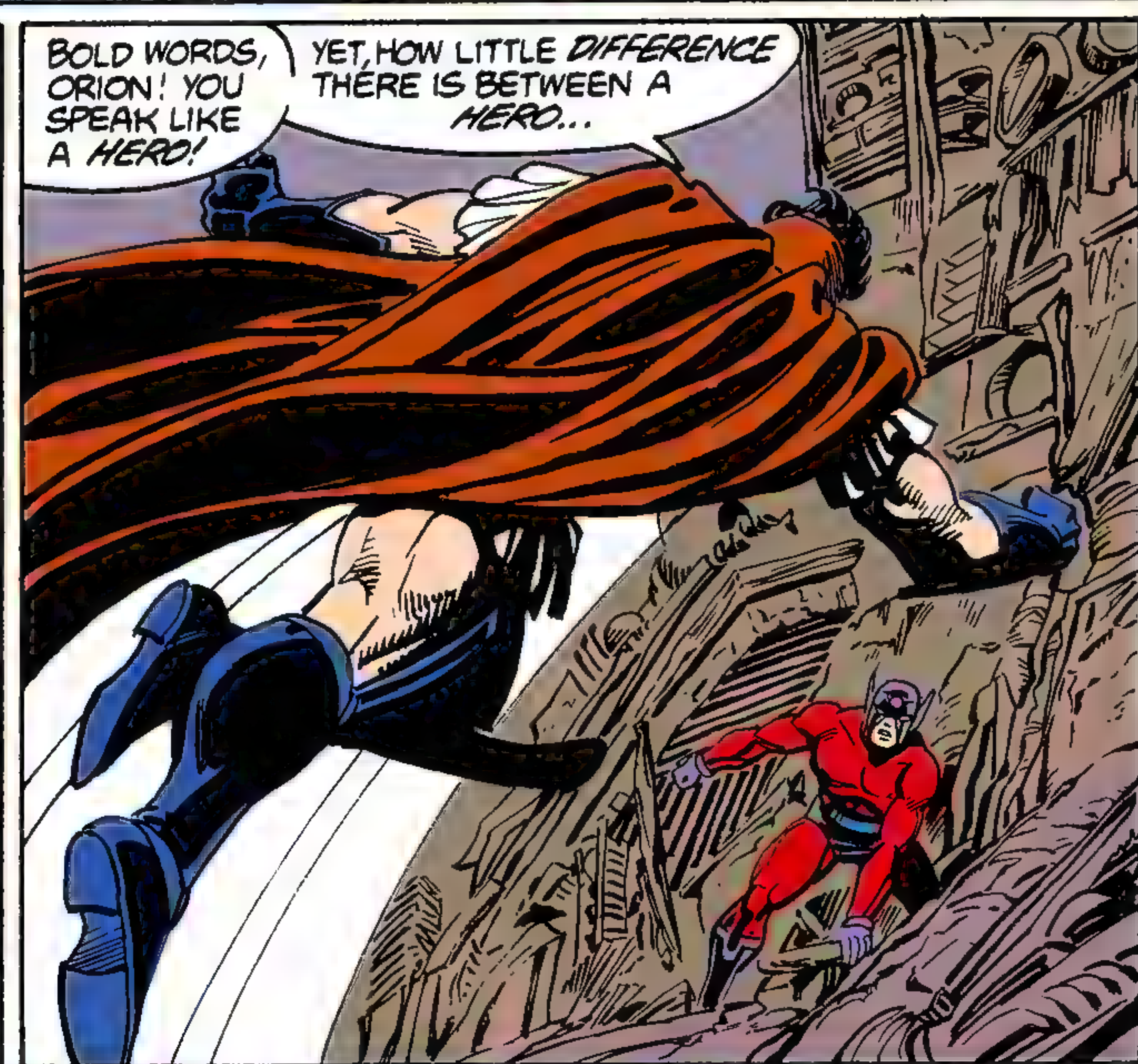
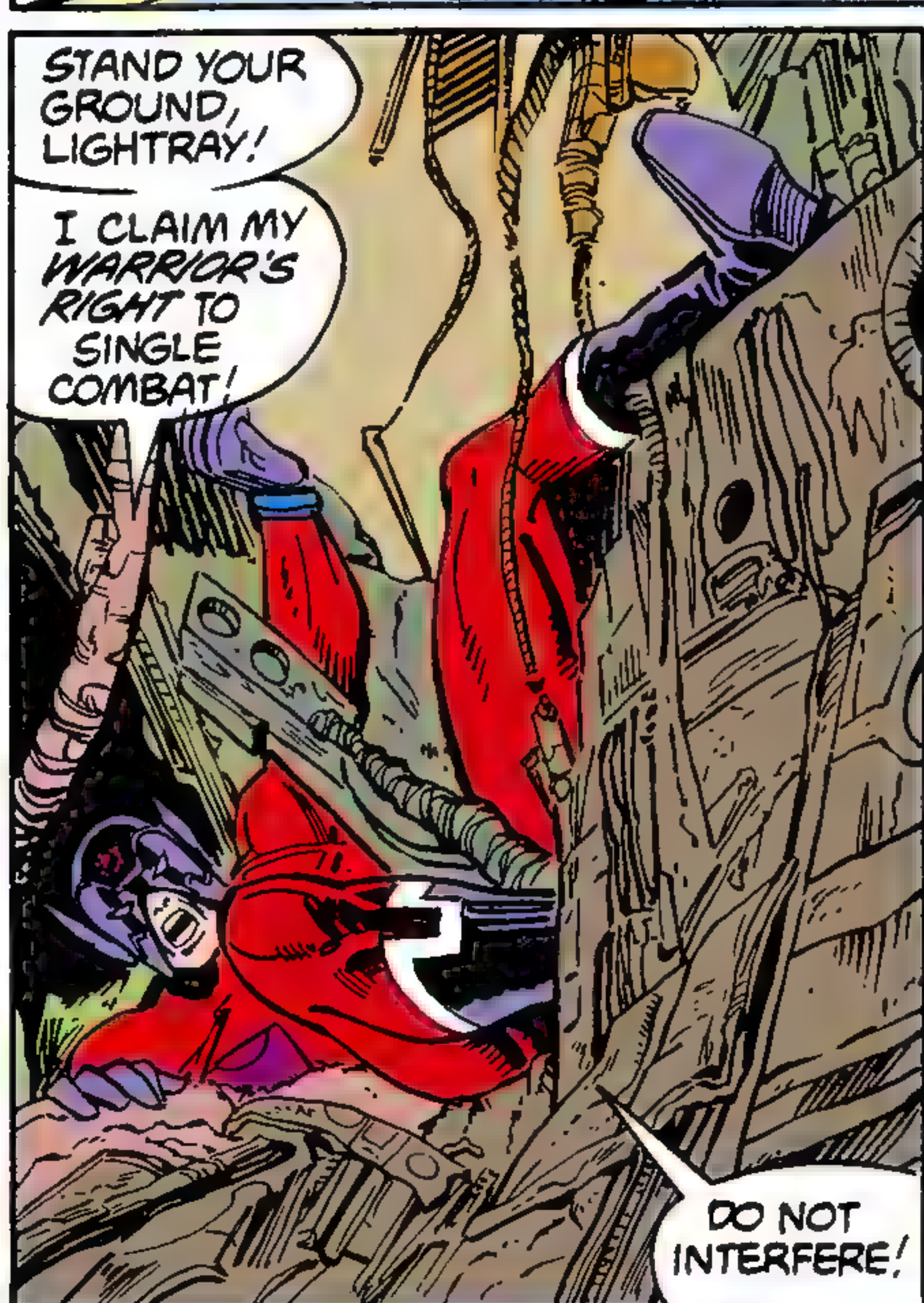
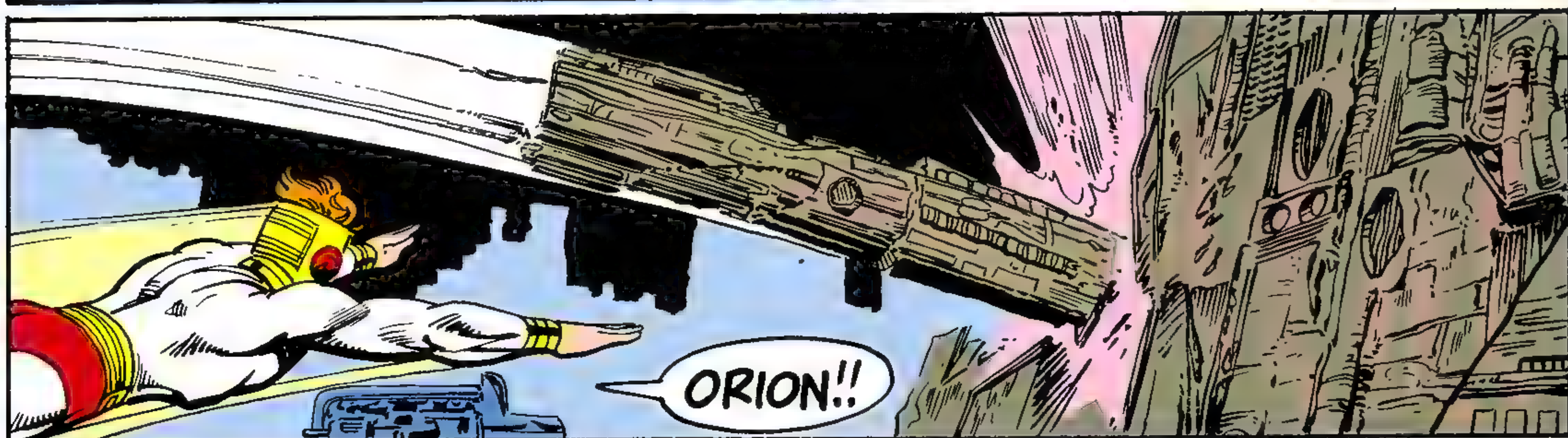
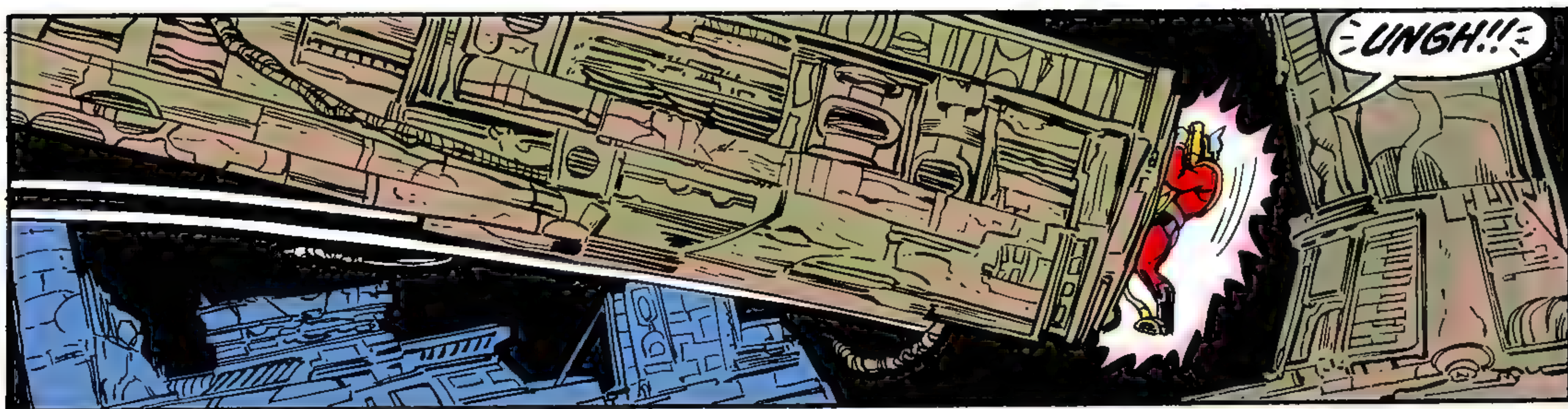
HERE YOU
FACE *SUPREME*
POWER!

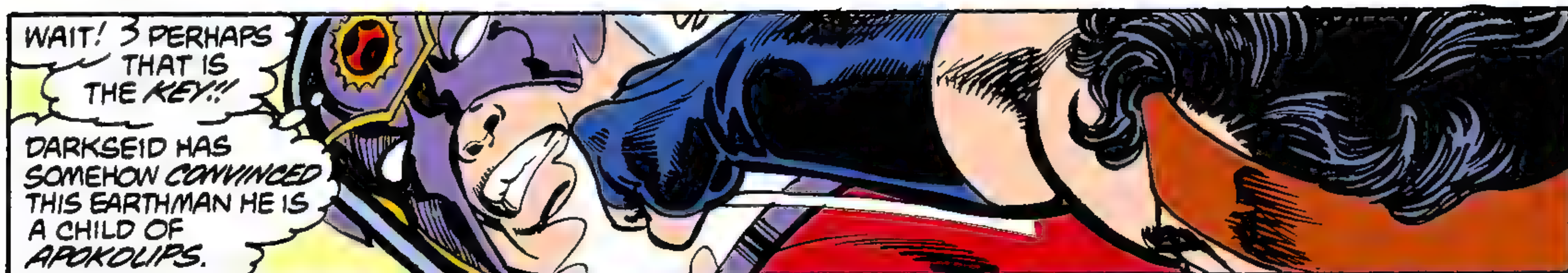
RIIIP



HERE YOU STAND
AGAINST THE
SON OF DARKSEID!!

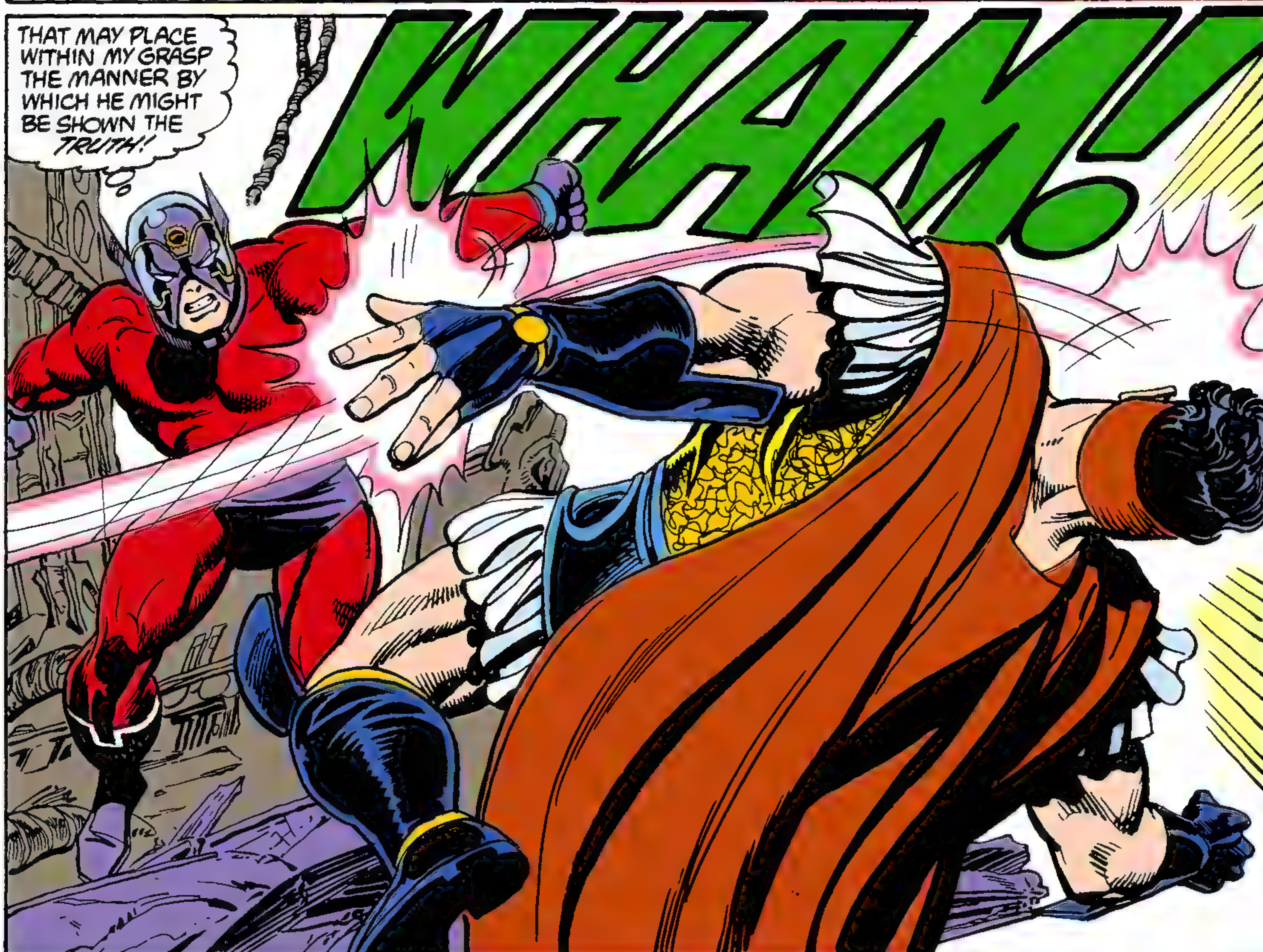
...THE
SON...??



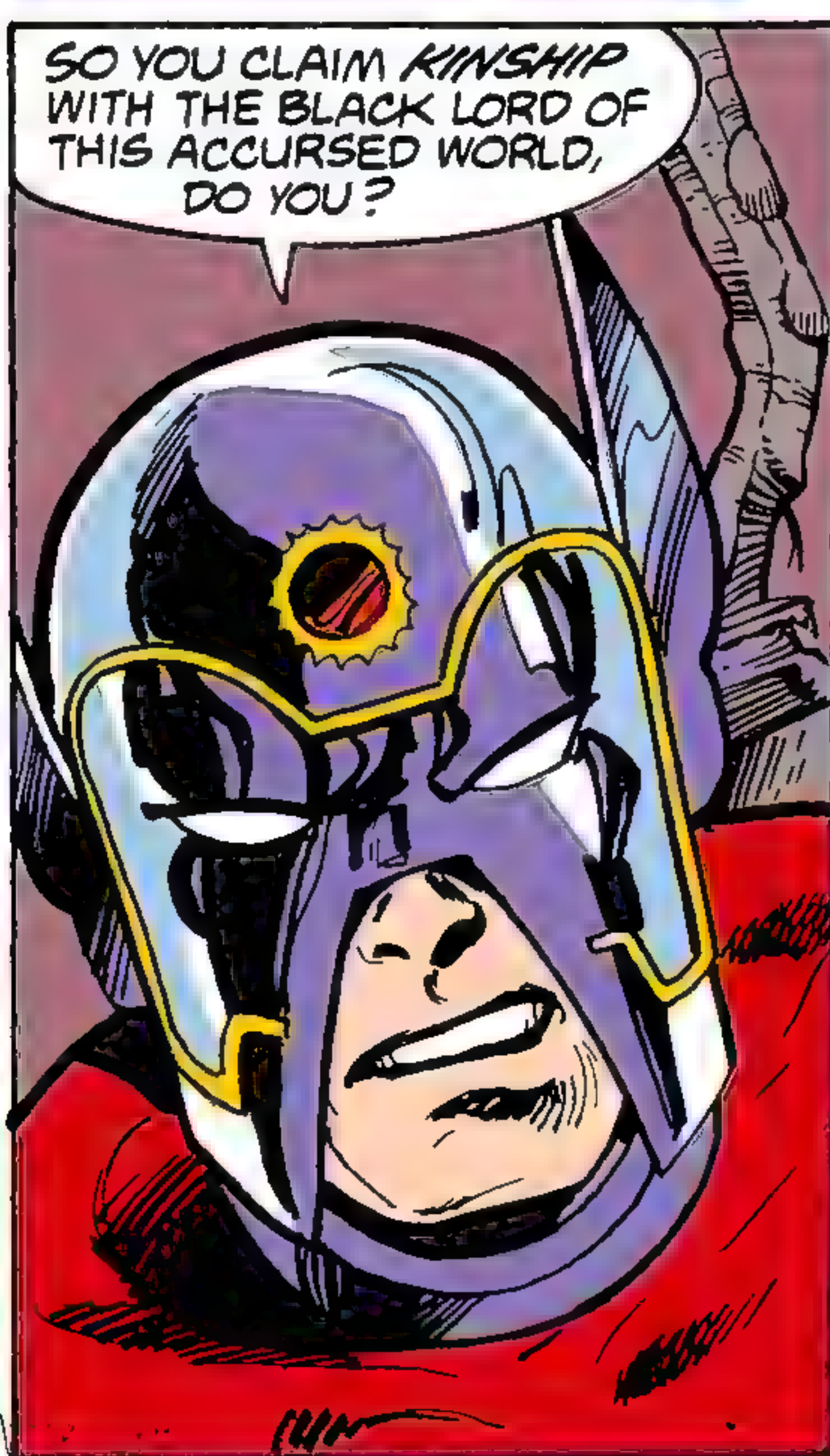


WAIT! 3 PERHAPS
THAT IS
THE KEY!!

DARKSEID HAS
SOMEHOW CONVINCED
THIS EARTHMAN HE IS
A CHILD OF
APOKOLIPS.



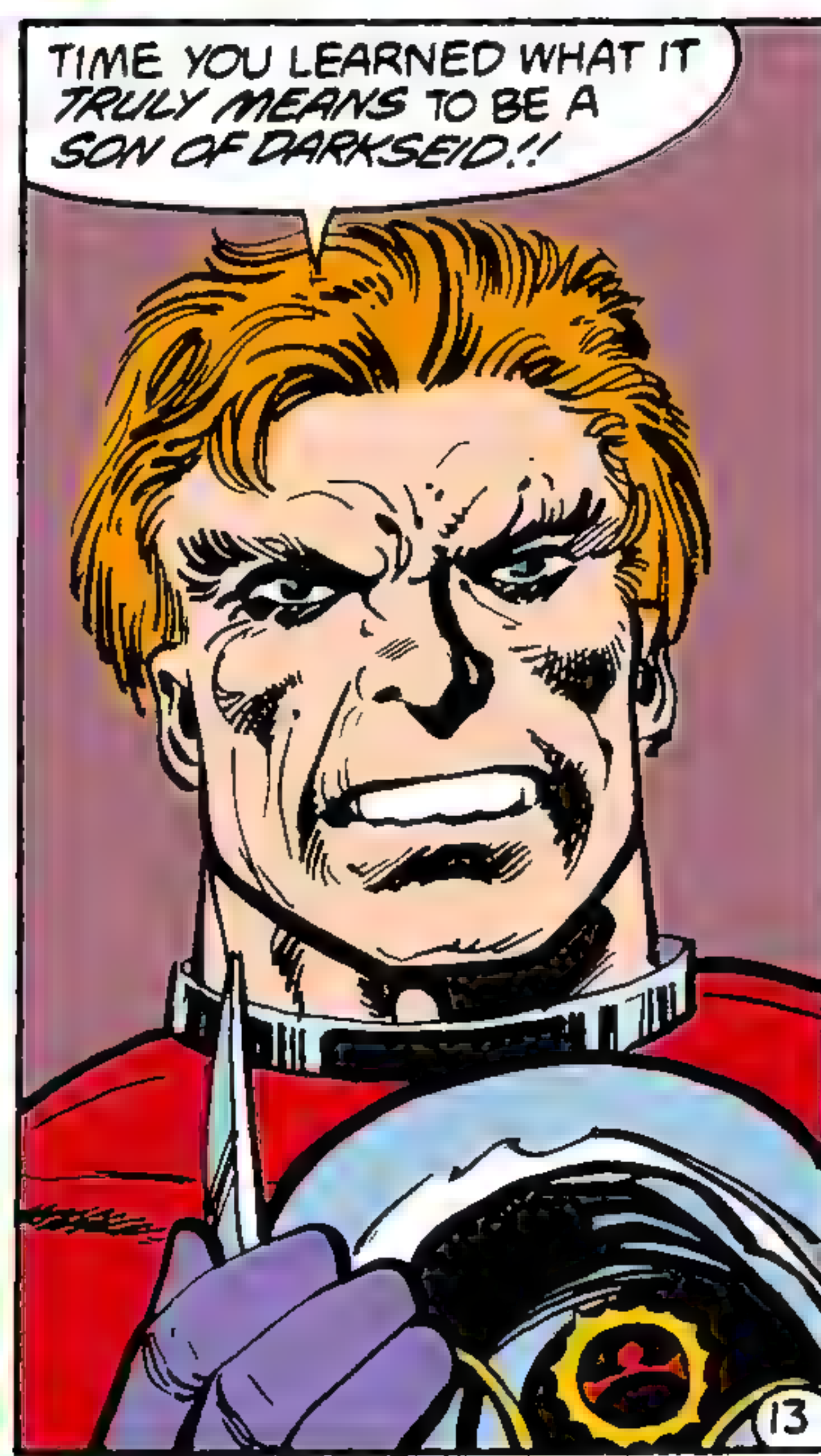
THAT MAY PLACE
WITHIN MY GRASP
THE MANNER BY
WHICH HE MIGHT
BE SHOWN THE
TRUTH!



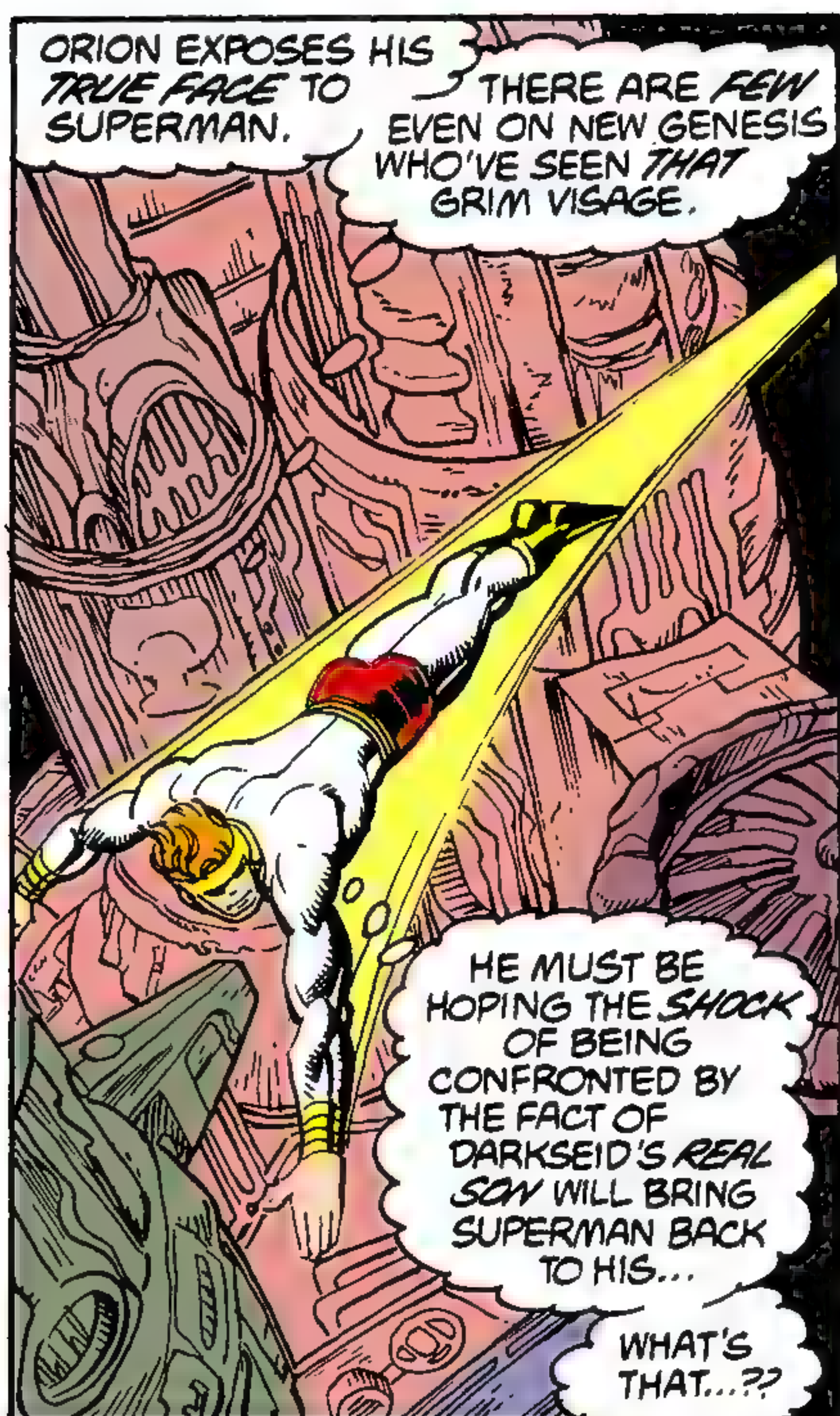
SO YOU CLAIM *KINSHIP*
WITH THE BLACK LORD OF
THIS ACCURSED WORLD,
DO YOU?



THEN IT IS *TIME* YOU
LEARNED THE FULL WEIGHT
OF THAT *BURDEN* YOU SO
EAGERLY ACCEPT.



TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT IT
TRULY MEANS TO BE A
SON OF DARKSEID!!



ORION EXPOSES HIS TRUE FACE TO SUPERMAN.

THERE ARE FEW EVEN ON NEW GENESIS WHO'VE SEEN THAT GRIM VISAGE.

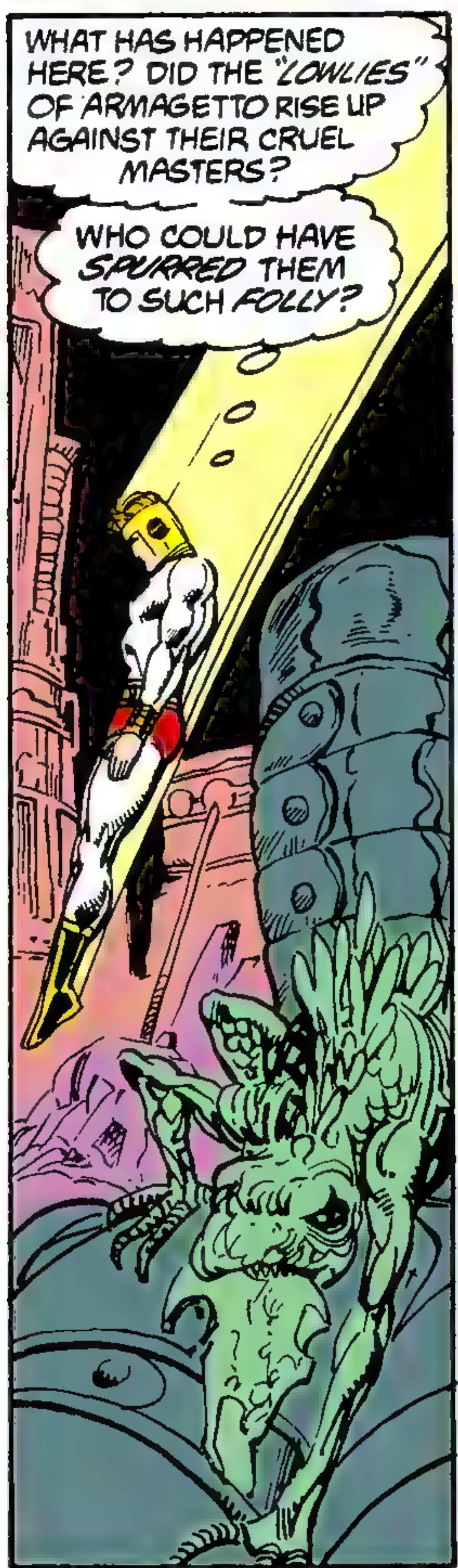
HE MUST BE HOPING THE SHOCK OF BEING CONFRONTED BY THE FACT OF DARKSEID'S REAL SON WILL BRING SUPERMAN BACK TO HIS...

WHAT'S THAT...??



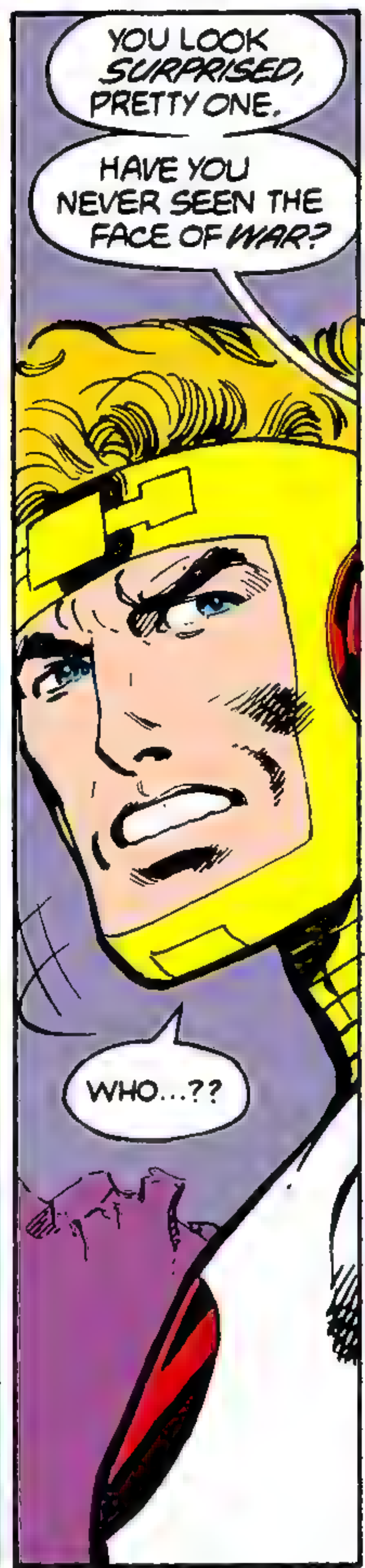
A BATTLEFIELD!

THE BROKEN CORPSES OF DARKSEID'S SHOCK-TROOPERS LIE SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH THOSE OF THE HUNGER DOGS!



WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE? DID THE "LOWLIES" OF ARMAGETTO RISE UP AGAINST THEIR CRUEL MASTERS?

WHO COULD HAVE SPURRED THEM TO SUCH FOLLY?



YOU LOOK SURPRISED, PRETTY ONE.

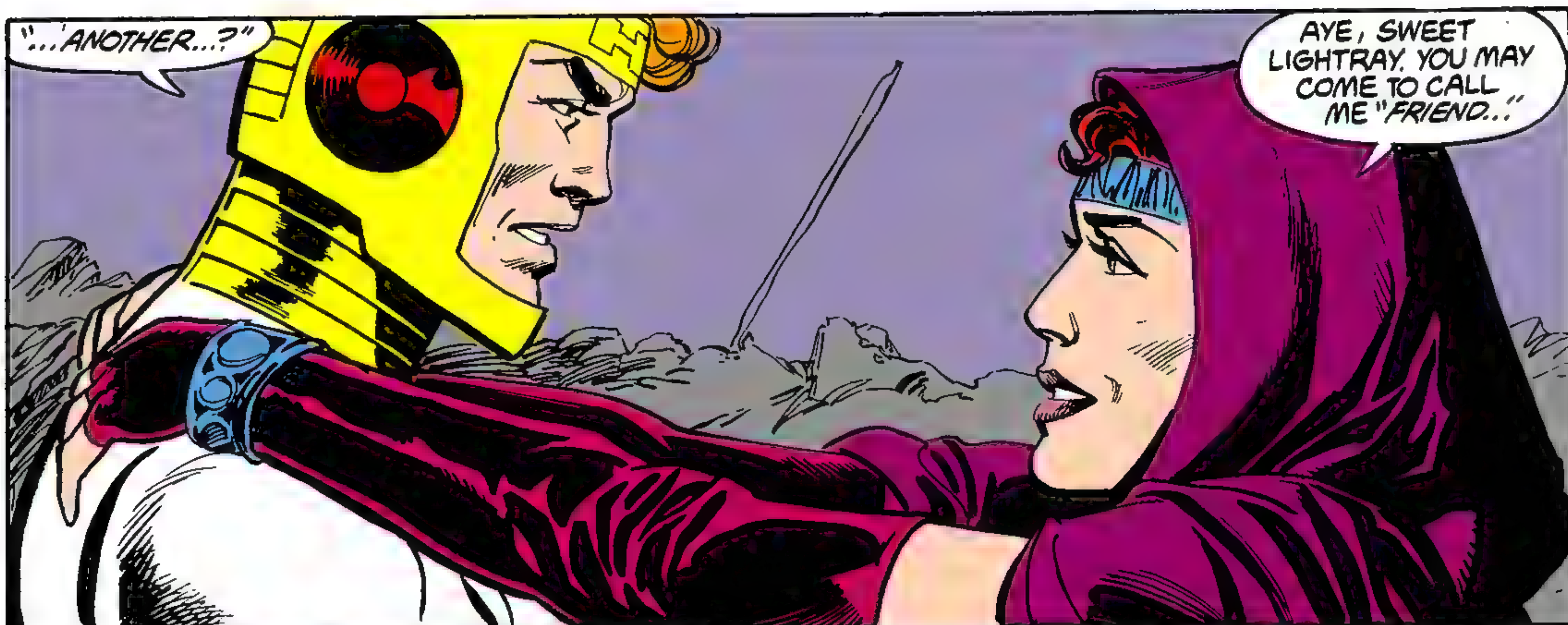
HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN THE FACE OF WAR?

WHO...??



IN THESE PARTS, I AM SOMETIMES CALLED AMAZING GRACE, LIGHTRAY.

YOU MAY COME TO KNOW ME BY ANOTHER NAME.



"...ANOTHER...?"

AYE, SWEET
LIGHTRAY, YOU MAY
COME TO CALL
ME "FRIEND..."

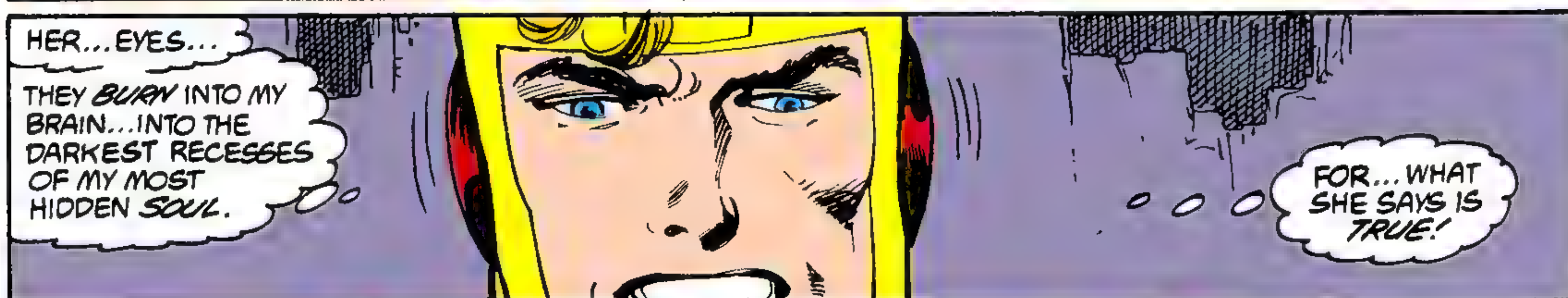


OR BETTER
STILL...

"BELOVED."

FOR AM I
NOT *DESIRABLE*,
LIGHTRAY?

DO YOU NOT
SEE IN ME THE
FACE AND FORM
OF EVERY WOMAN
YOU HAVE WALKED
WITH IN YOUR
DREAMS?



HER... EYES...

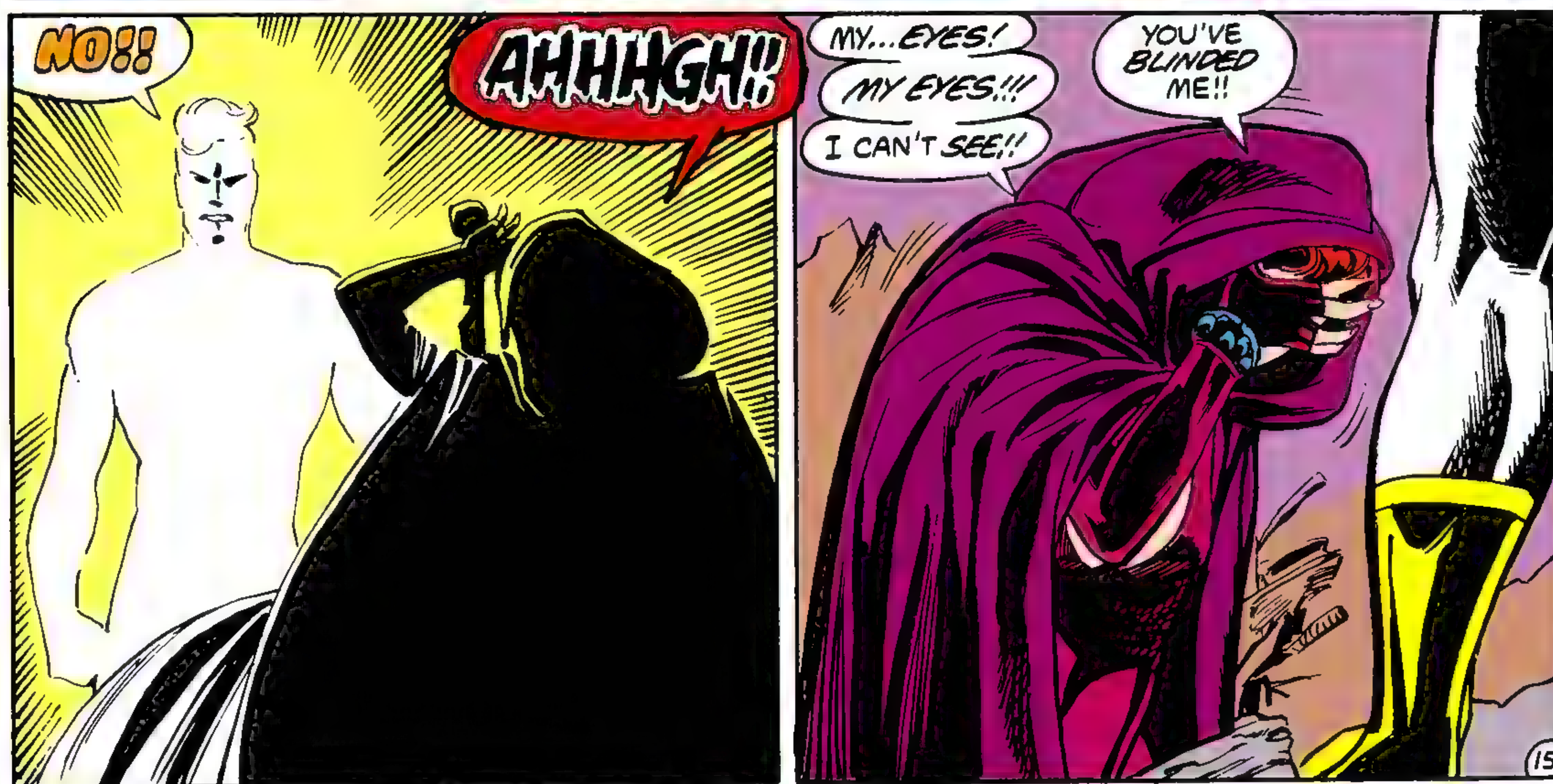
THEY *BURY* INTO MY
BRAIN... INTO THE
DARKEST RECESSES
OF MY MOST
HIDDEN *SOUL*.

FOR... WHAT
SHE SAYS IS
TRUE!



SURRENDER YOURSELF
TO ME, LIGHTRAY. LET ME
SHOW TO YOU THE *DARK*
BEAUTY OF APOKOLIPS.

LET ME
SET YOU
FREE...



NO!!

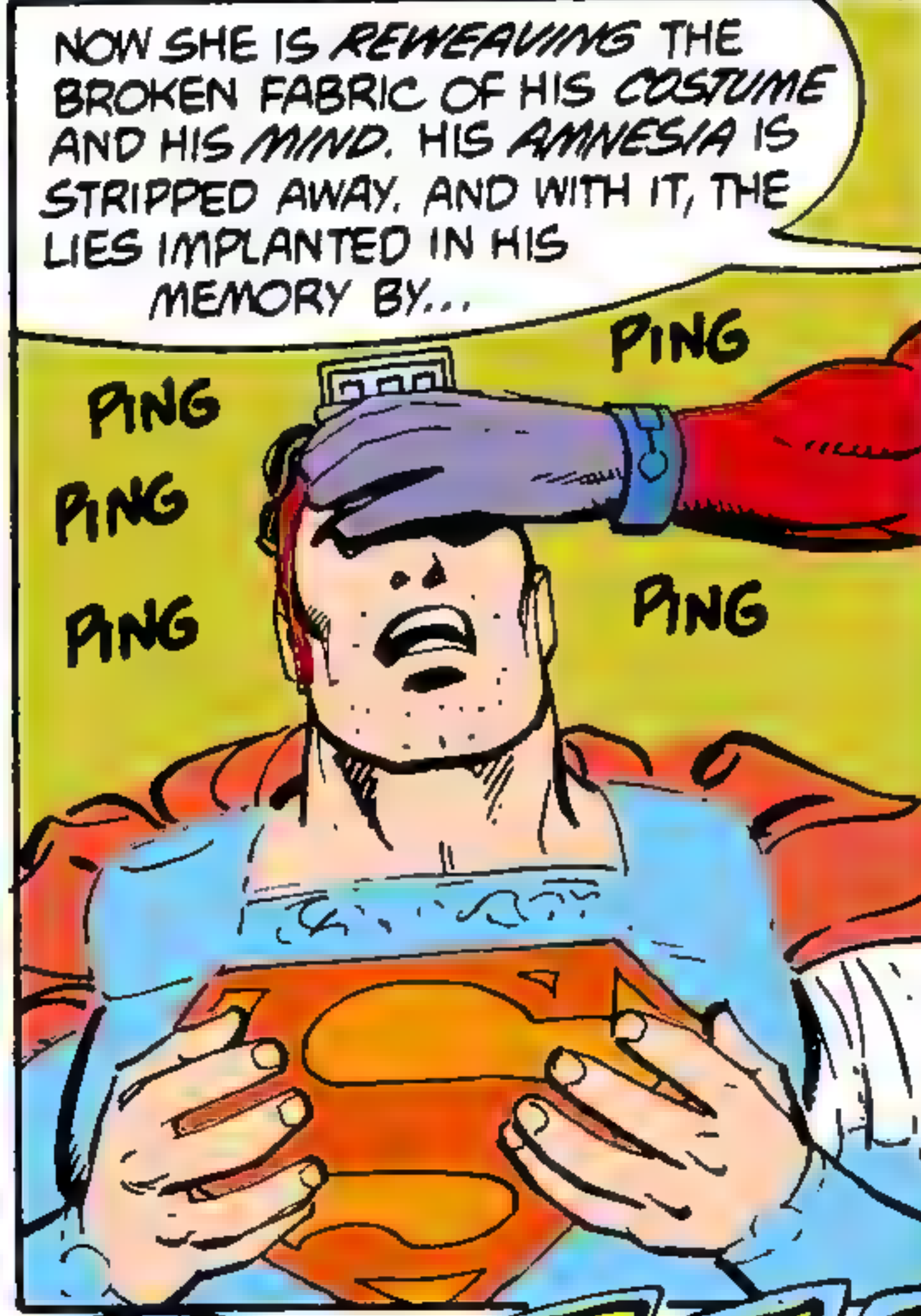
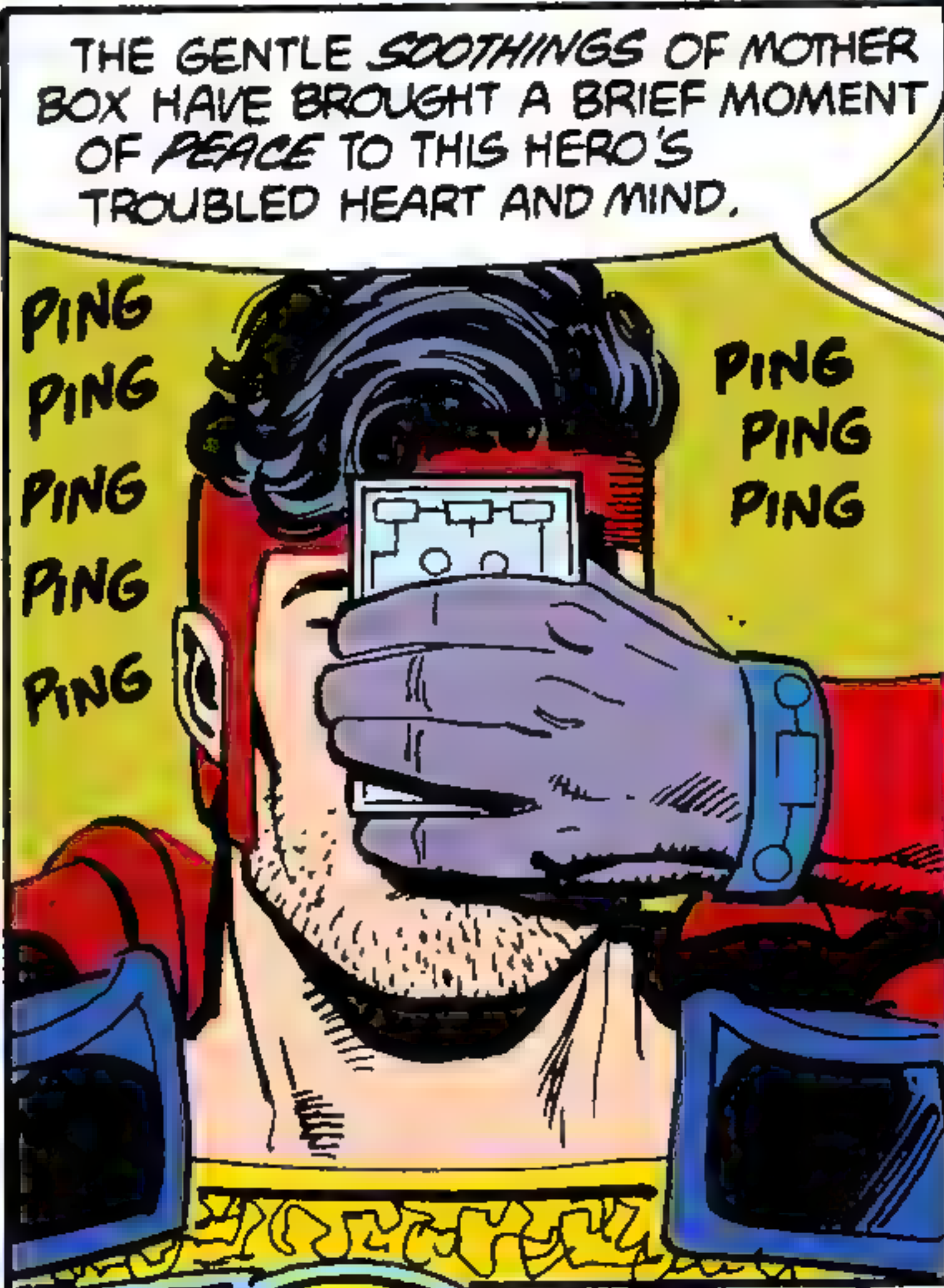
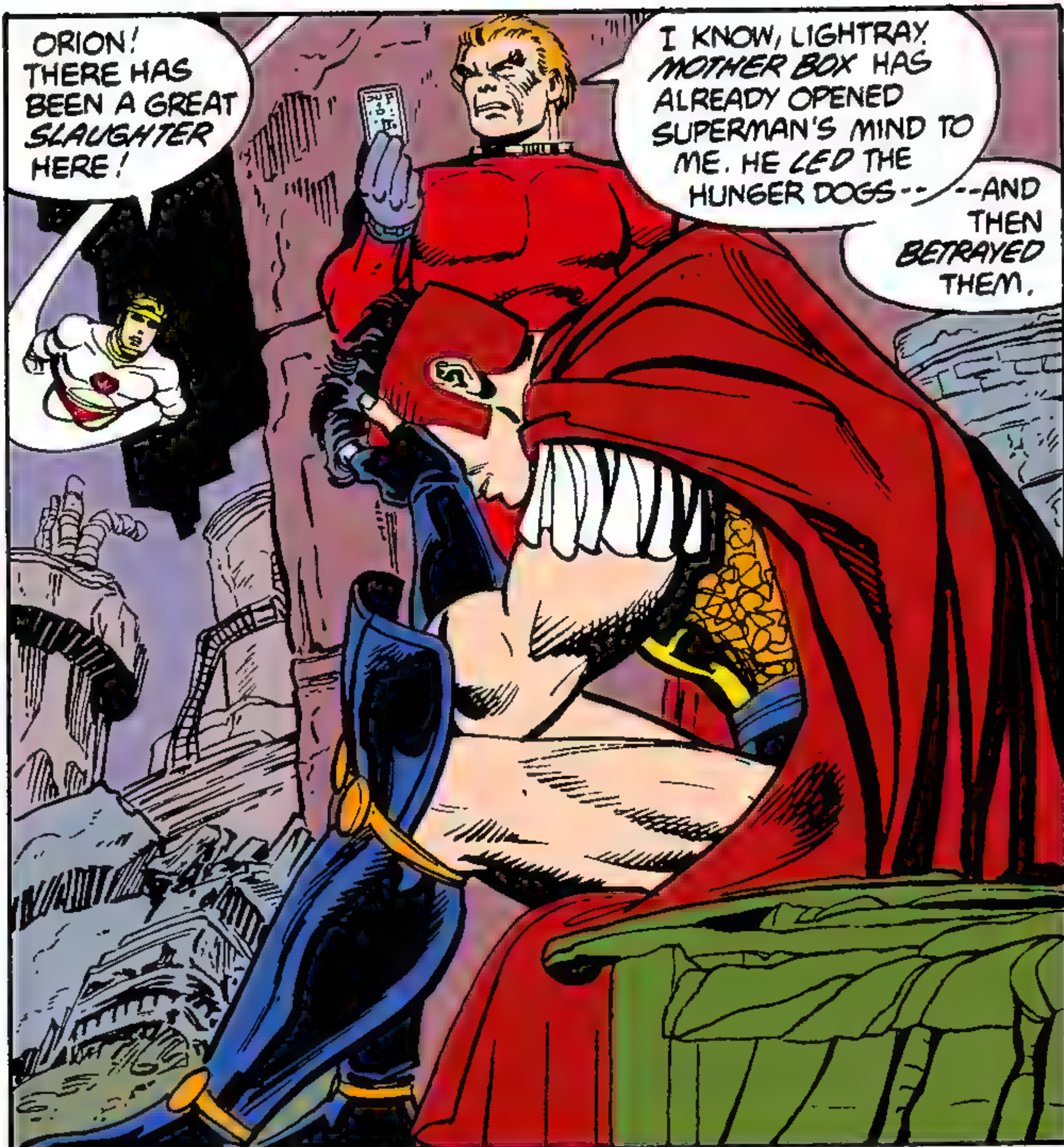
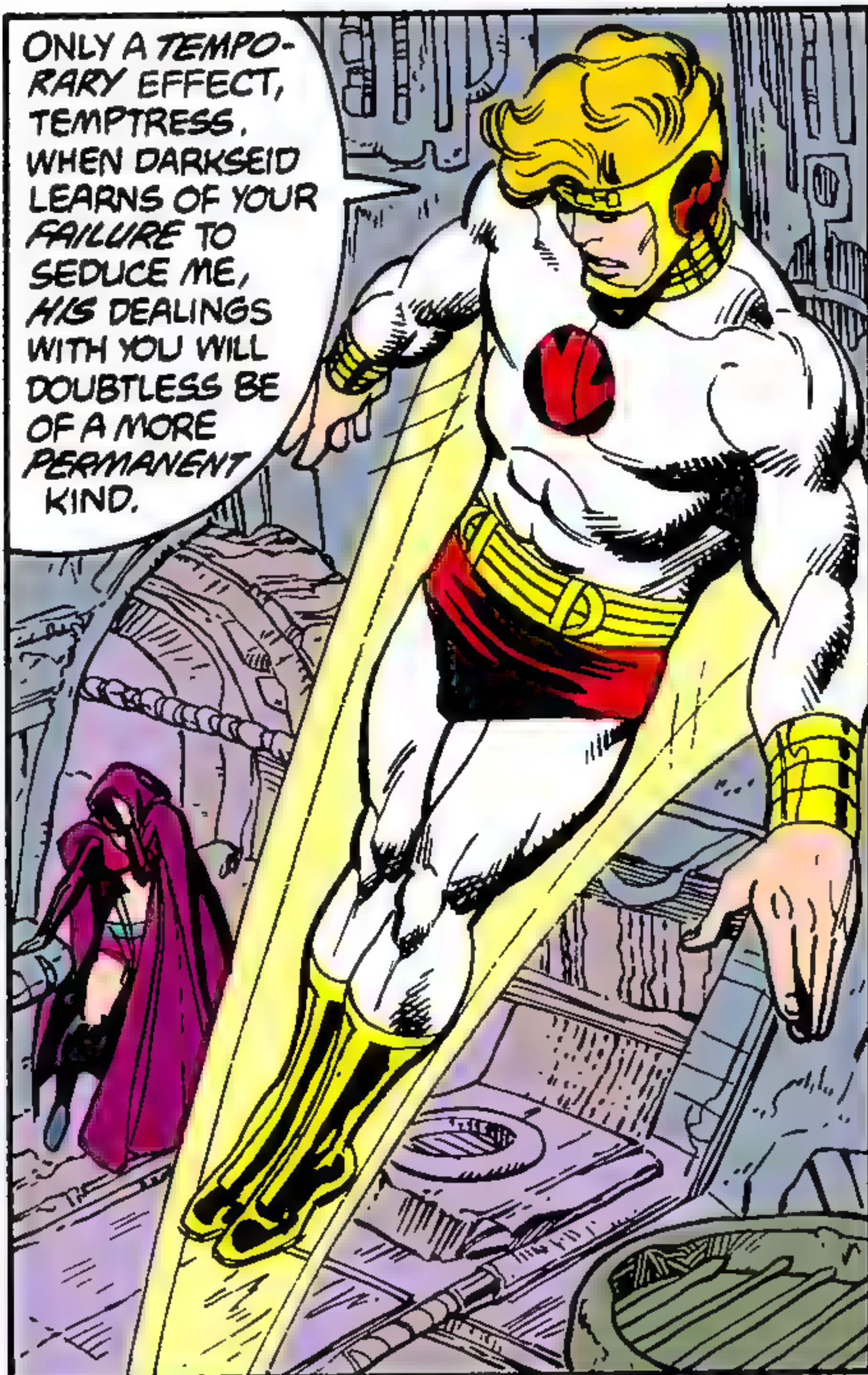
CAHHHGH!!

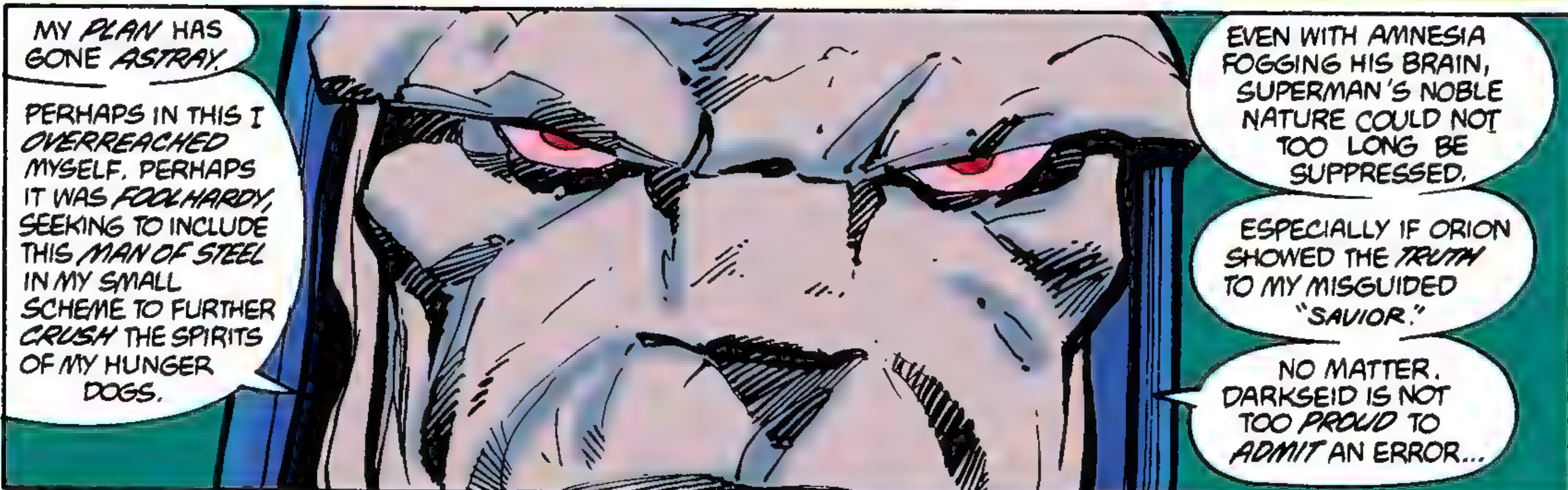
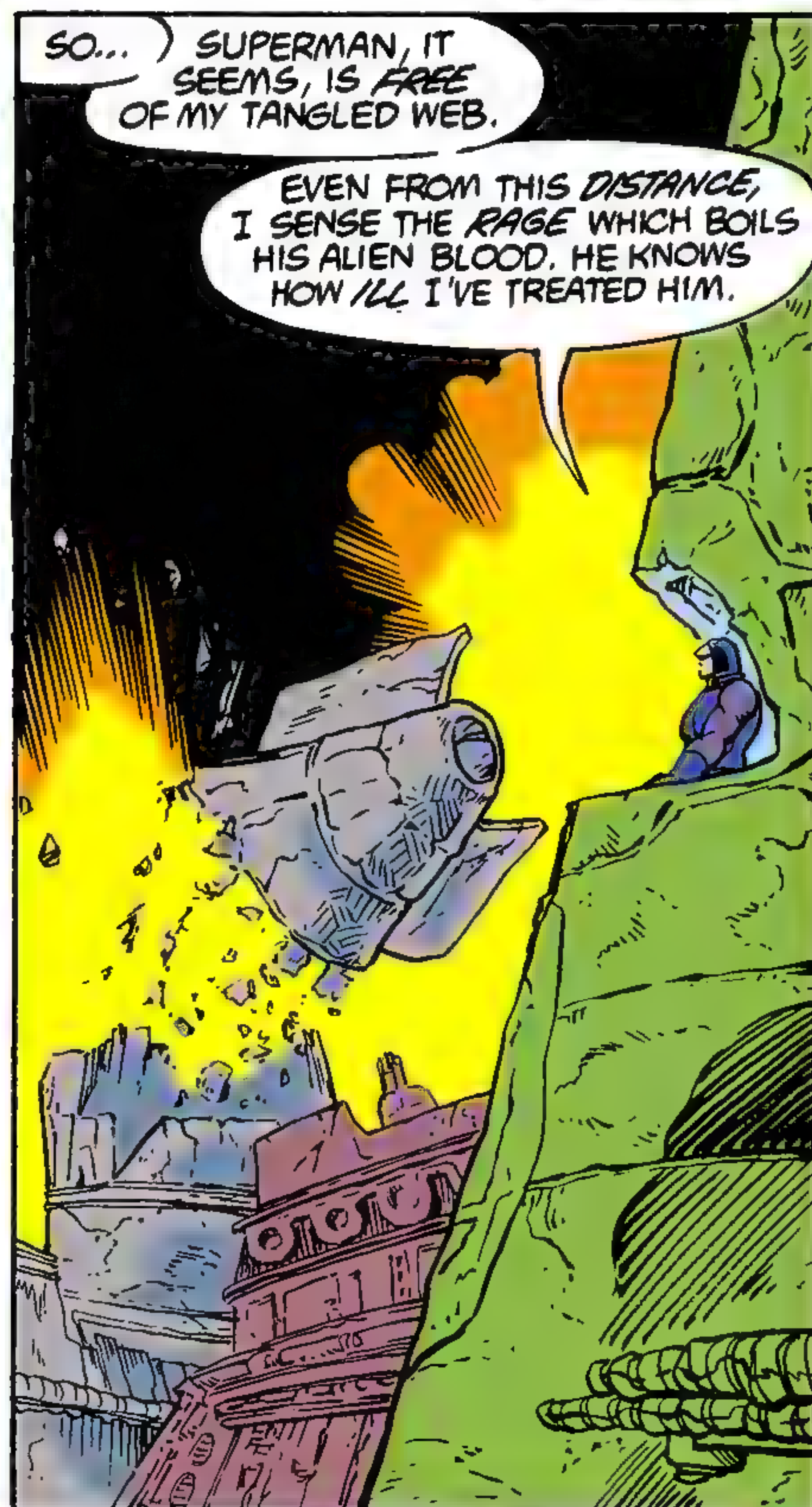
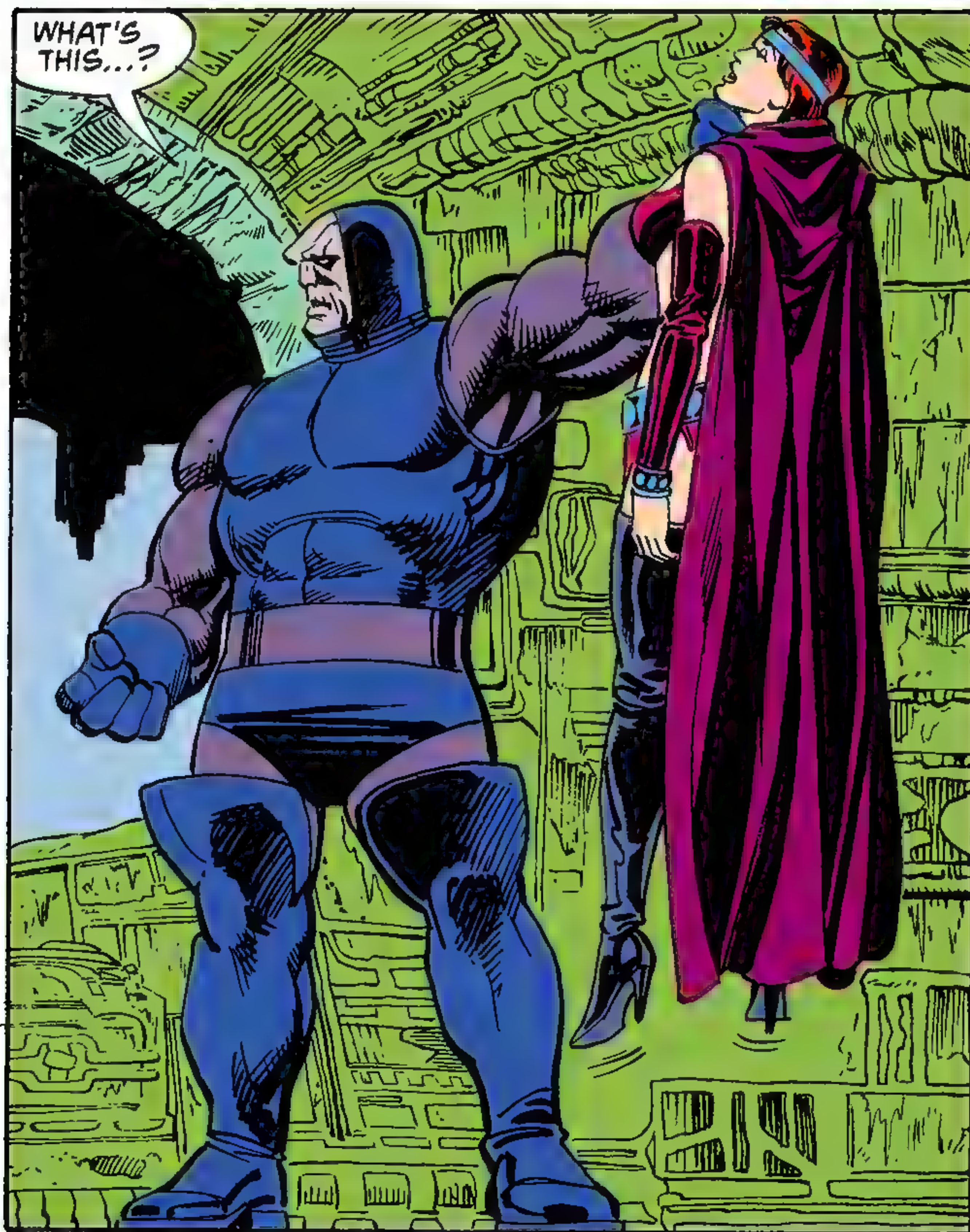
MY... EYES!

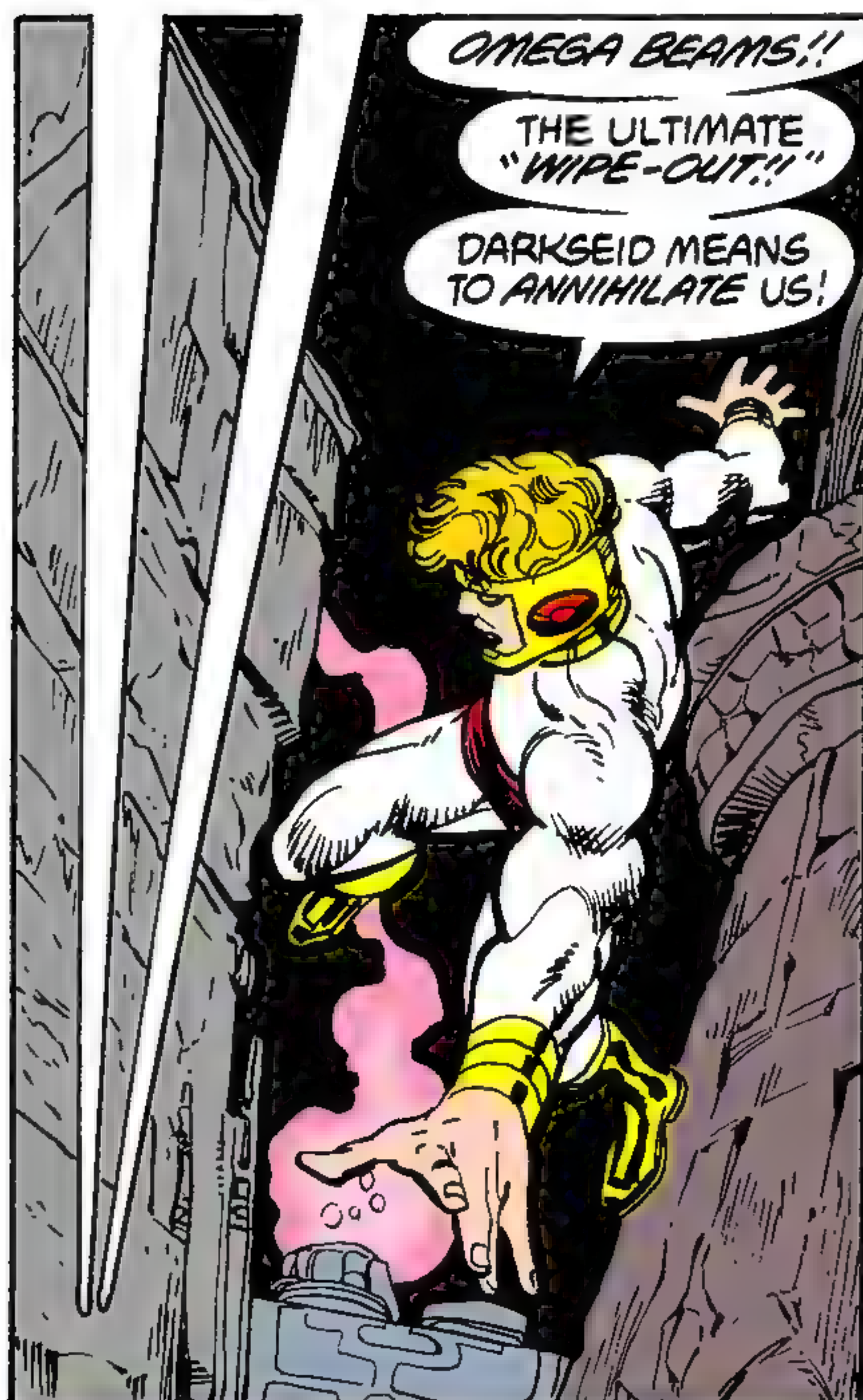
MY EYES!!!

I CAN'T SEE!!

YOU'VE
BLINDED
ME!!



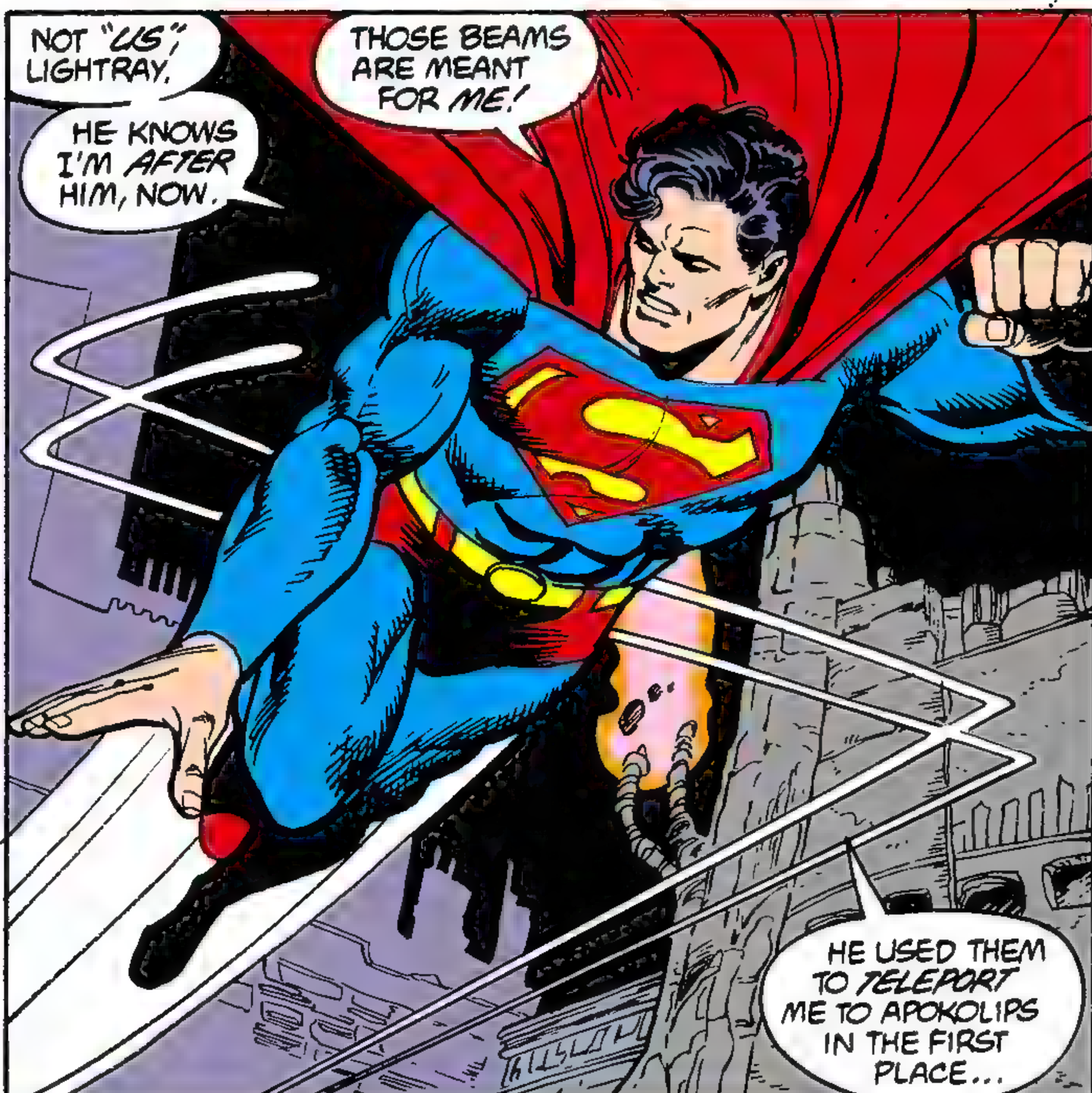




OMEGA BEAMS!!

THE ULTIMATE
"WIPE-OUT!!"

DARKSEID MEANS
TO ANNIHILATE US!

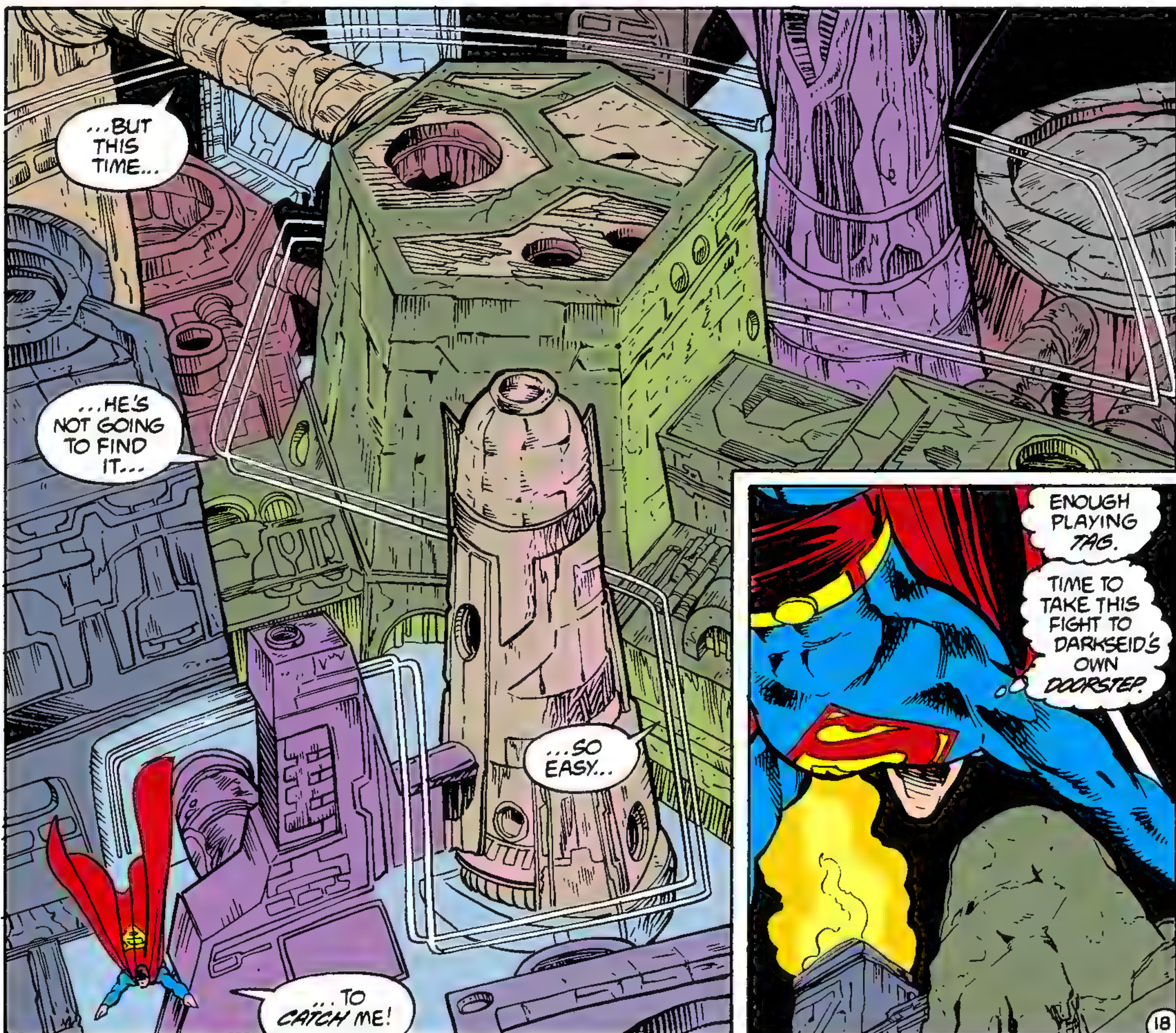


NOT "US",
LIGHTRAY.

HE KNOWS
I'M AFTER
HIM, NOW.

THOSE BEAMS
ARE MEANT
FOR ME!

HE USED THEM
TO TELEPORT
ME TO APOKOLIPS
IN THE FIRST
PLACE...



...BUT
THIS
TIME...

...HE'S
NOT GOING
TO FIND
IT...

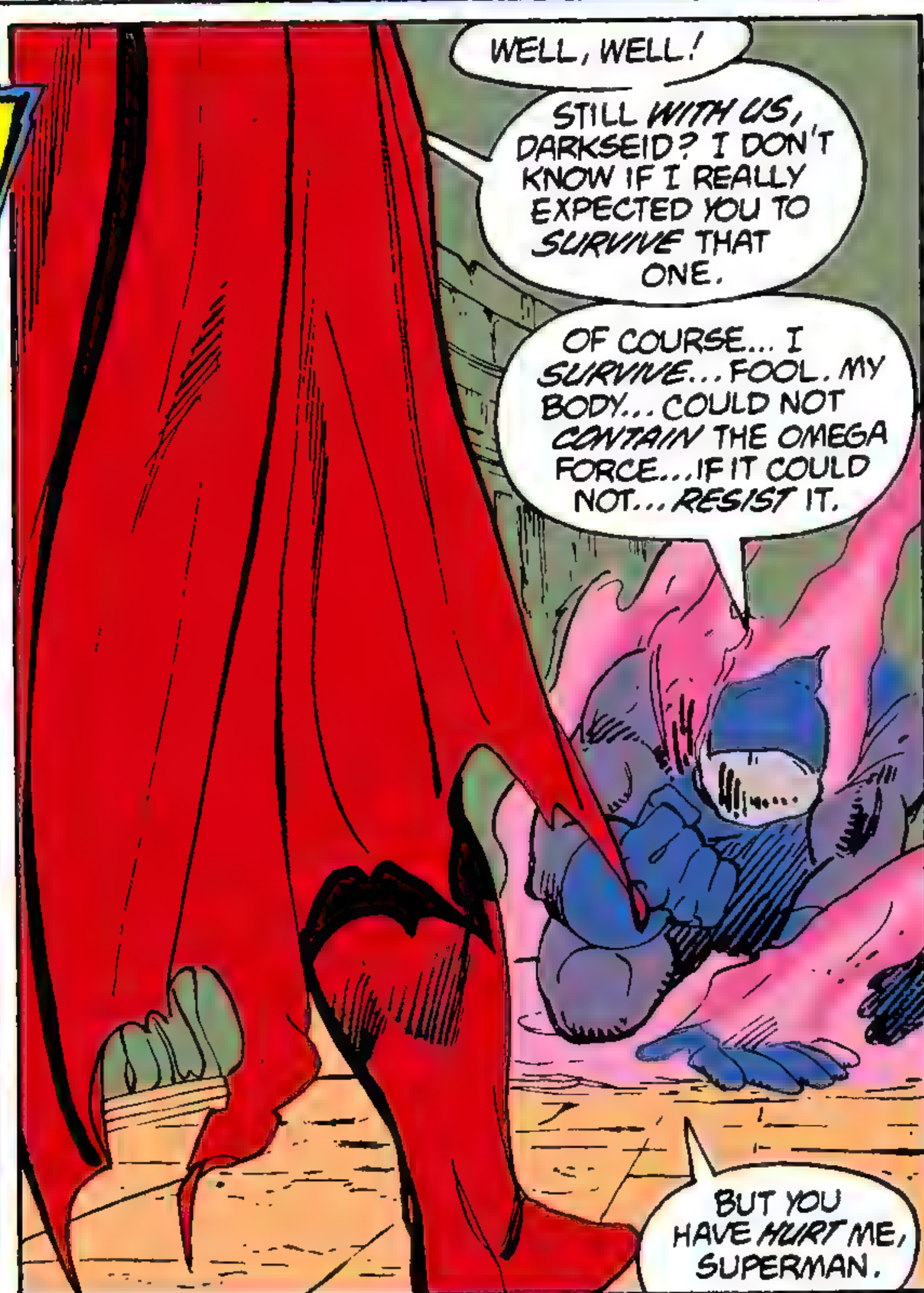
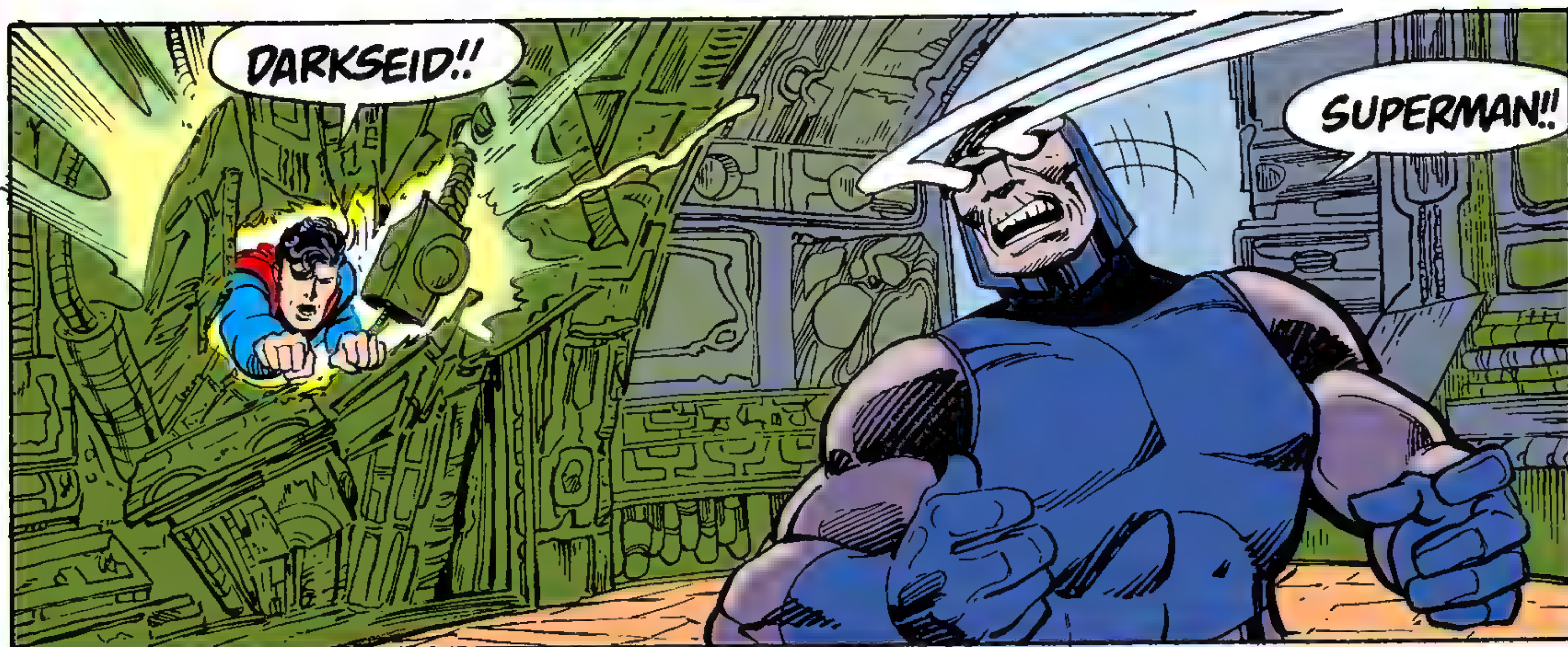
...SO
EASY...

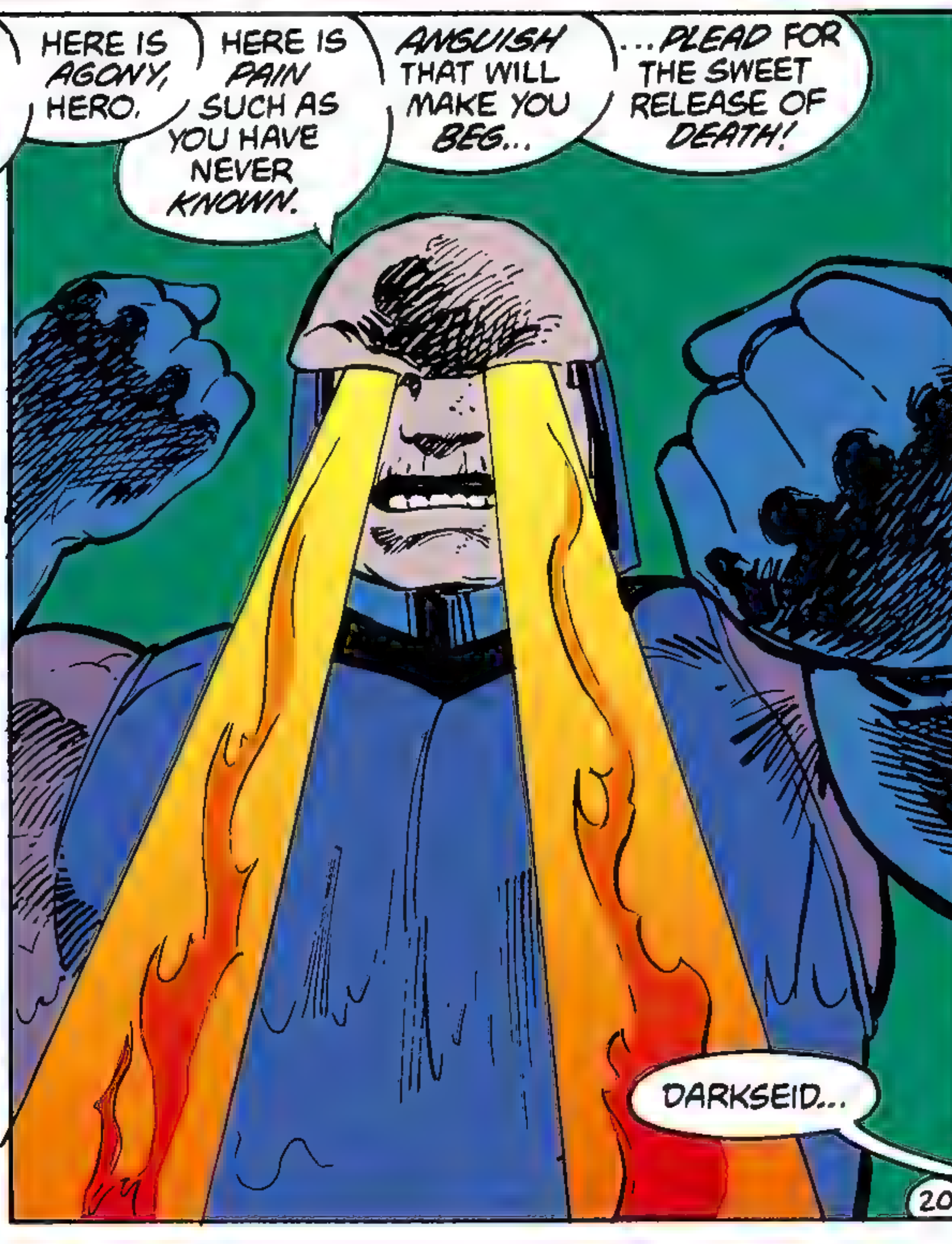
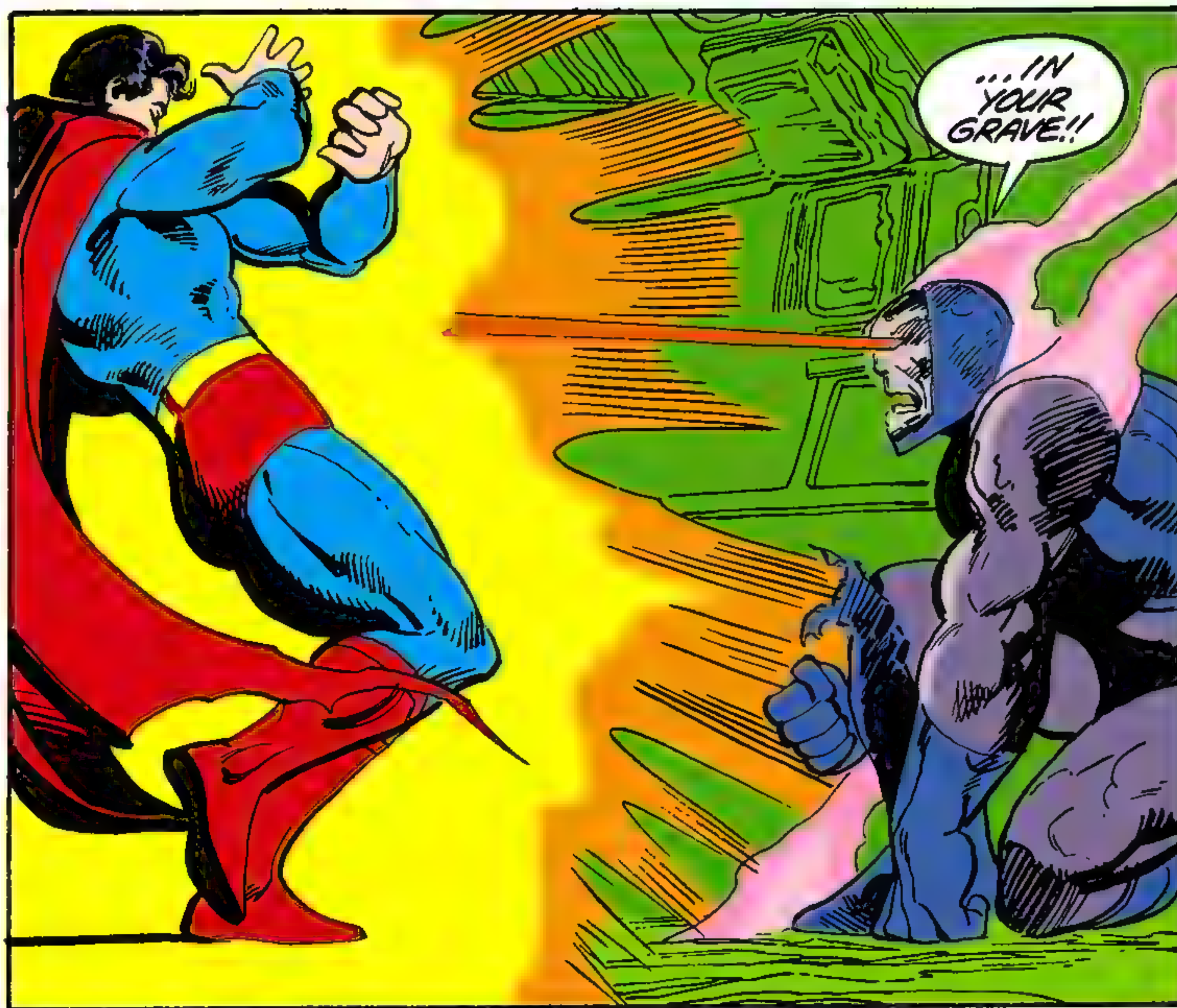
...TO
CATCH ME!

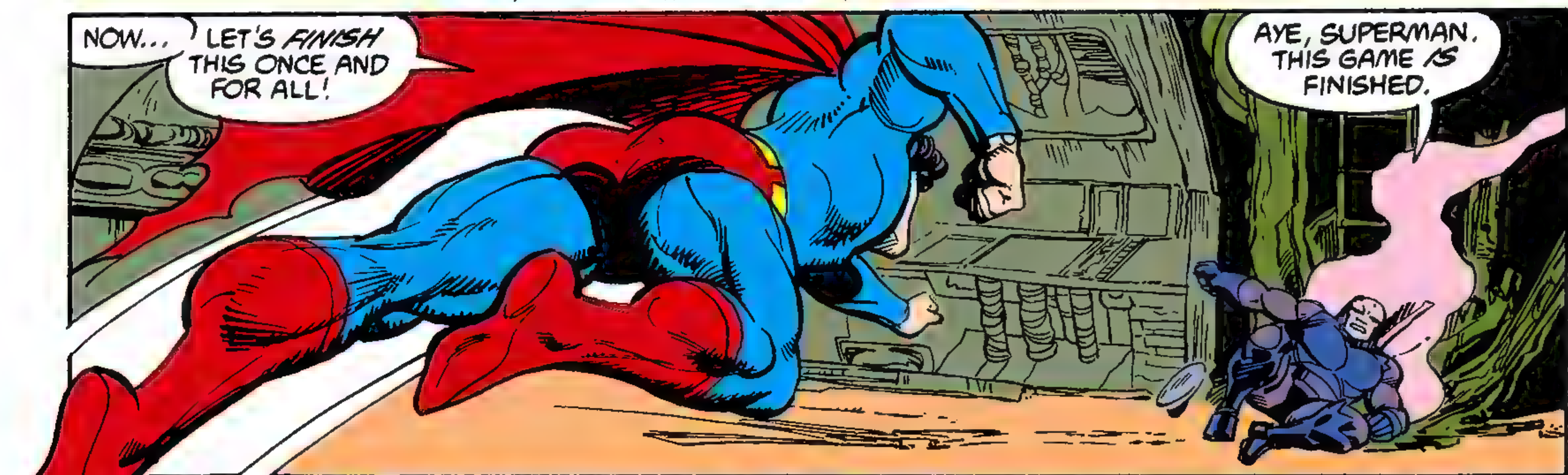
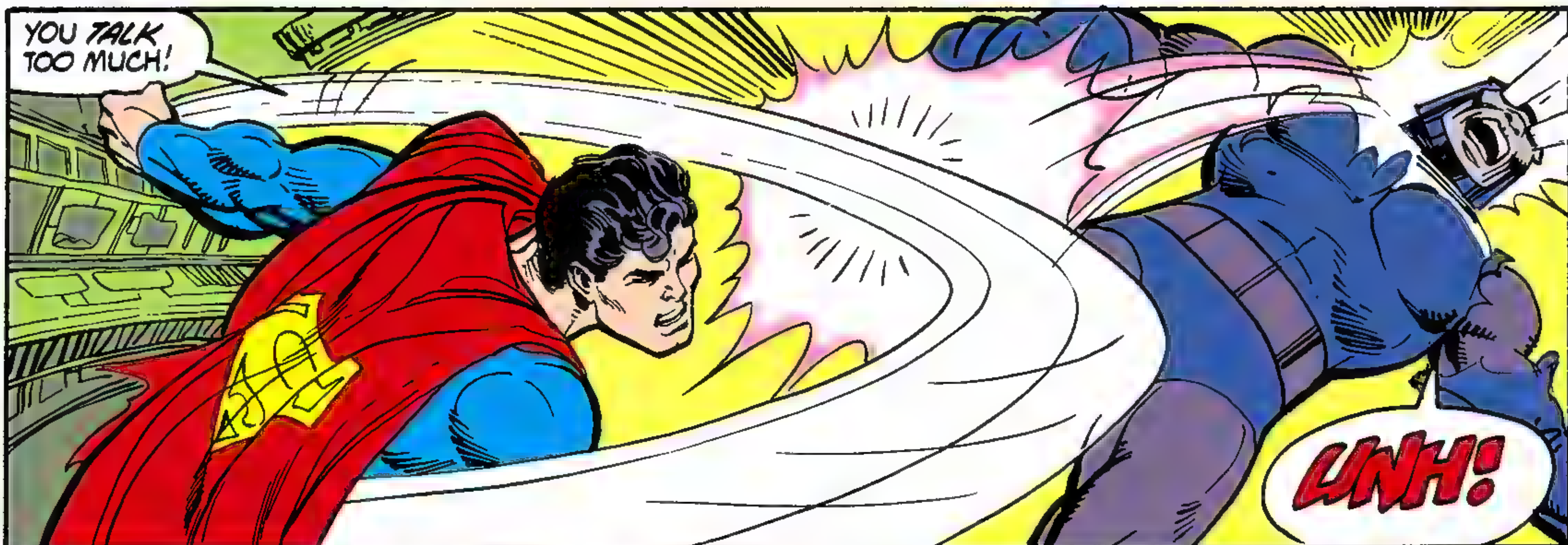


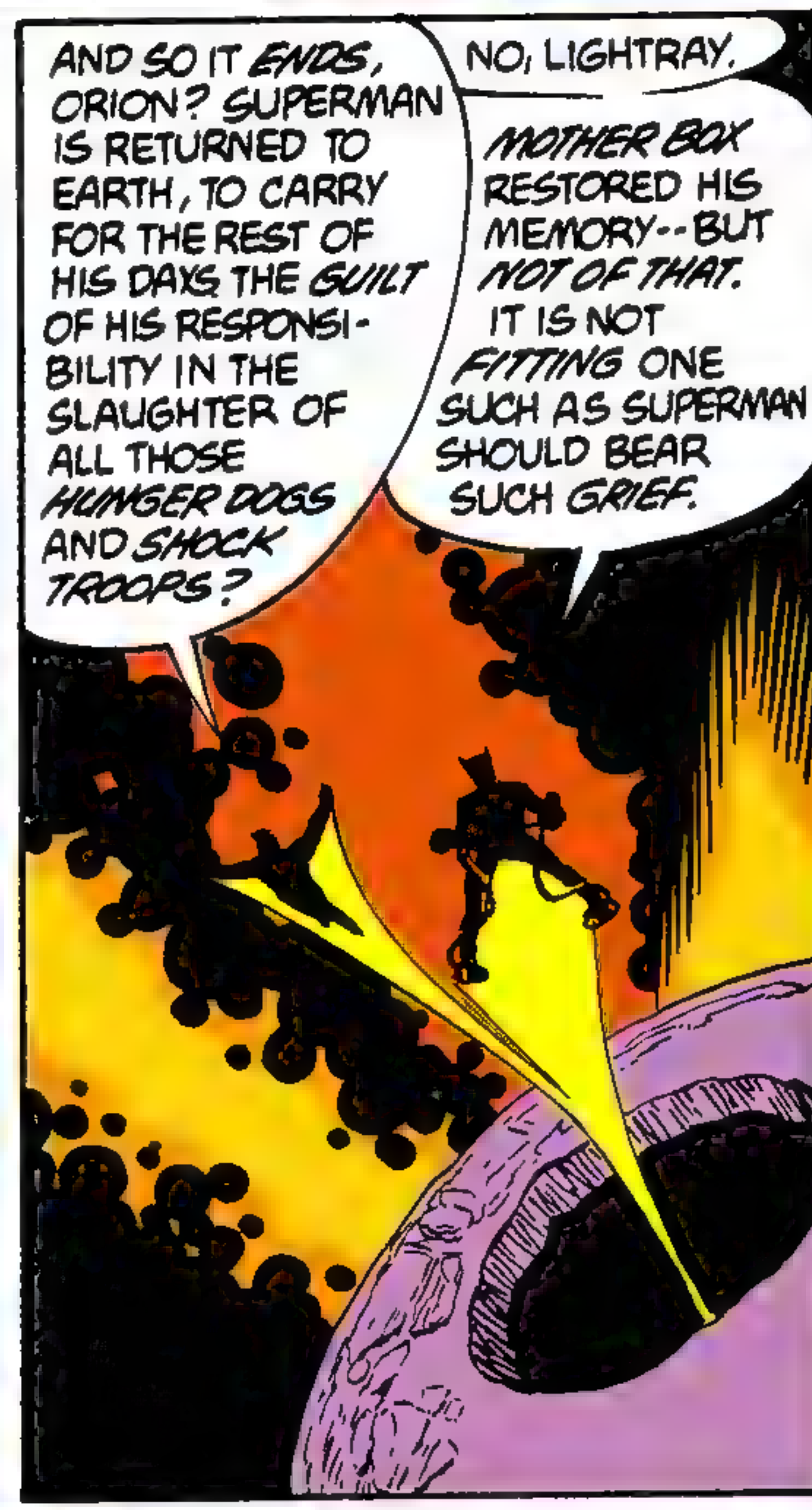
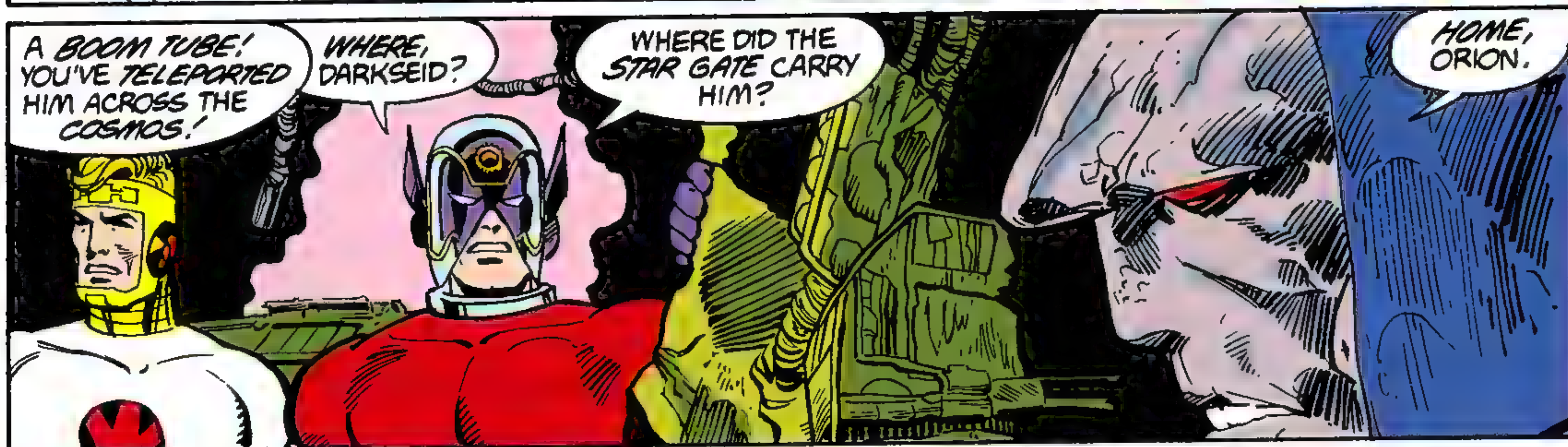
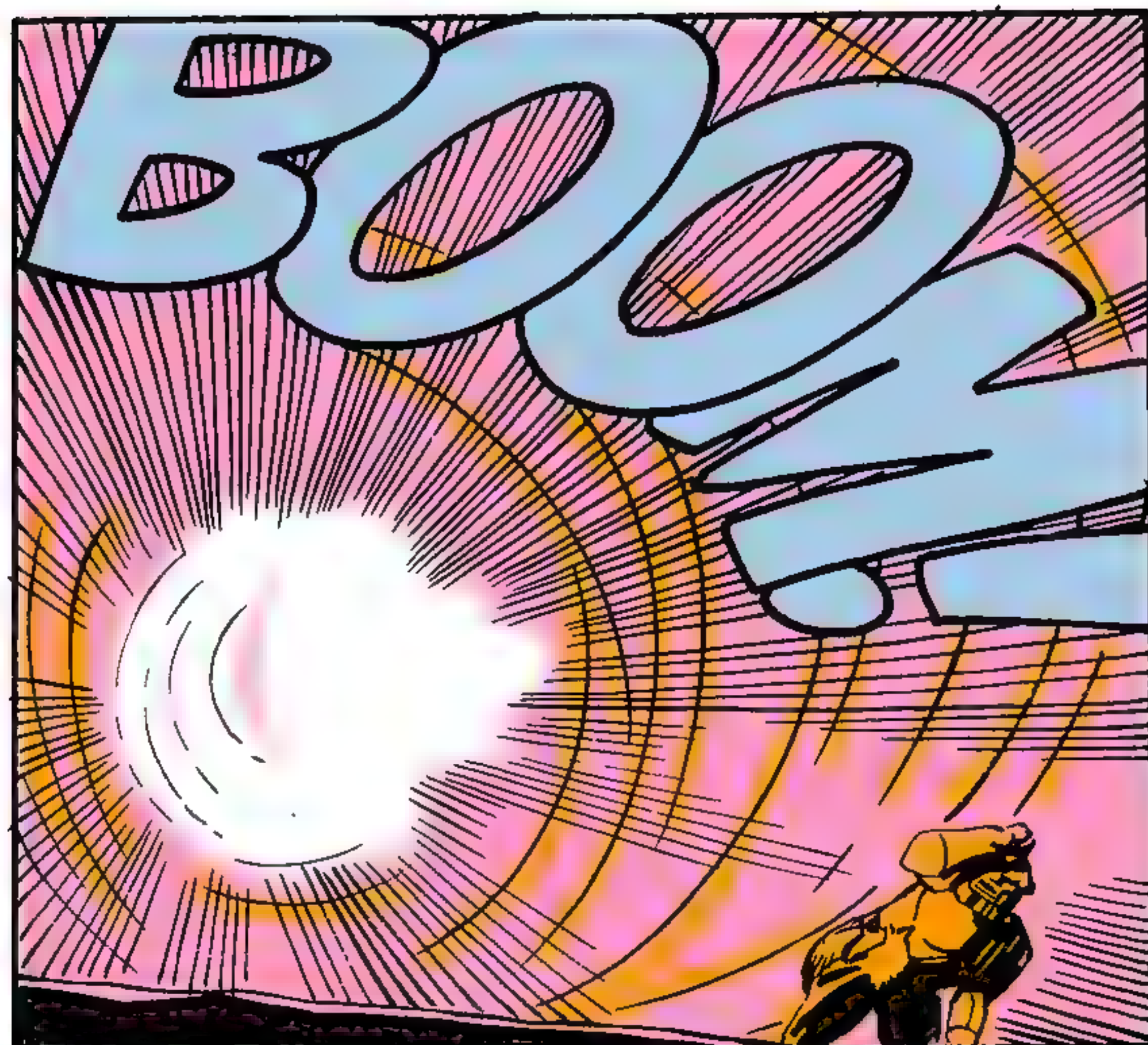
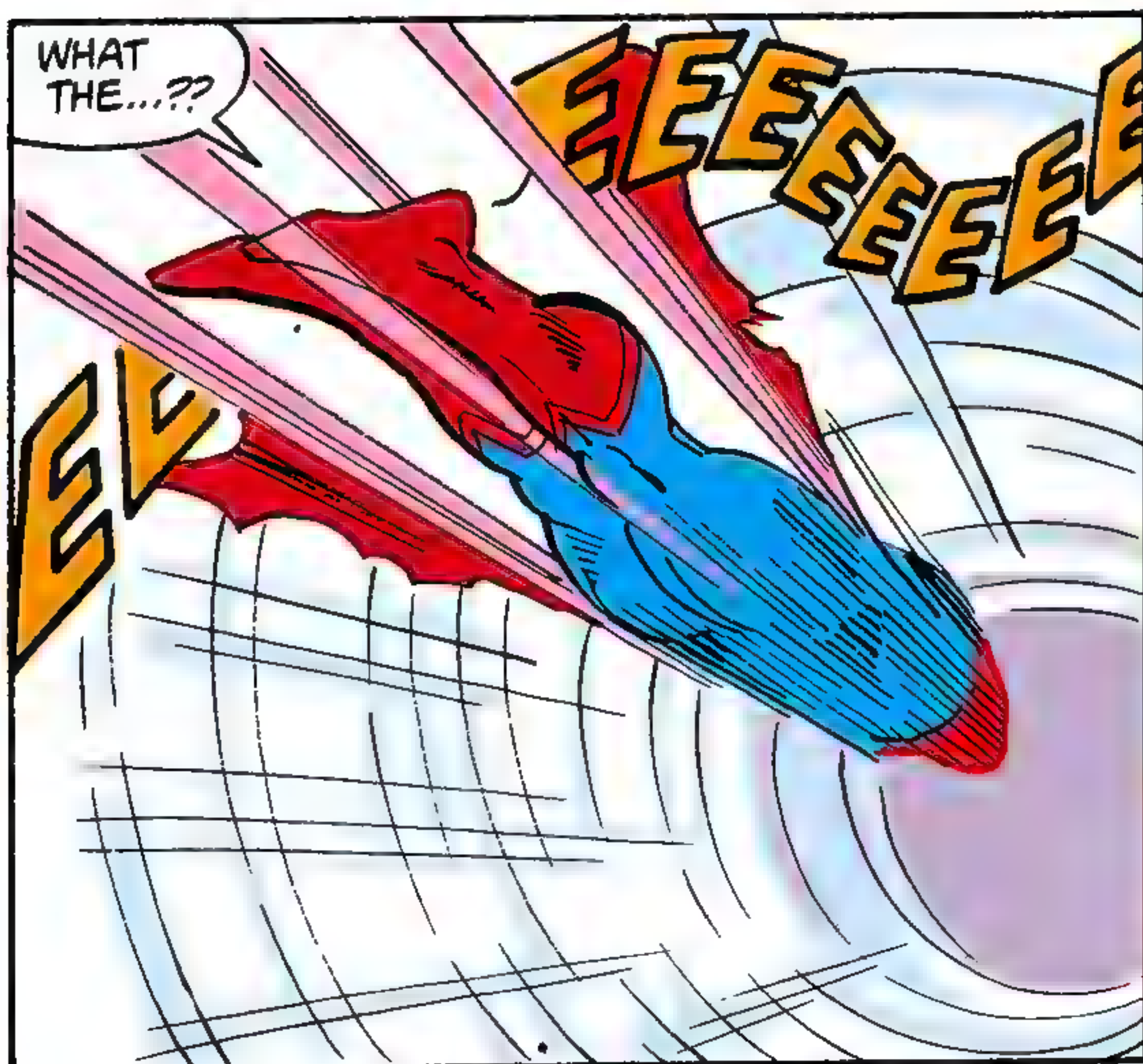
ENOUGH
PLAYING
TAG.

TIME TO
TAKE THIS
FIGHT TO
DARKSEID'S
OWN
DOORSTEP.











HIS NAME IS
BILLY
BATSON--

--AND HE IS
HAUNTED!

HAUNTED BY
MEMORIES--



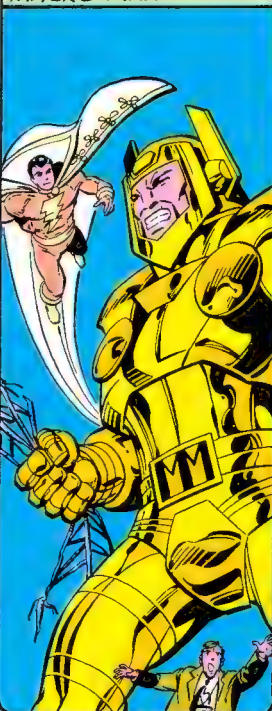
--MEMORIES
OF A
SWIFTLY-
SPOKEN
MAGIC
WORD--

SHAZAM!



--OF AN ANSWER-
ING FLASH OF
MYSTIC
LIGHTNING--

--OF A BRUTAL
CONFRONTATION WITH
THE MONSTROUS
MACRO-MAN--



--OF THE SUDDEN
THREAT OF
CRUSHING DEATH
AND A DESPERATE
BID FOR
FREEDOM--

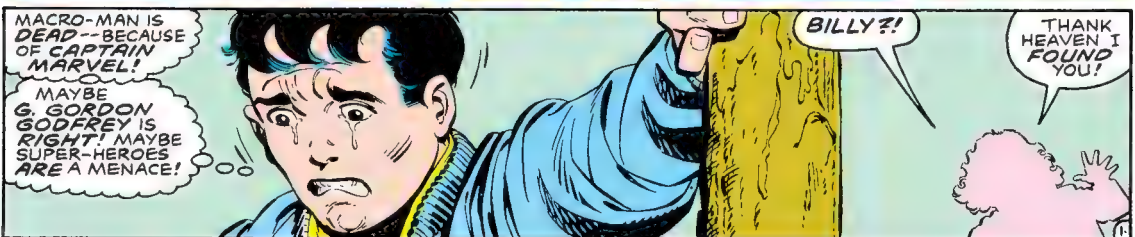
SHAZAM!



--AND OF THE
RESULTANT
CATASTROPHE
THAT SUDDENLY
INCINERATED
MACRO-MAN
WHERE HE STOOD!

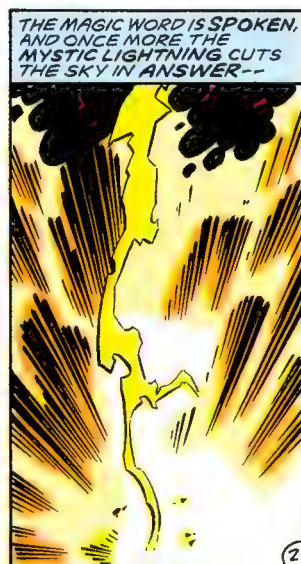
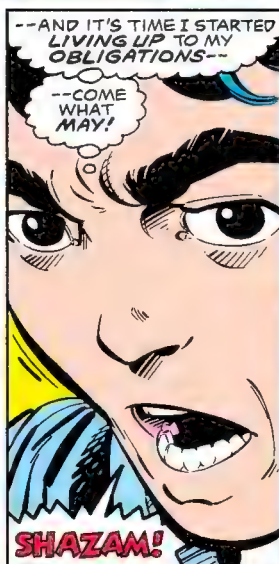
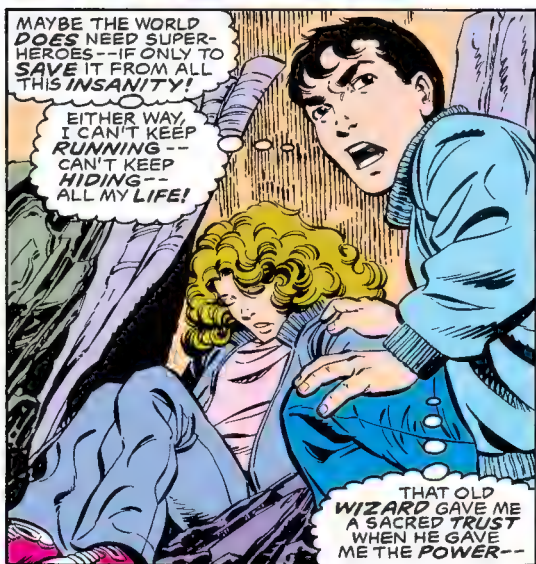
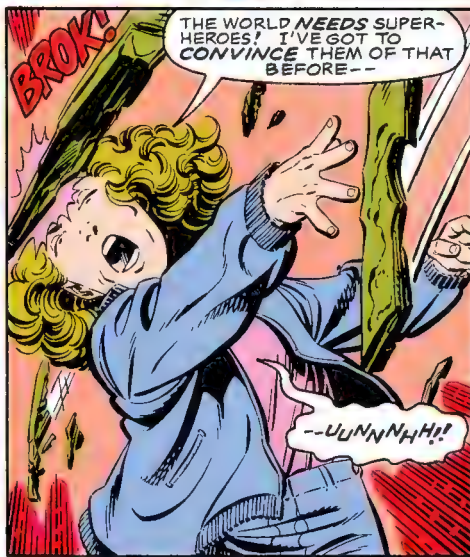
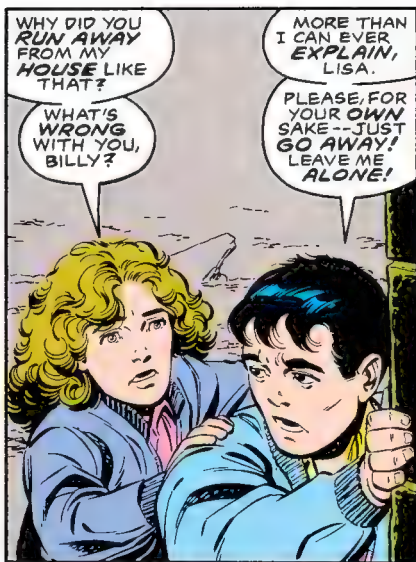
MACRO-MAN IS
DEAD--BECAUSE
OF CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

MAYBE
G. GORDON
GODFREY IS
RIGHT! MAYBE
SUPER-HEROES
ARE A MENACE!



BILLY?!

THANK
HEAVEN I
FOUND
YOU!



--TRANSFORMING A DETERMINED
BILLY BATSON AGAIN INTO
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL--

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

FOR BETTER
OR WORSE,
I'M BACK--

--AND THIS
TIME IT'S TO
STAY!

**"LET SLIP
THE DOGS
OF WAR!"**

JOHN
OSTRANDER
PLOTTER

LEN
WEIN
SCRIPTER

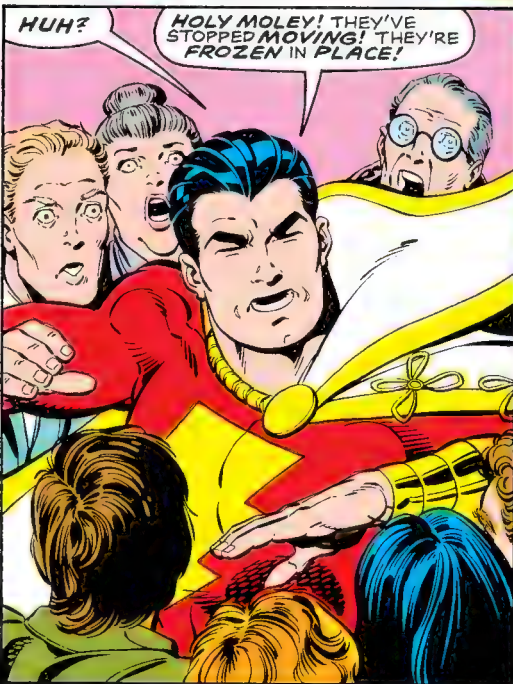
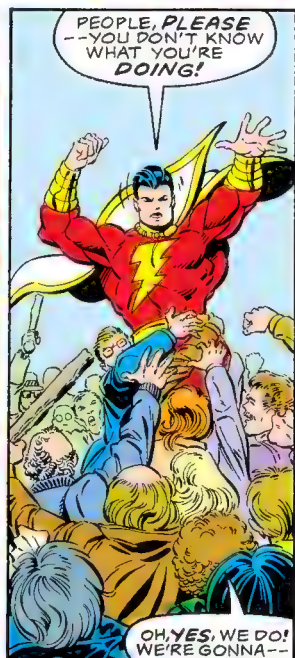
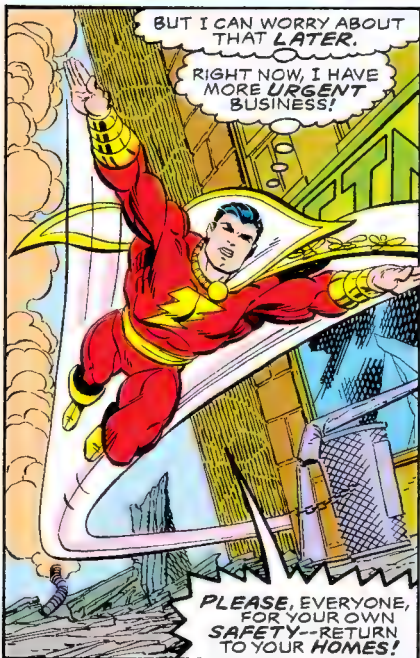
JOHN
BYRNE
PENCILLER

KARL
KESEL
INKER

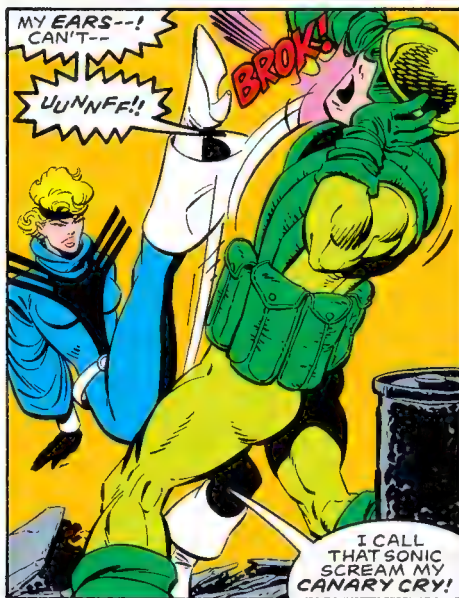
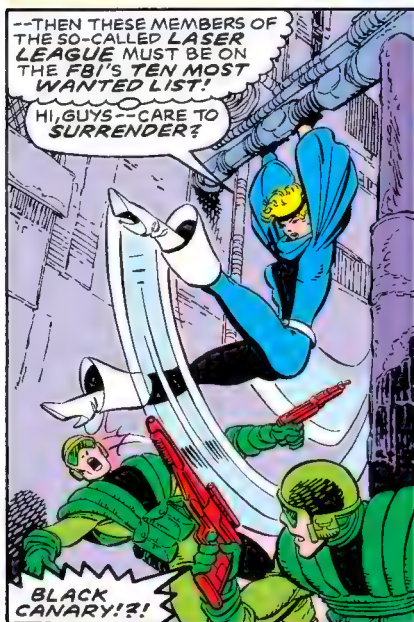
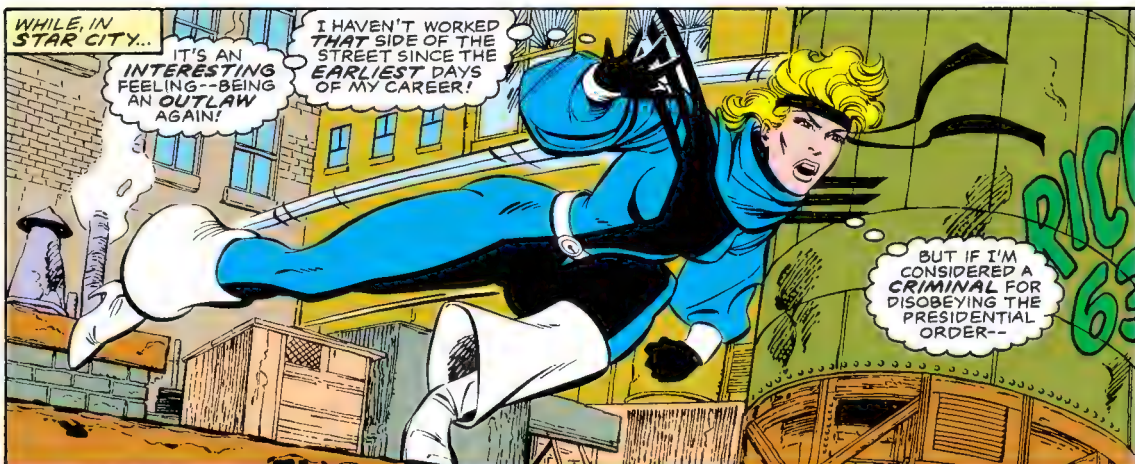
STEVE HAYNIE
LETTERER

TOM ZIUKO
COLORIST

MIKE GOLD
EDITOR

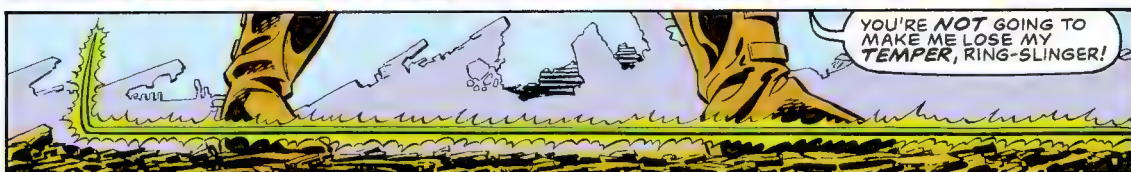
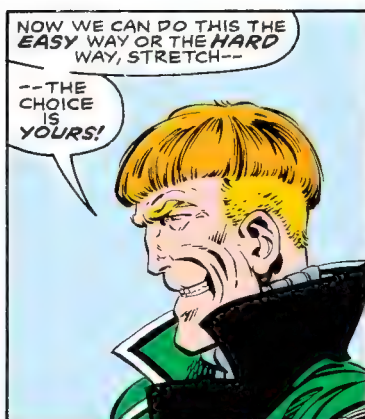


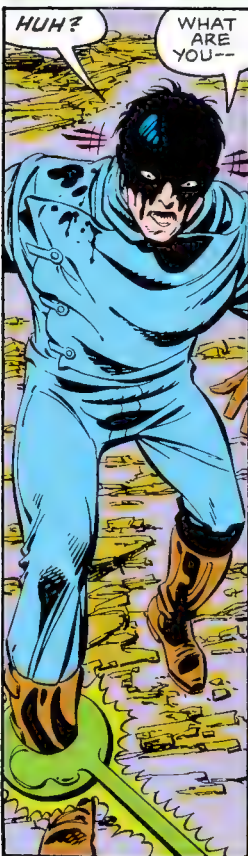
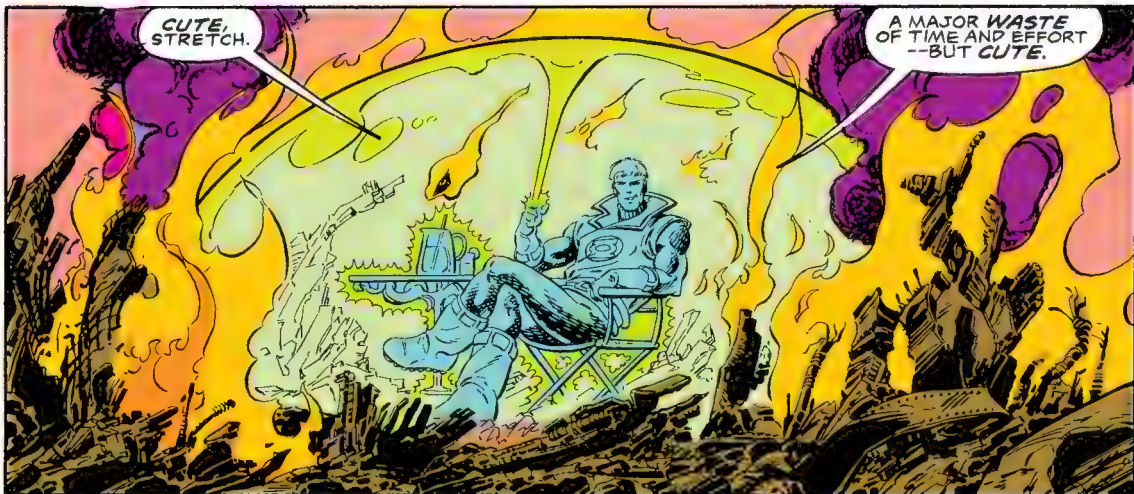
AND HE IS GONE.



AND SHE IS GONE.









--AND THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH POWER TO DESTROY A FOOL LIKE YOU!

SHZZAKK!

HO-HUM.

SO YOU KEEP SAYING!



STOP IT, BLAST YOU!

STOP LAUGHING AT ME!



ONCE I FREE MYSELF FROM THIS STUPID GREEN SHACKLE, I'M GOING TO--

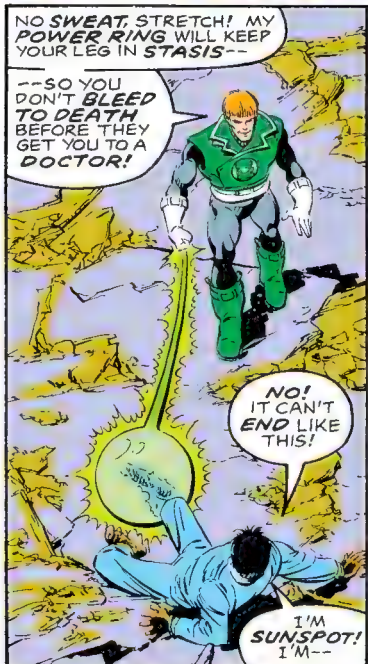
SHZZAKK!



--AARRGGHH!

MY FOOT --!

I'VE BURNED OFF MY FOOT --!



NO SWEAT, STRETCH! MY POWER RING WILL KEEP YOUR LEG IN STASIS--

--SO YOU DON'T BLEED TO DEATH BEFORE THEY GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

NO! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!

I'M SUNSPOT! I'M--



--HISTORY, PAL!

TRY USING YOUR POWER AGAIN-- AND YOU'LL HAVE A STUMP ON YOUR WRIST TO MATCH THE ONE ON YOUR LEG!

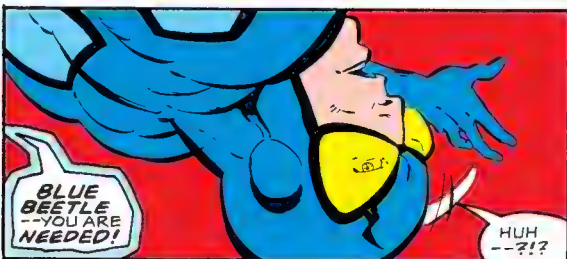
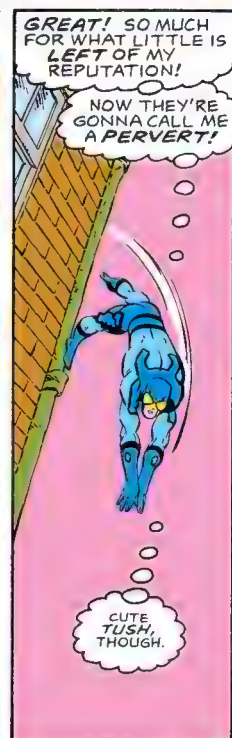
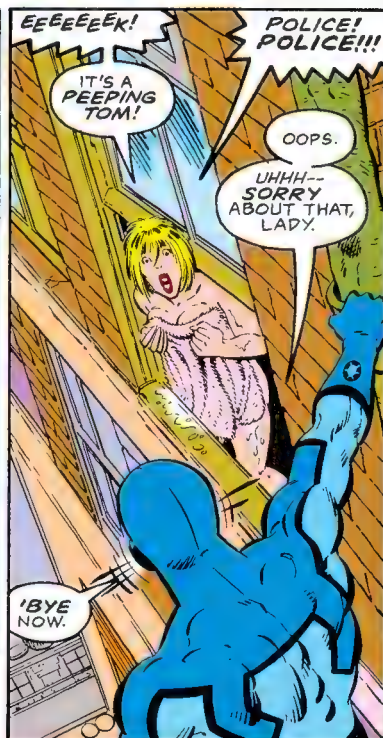
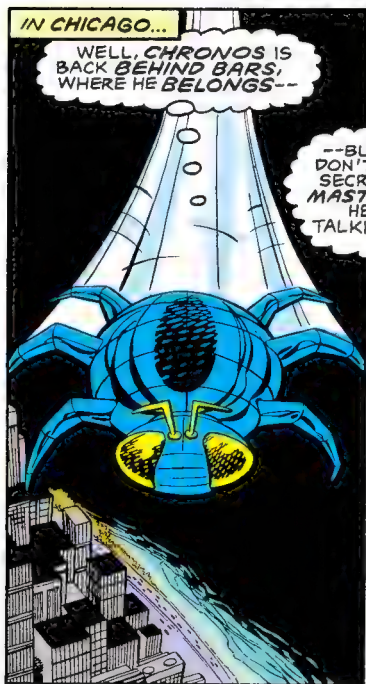
NOW LET'S--



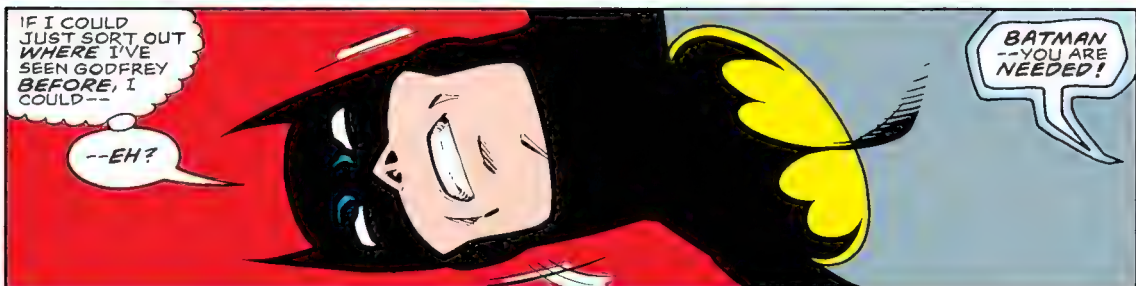
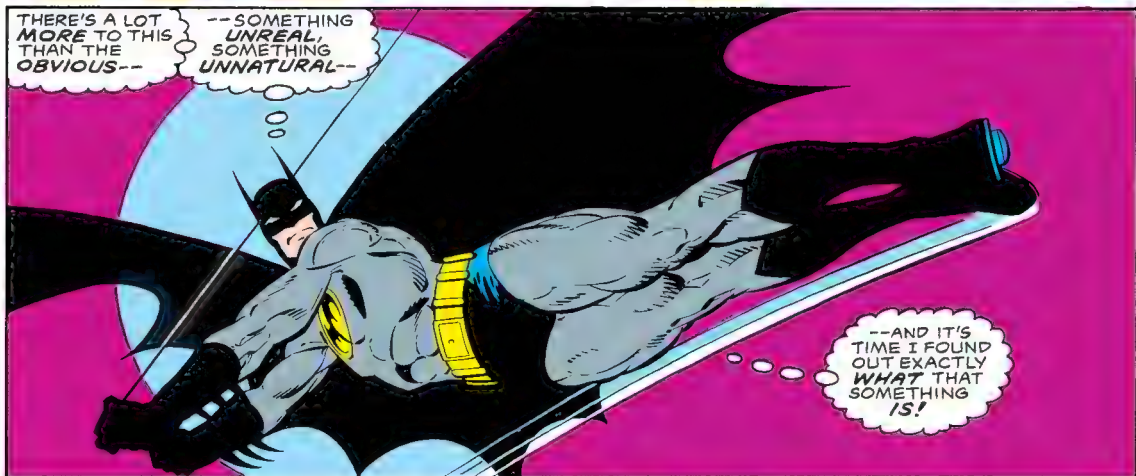
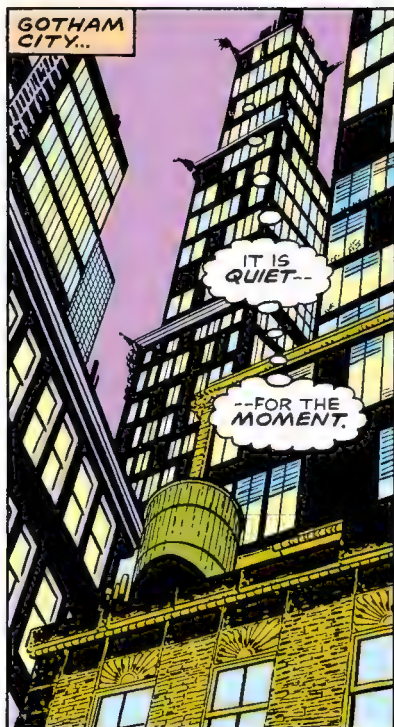
GREEN LANTERN--YOU ARE NEEDED!

HUH --?!

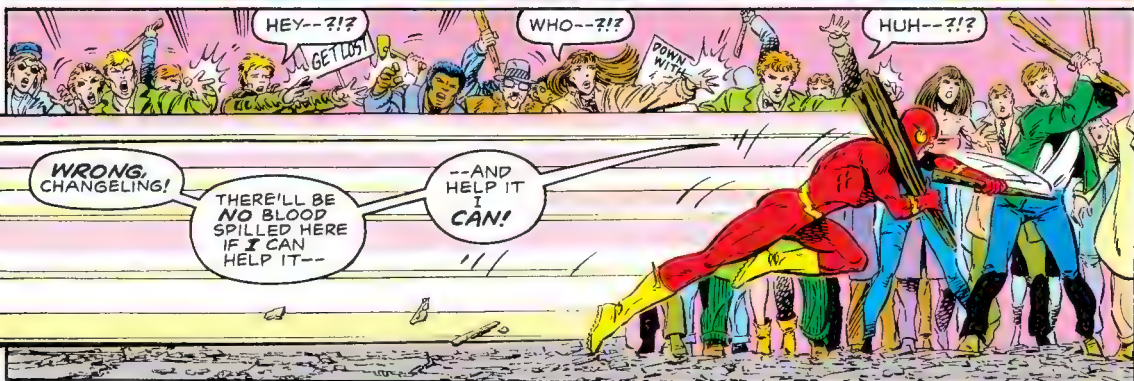
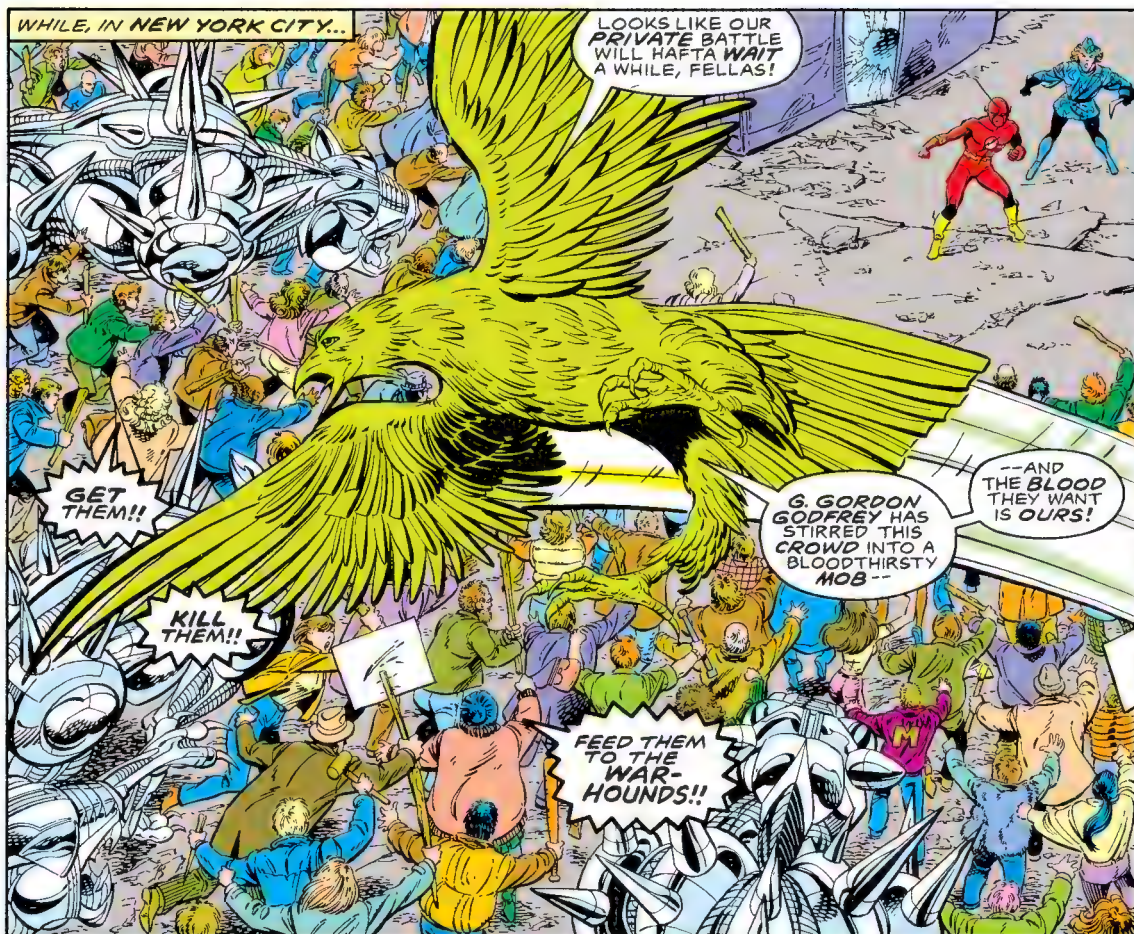
AND HE IS GONE.

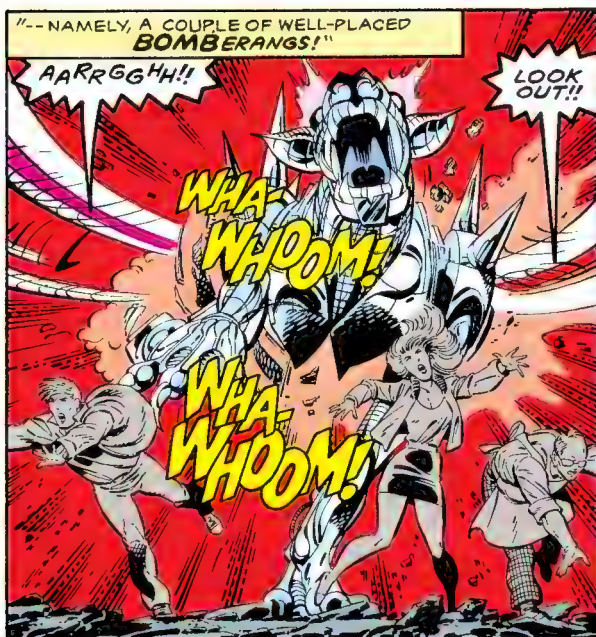


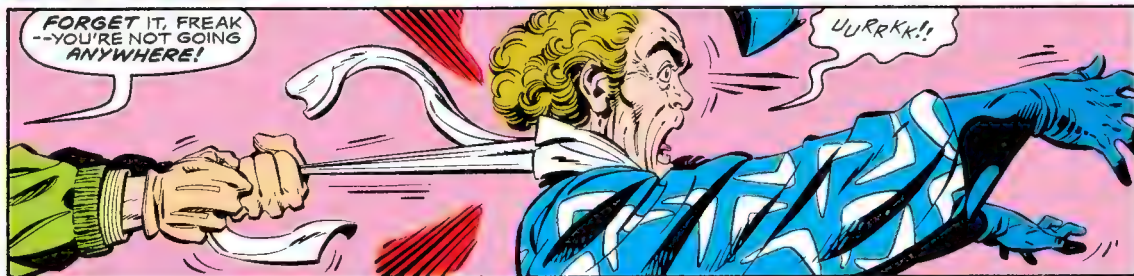
AND HE IS GONE.



AND HE IS GONE.







AND THEY ARE GONE.

THE WHITE HOUSE:

SUPERMAN, ALL ACROSS **AMERICA**, THE SITUATION IS GETTING **WORSE!**

UNLIKE **YOURSELF**, MOST OF YOUR FELLOW COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTERS HAVE CHOSEN TO **IGNORE MY RESTRAINING ORDER--**

--AND THE **RESULT** HAS BEEN **NATION-WIDE RIOTING AND CHAOS!**

THAT'S TRULY **REGRETTABLE**, MISTER PRESIDENT.

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** ABOUT IT?

WELL, I TRIED TO SEND IN THE **MILITARY**, BUT **THAT** DIDN'T WORK--

--SINCE **MOST** OF THE SOLDIERS QUICKLY **DEFECTED** OVER TO **GODFREY'S** SIDE!

AND **NOW** WE'VE STARTED TO RECEIVE REPORTS OF VARIOUS **SUPER-HEROES** SUDDENLY **DISAPPEARING** ALL AROUND THE **COUNTRY--!**

THAT **COULD** BE THE WORK OF **DARKSEID**, SIR!

HE **SNATCHED ME** EARLIER TODAY!

A **LOGICAL** THEORY--BUT QUITE **INCORRECT!**

DOCTOR FATE!?!

HERE --?!?

I GO WHERE DUTY CALLS ME!

I **DO** WHAT MUST BE **DONE!**

SIR, YOUR **ACTIONS** ARE IN **DIRECT OPPOSITION** TO MY **EXECUTIVE ORDER!**

UNFORTUNATE, MISTER PRESIDENT--

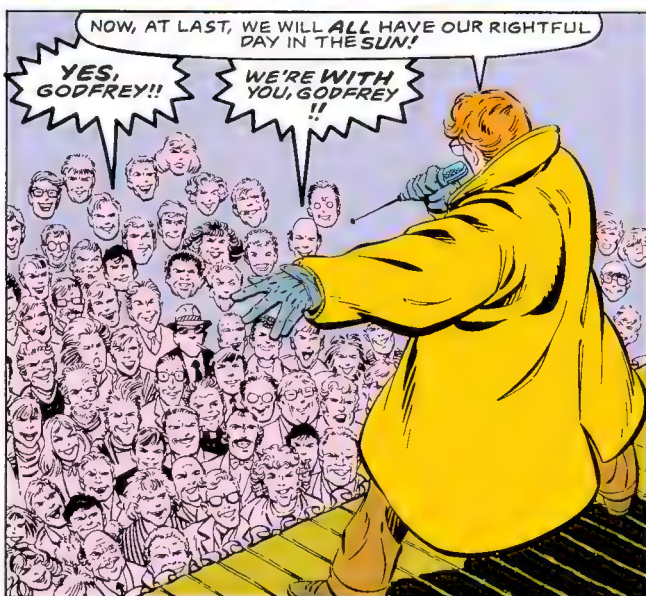
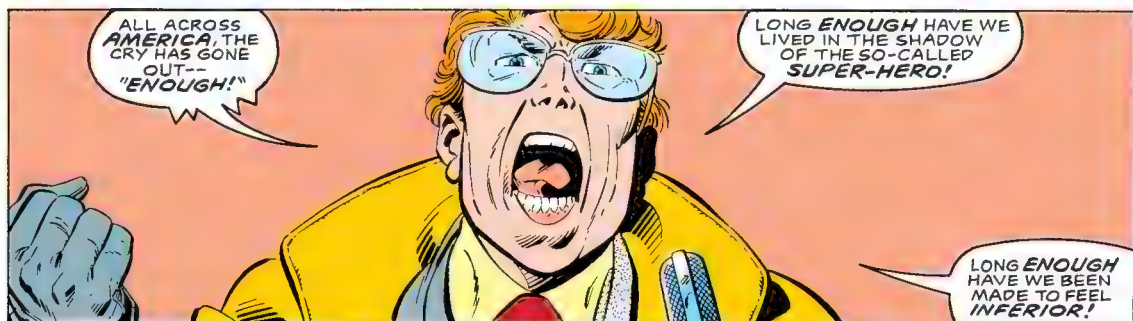
--BUT I SERVE A **HIGHER** **AUTHORITY!**

THE **FATE** OF YOUR ENTIRE **WORLD** IS AT **STAKE** HERE--

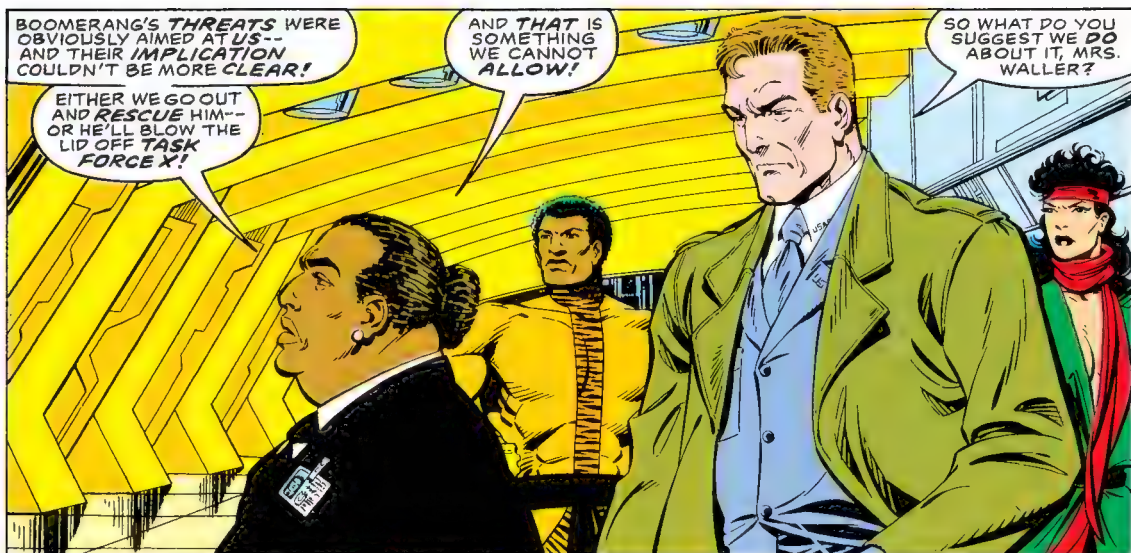
--AND **FATE** IS MY **PROVINCE!**

SUPER-MAN --YOU ARE **NEEDED!**

AND THEY ARE GONE.







BOOMERANG'S *THREATS* WERE OBVIOUSLY AIMED AT *US*-- AND THEIR *IMPLICATION* COULDN'T BE MORE CLEAR!

AND *THAT* IS SOMETHING WE CANNOT ALLOW!

SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO ABOUT IT, MRS. WALLER?

EITHER WE GO OUT AND *RESCUE* HIM-- OR HE'LL BLOW THE LIP OFF *TASK FORCE X*!



WHAT DO YOU *THINK* I'M SUGGESTING, COLONEL? EITHER YOU AND THE OTHERS *RESCUE* CAPTAIN BOOMERANG--

--OR YOU *ELIMINATE* HIM!

WHICHEVER SEEMS *EASIER*...

I WILL NOT ALLOW *TASK FORCE X* TO BE COMPROMISED!



YOU'RE TALKING *MURDER* HERE, AMANDA--AND I WON'T ALLOW THAT!

I'M TALKING *NATIONAL DEFENSE*, FLAG--

--AND YOU MAY NOT HAVE ANY *CHOICE*!



I LEAVE THE *FINAL* DECISION UP TO YOU, COLONEL.

YOU KNOW WHAT THE *STAKES* ARE!

I TRUST YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



SHE'S *RIGHT*-- DAMN HER!

WHEN THE *TIME* COMES, I'LL DO WHATEVER I *HAVE* TO DO TO *PROTECT* THIS PROJECT--

--WHATEVER I HAVE TO DO--

--GOD HELP ME.

THEY CALLED HIM "THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR"--AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HOLD HIM ALMOST SINGLE-HANDEDLY RESPONSIBLE FOR PRESERVING THIS GREAT NATION DURING ITS TRAGIC CIVIL WAR...

BUT IF ABRAHAM LINCOLN WERE TO LOOK DOWN TODAY FROM THE GREAT MARBLE STATUE CARVED IN HIS HONOR THAT STANDS AT THE END OF THE WASHINGTON MALL--



--HE MIGHT WELL WONDER IF HIS ULTIMATE SACRIFICE HAD BEEN TRULY WORTH THE EFFORT...

OUR TIME HAS COME, MY FRIENDS!

THE MOMENT OF THE COMMON MAN FINALLY HAS ARRIVED!

THE MOMENT WHEN WE SHALL THROW DOWN THE SYSTEM THAT HAS STRUGGLED TO SUPPRESS US--

--SO THAT WE MAY RAISE UP ANOTHER, BETTER SOCIETY IN ITS PLACE!

WE'RE WITH YOU, GODFREY!!

DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT!!

DOWN WITH SUPER-HEROES!!

YES, MY FRIENDS --FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, WE ARE DONE WITH THE DANGEROUS CONCEPT OF THE HEROIC IDEAL!

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, ALL MEN ARE CREATED TRULY EQUAL--

--ANSWERABLE TO ONLY ONE AUTHORITY--

--THE TRUE AUTHORITY --!

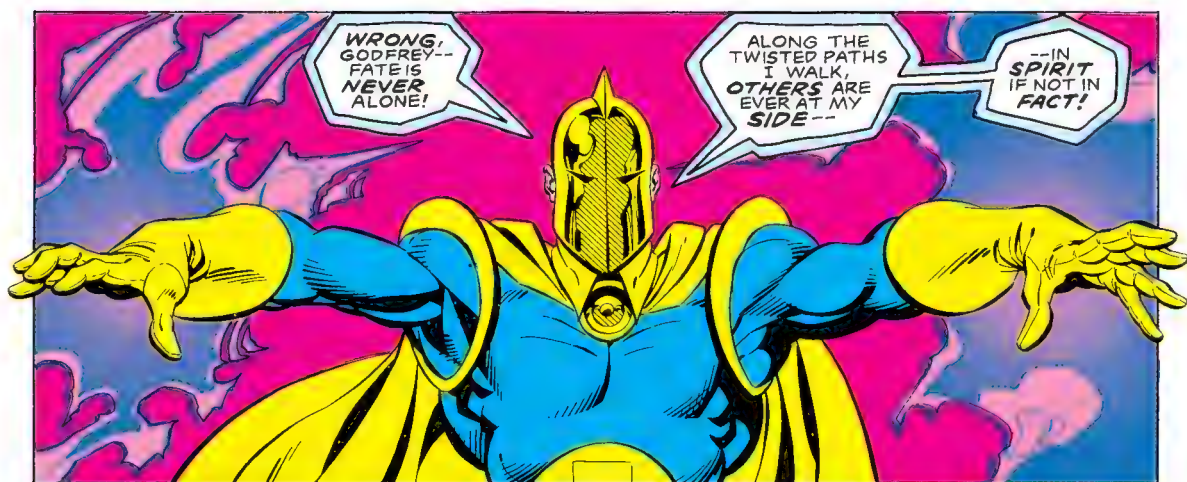
AND WE KNOW WHO THAT AUTHORITY IS--

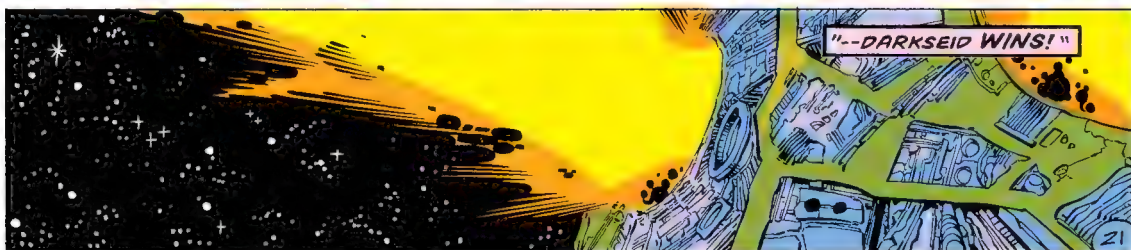
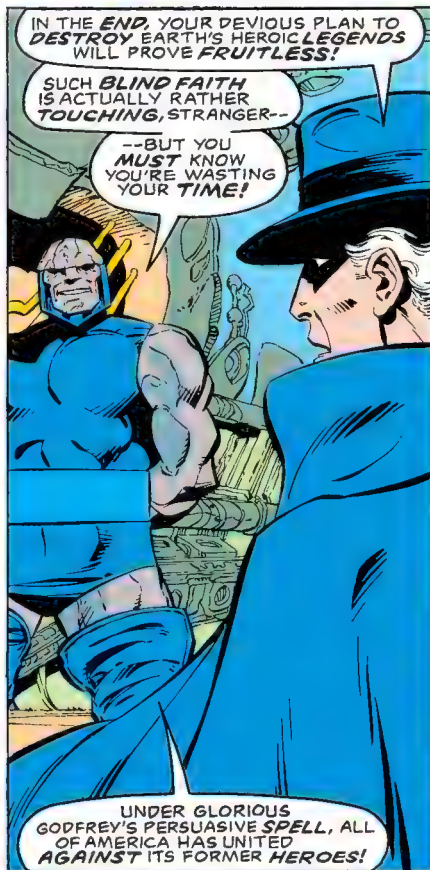
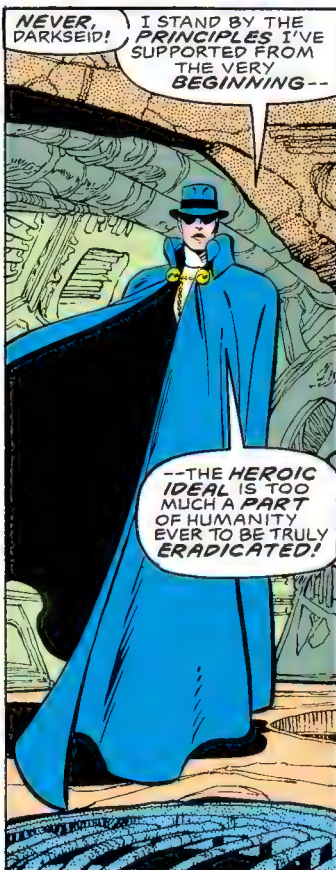
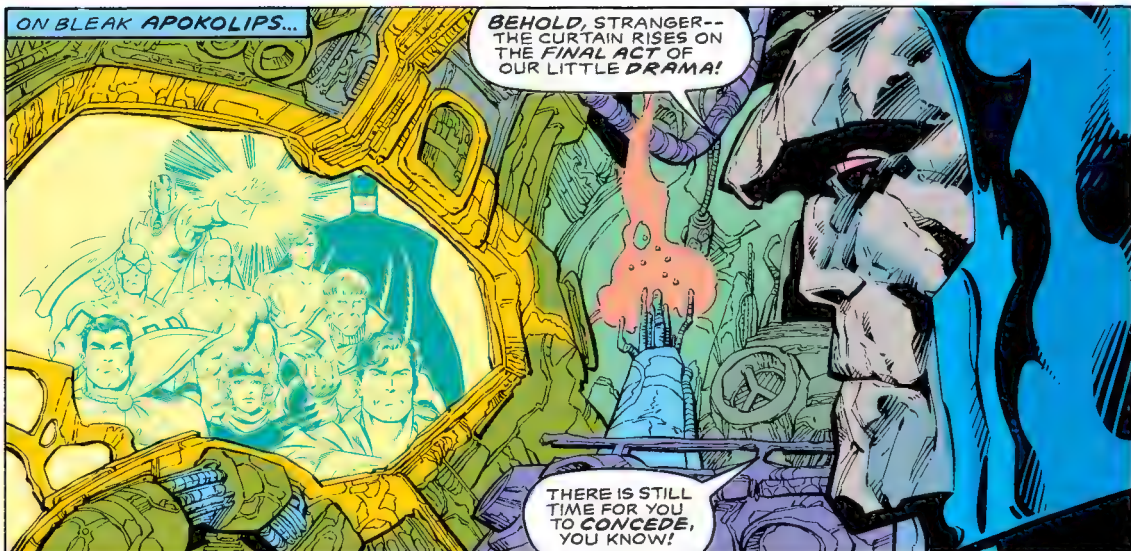
--DON'T WE, GODFREY?!

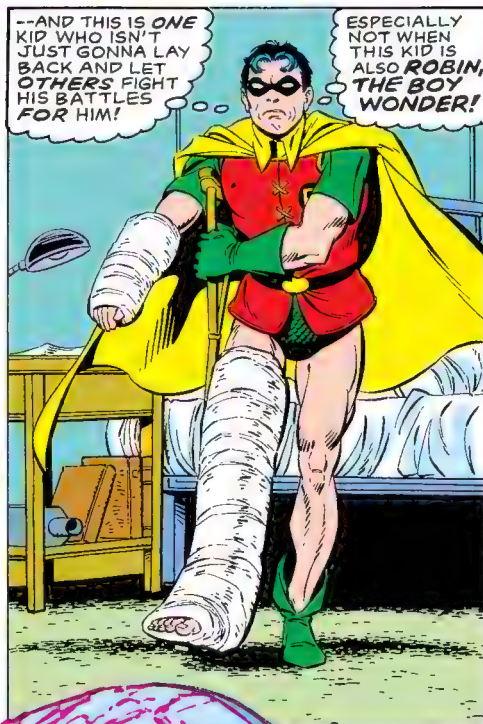
WHAT --?!?

YOU MUST BE MAD, MASKED MAN--COMING HERE, INTO THE PRESENCE OF YOUR ENEMIES!

WE ARE LEGION--AND YOU ARE ALONE!







AND, BACK ON DESOLATE APOKOLIPS, DARKSEID'S HUMBLE HUNGER DOGS HEAR THE SHUDDERING ECHO OF THEIR MASTER'S MOCKING LAUGHTER--

--AND PULL THEIR SHUTTERS TIGHT AGAINST THE COMING STORM!



NEXT MONTH:
"FINALE!"
BE HERE!

SUNG IN THE CATHEDRALS, WHISPERED IN THE SHADOWS, EVER UNCHANGING, SELDOM UNCHANGED, BRIGHT INCANDESCENCE, THE BLACK OF THE PIT, SUCH IS THE STUFF OF...

THE PLANET
APOKOLIPS,
VERY EMBODIMENT
OF DESOLATION
AND MISERY.

LEGENDS

"FINALE!"

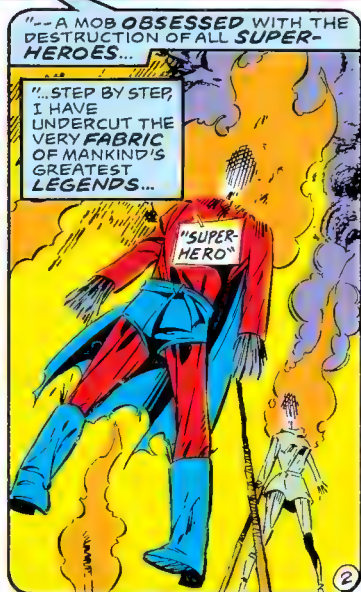
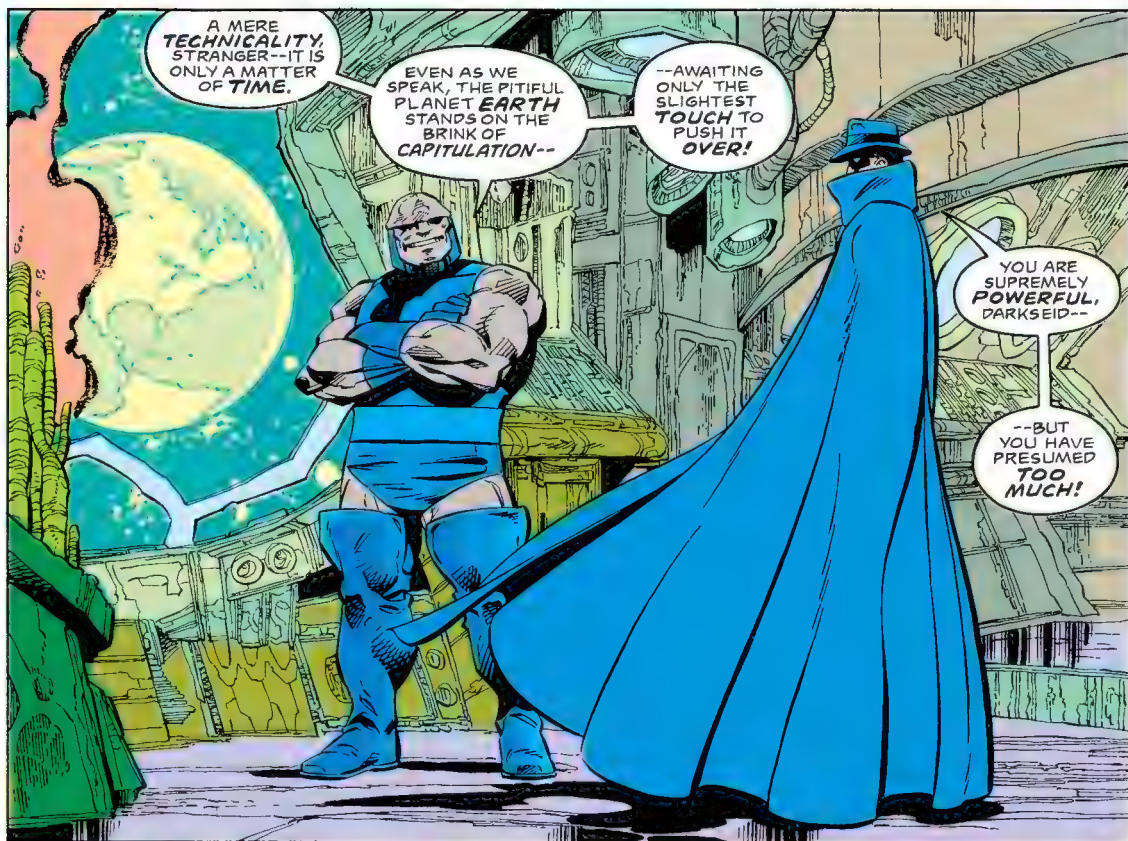
VICTORY
IS FINALLY
MINE,
STRANGER--

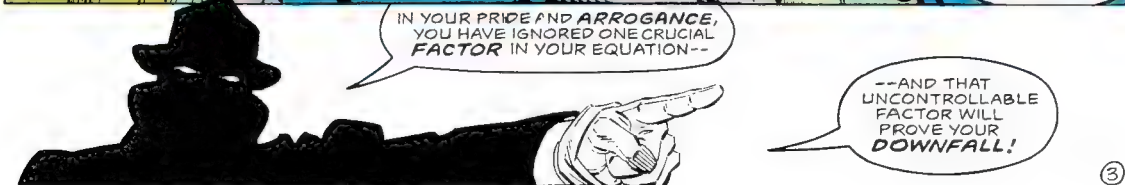
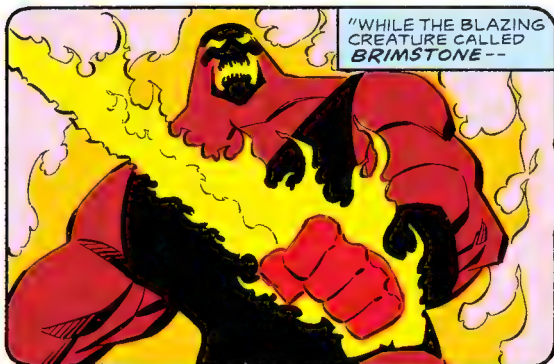
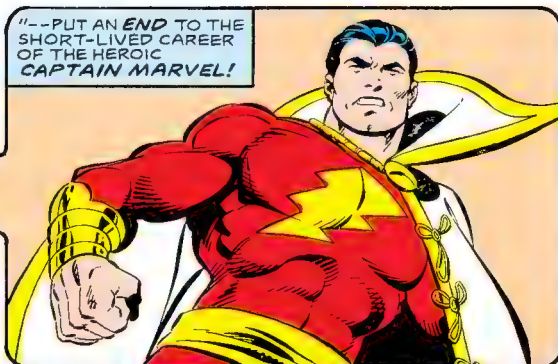
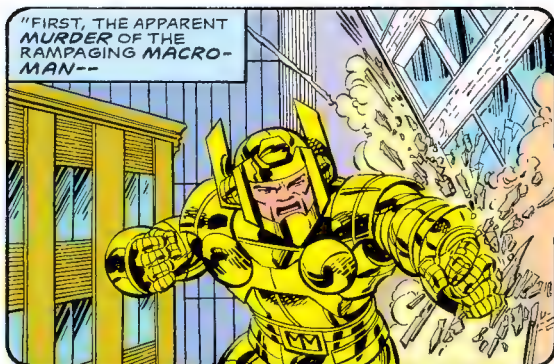
--AND
NEVER HAS
ANYTHING
TASTED SO
SWEET!

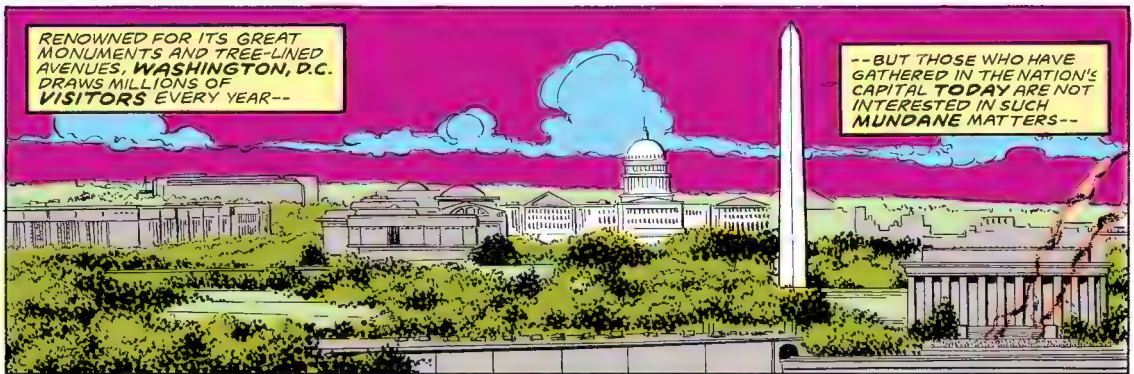
YOUR
CELEBRATION
SEEMS A TRIFLE
PREMATURE,
DARKSEID!

THE
BATTLE
IS NOT YET
OVER!

JOHN OSTRANDER	LEN WEIN
PLOTTER	SCRIPTER
JOHN BYRNE	KARL KESEL (1-20) & DENNIS JANKE (21-30)
PENCILLER	INKERS
STEVE HAYNIE	LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD	COLORIST
MIKE GOLD	EDITOR

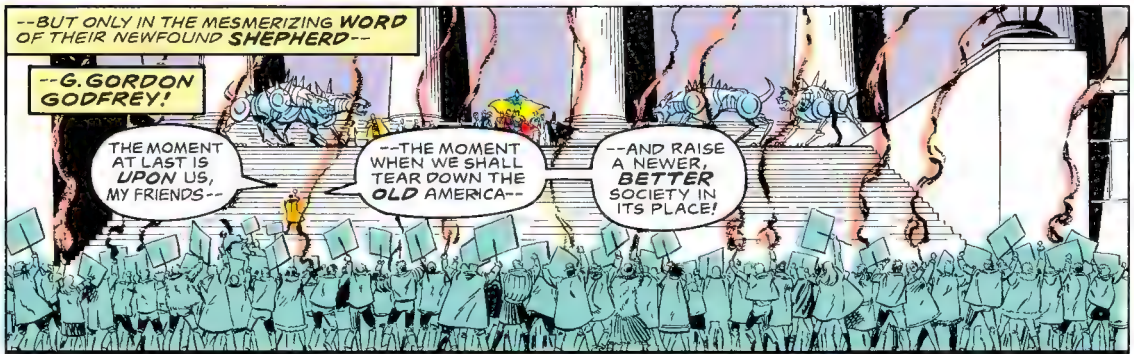






RENOWNED FOR ITS GREAT MONUMENTS AND TREE-LINED AVENUES, **WASHINGTON, D.C.** DRAWS MILLIONS OF VISITORS EVERY YEAR--

--BUT THOSE WHO HAVE GATHERED IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL **TODAY** ARE NOT INTERESTED IN SUCH MUNDANE MATTERS--



--BUT ONLY IN THE MESMERIZING WORD OF THEIR NEWFOUND **SHEPHERD**--

--**G. GORDON GODFREY!**

THE MOMENT AT LAST IS **UPON US**, MY FRIENDS--

--THE MOMENT WHEN WE SHALL **TEAR DOWN THE OLD AMERICA**--

--AND RAISE A NEWER, **BETTER** SOCIETY IN ITS PLACE!



THE ONLY THING THAT REMAINS IN OUR WAY IS **THEM**--THOSE SO-CALLED **SUPER-HEROES!**

DESPITE THE PRESIDENT'S **DIRECT ORDER**, THEY STAND BEFORE US--

--IN DIRECT DEFIANCE OF ALL WE **BELIEVE!**

HOW LONG WILL WE LET THEM **MOCK** US, MY FRIENDS --**HOW LONG?**



I SEE GODFREY HASN'T CHANGED HIS **TUNE** AT ALL, **DOCTOR FATE!**

THE **MARTIAN MANHUNTER** --?!?

BUT I DID NOT **SUMMON** YOU!

NEVERTHELESS, I GO WHERE I AM **NEEDED!**

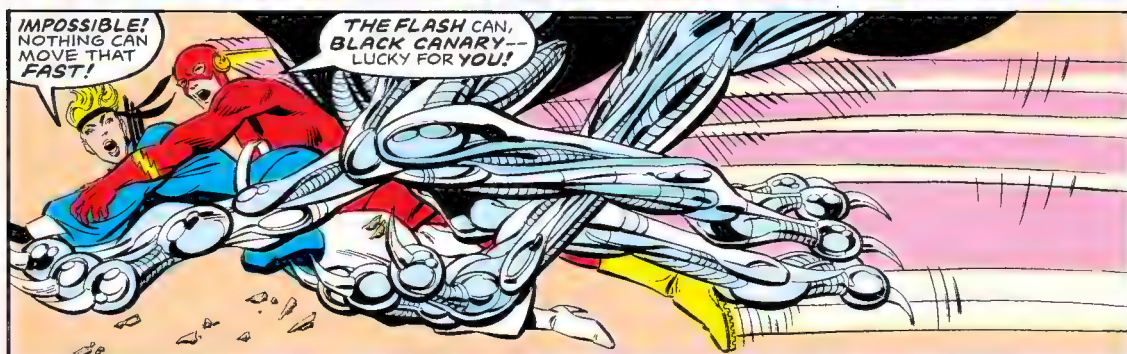
WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY NEEDED **HERE**, MANHUNTER--**WELCOME!**

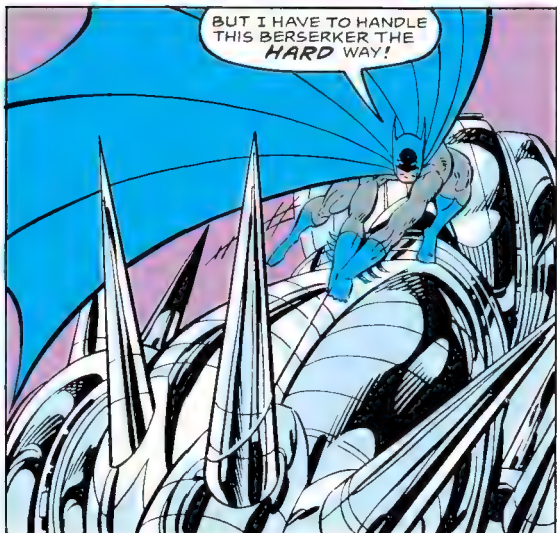
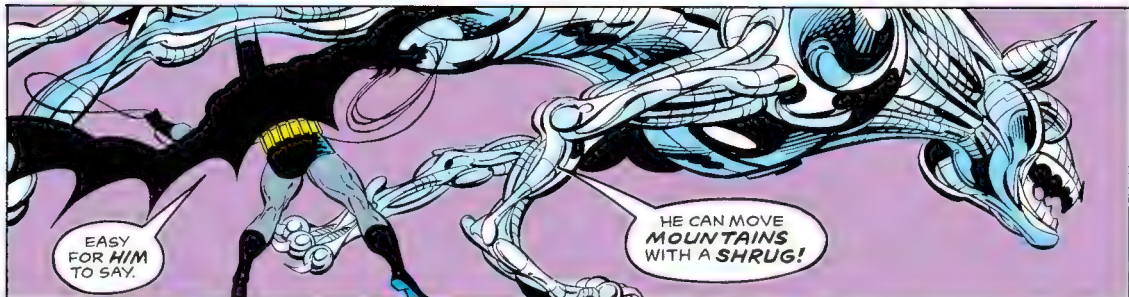
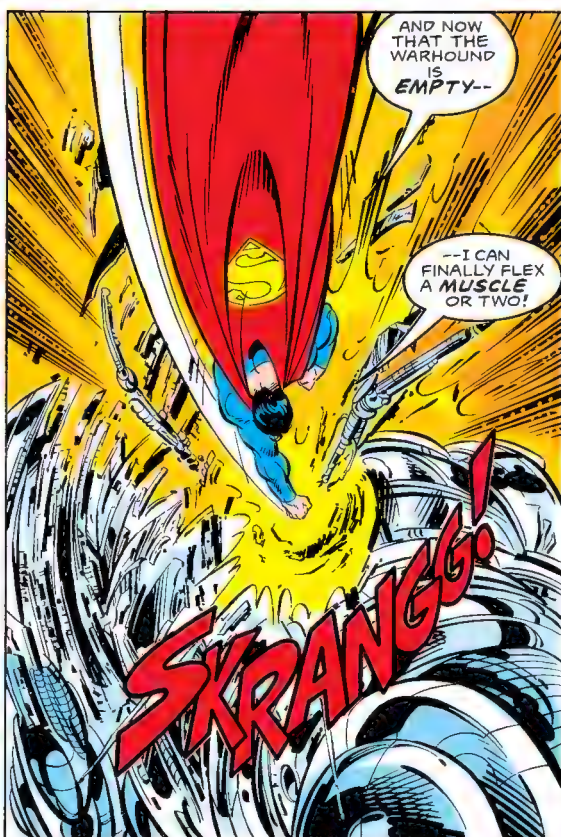
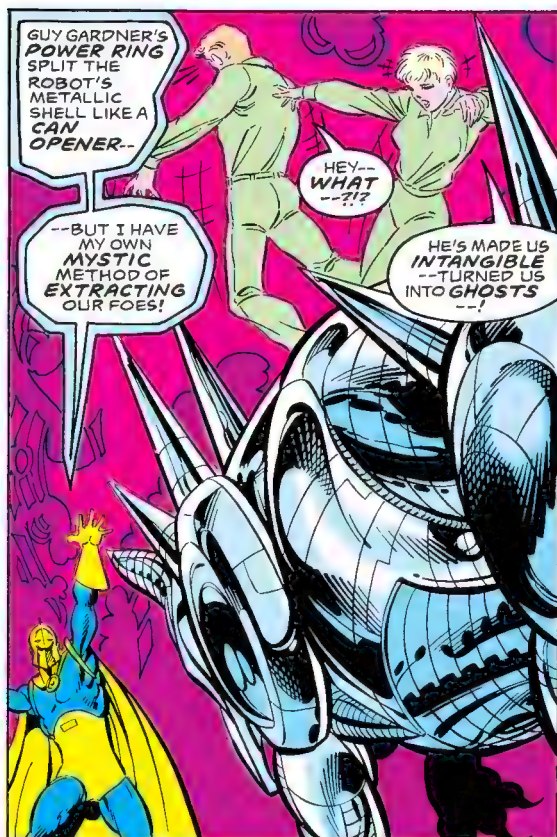


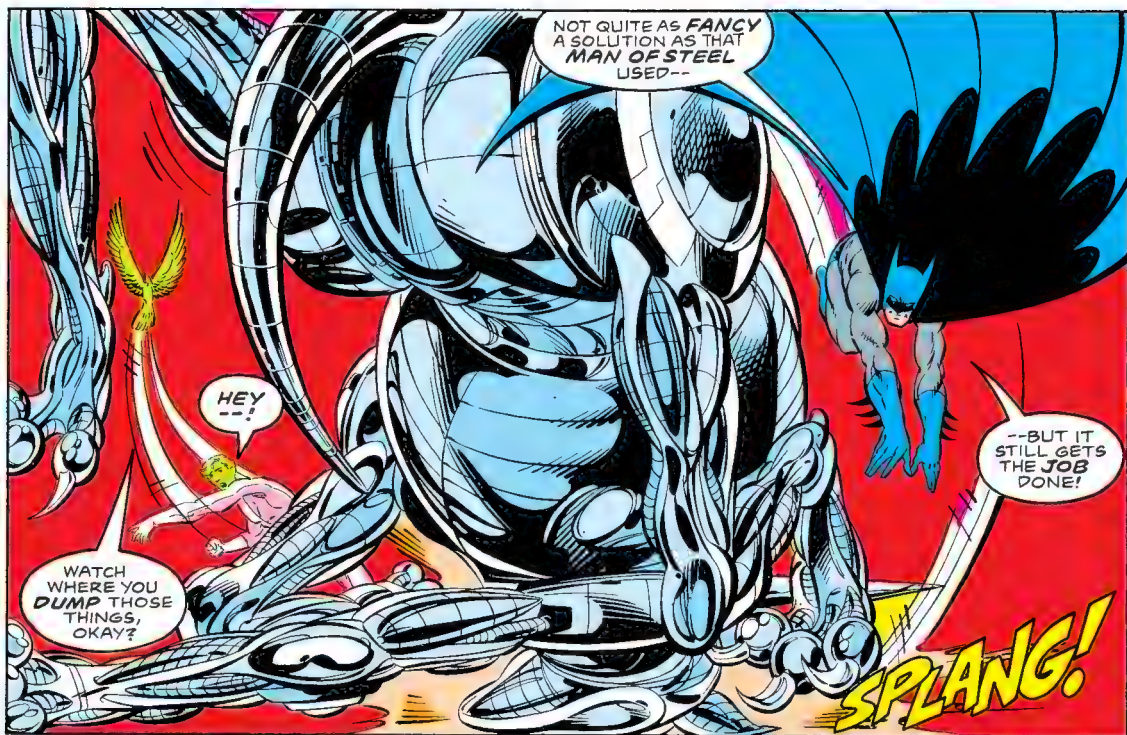
IS THE **REST** OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE **BEHIND** YOU, J'ONN?

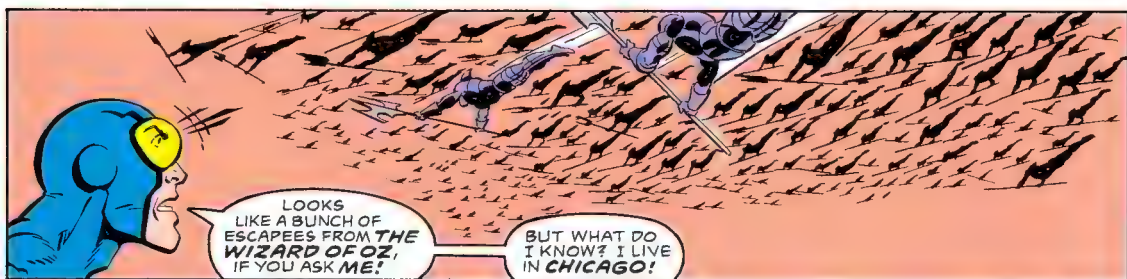
I'M AFRAID **NOT**, SUPERMAN! AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME...

...THE **JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA** NO LONGER **EXISTS!**









LOOKS
LIKE A BUNCH OF
ESCAPEES FROM THE
WIZARD OF OZ,
IF YOU ASK ME!

BUT WHAT DO
I KNOW? I LIVE
IN CHICAGO!

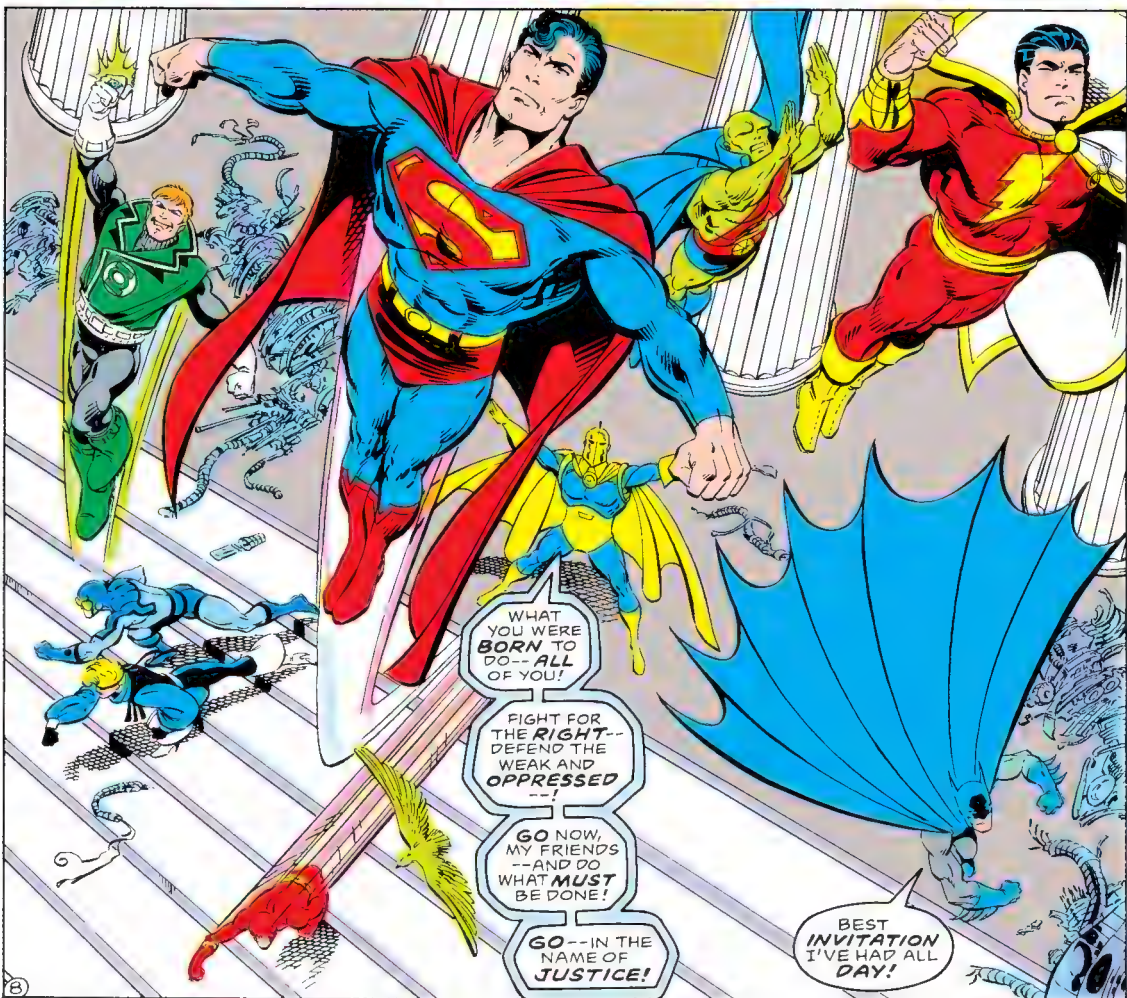


YOU SEE NOW
WHY I SUMMONED
YOU HERE, MY
FRIENDS!

THE FATE OF ALL HUMANITY
NOW RESTS IN YOUR HANDS!

AS
USUAL!

WHAT DO YOU
WANT US TO
DO, FATE?



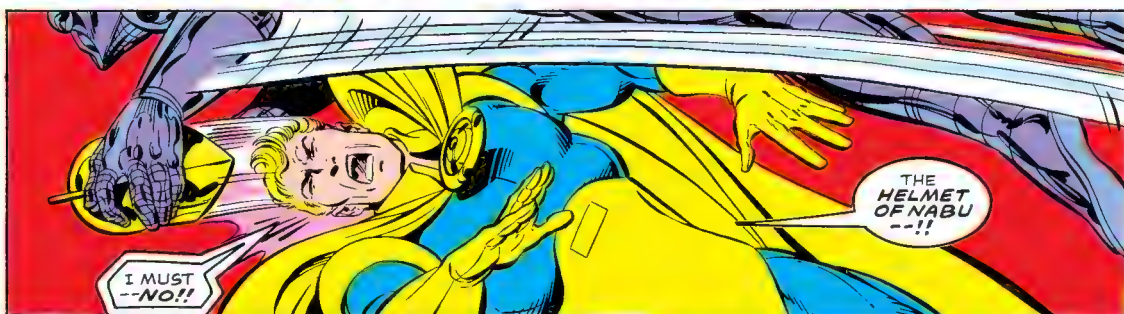
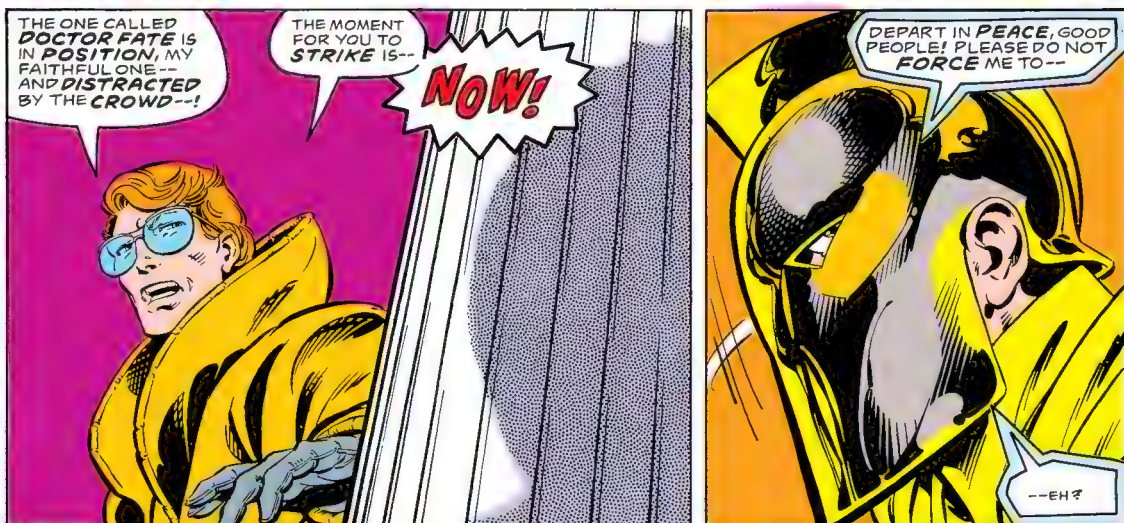
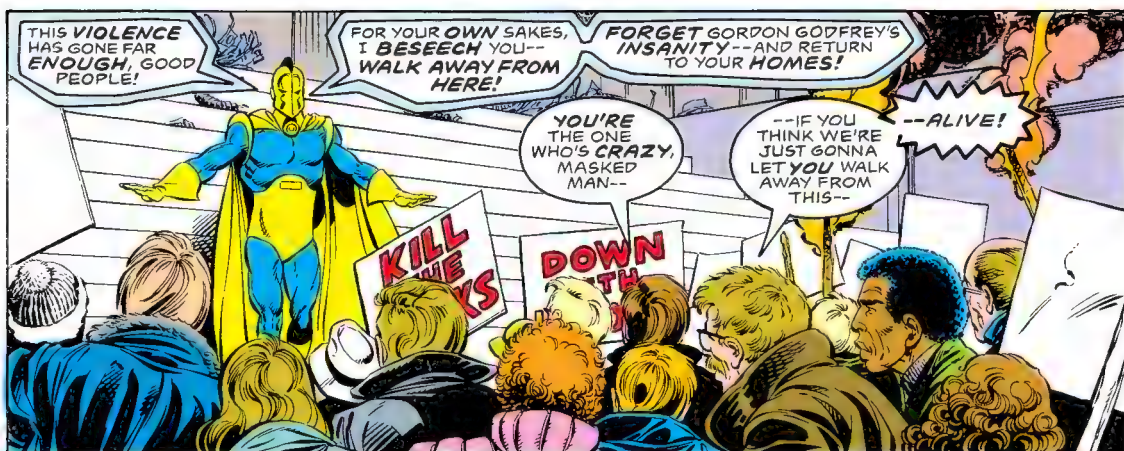
WHAT
YOU WERE
BORN TO
DO-- ALL
OF YOU!

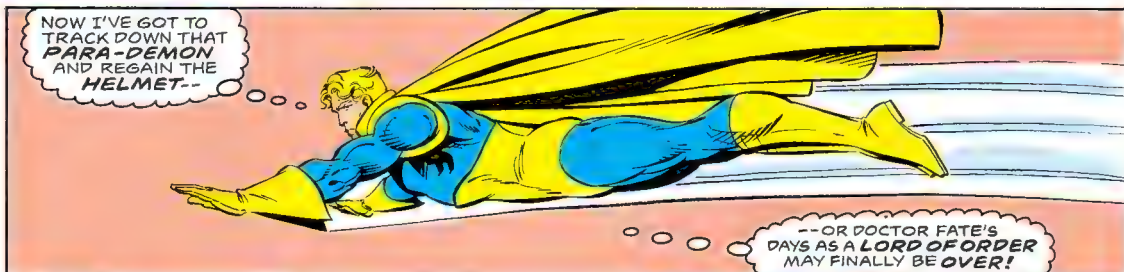
FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT--
DEFEND THE
WEAK AND
OPRESSED

GO NOW,
MY FRIENDS
--AND DO
WHAT **MUST**
BE DONE!

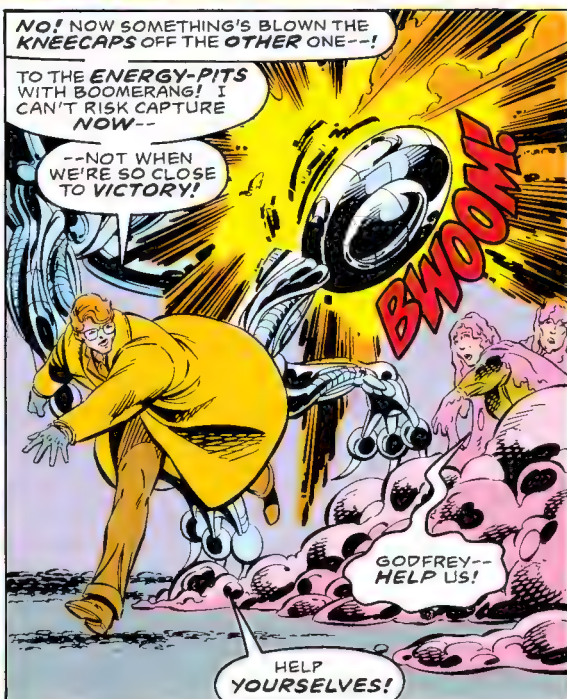
GO--IN THE
NAME OF
JUSTICE!

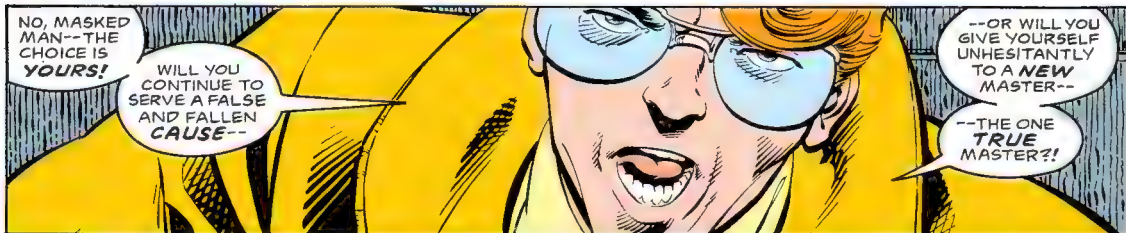
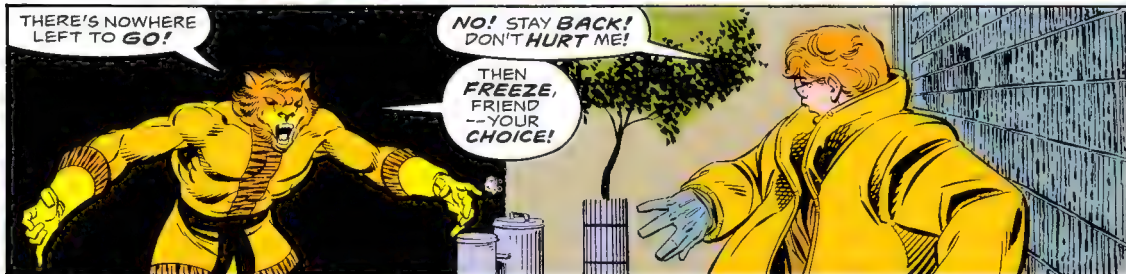
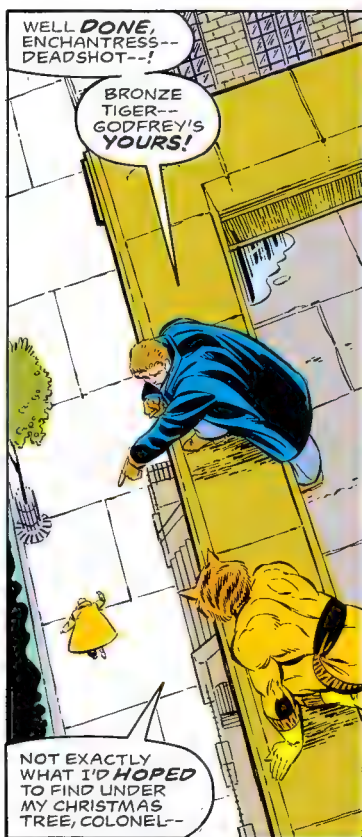
BEST
INVITATION
I'VE HAD ALL
DAY!

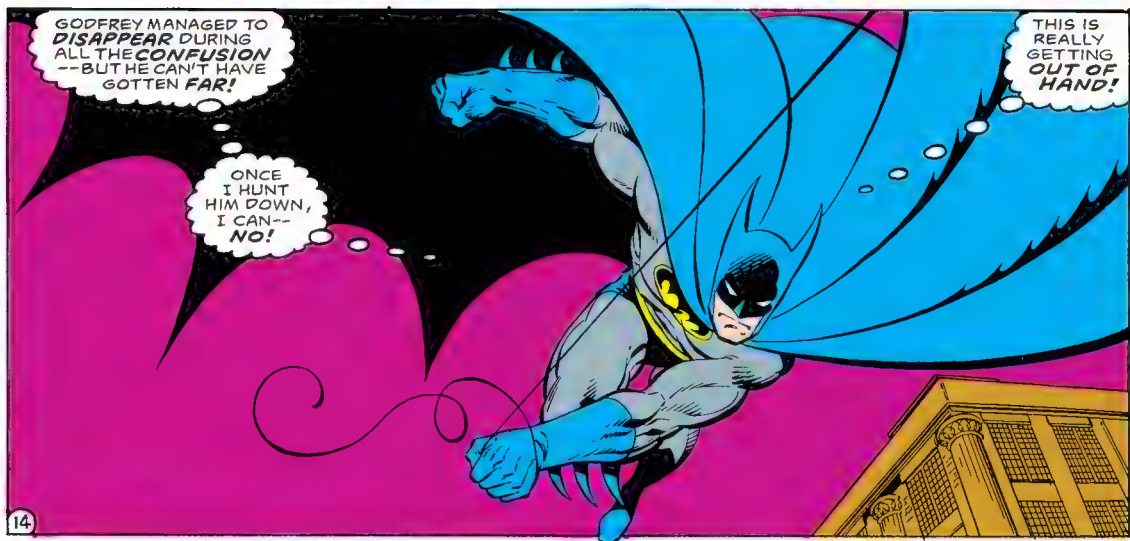
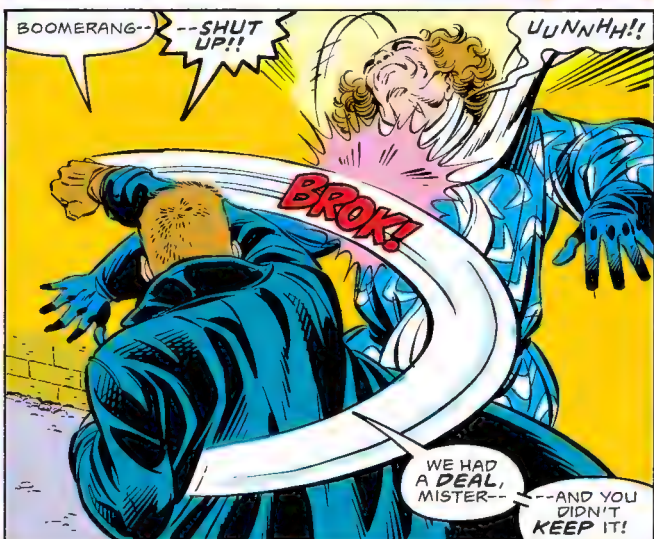
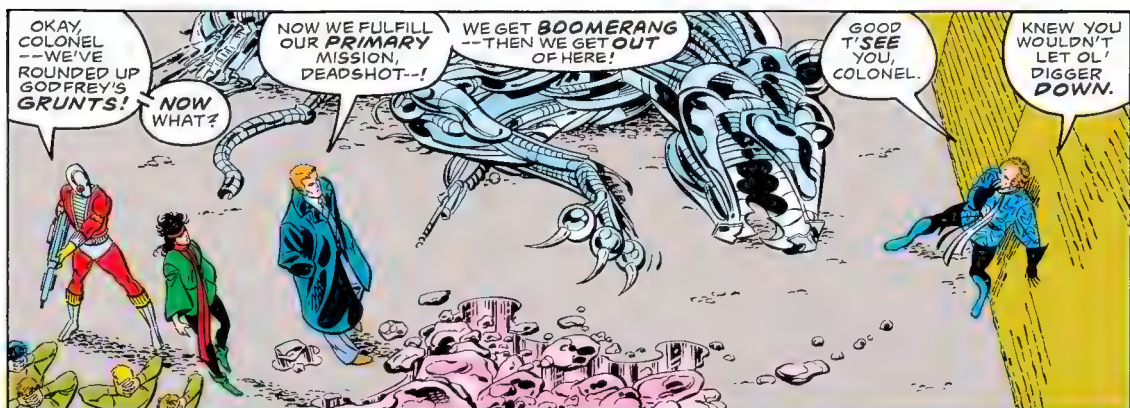




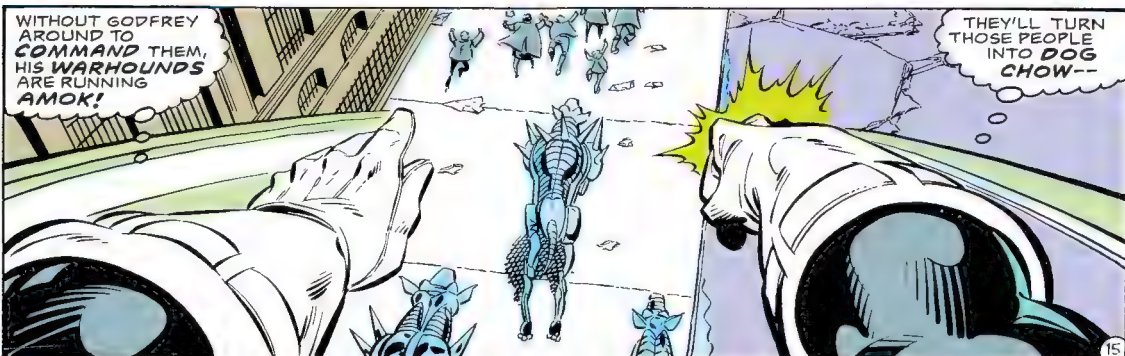


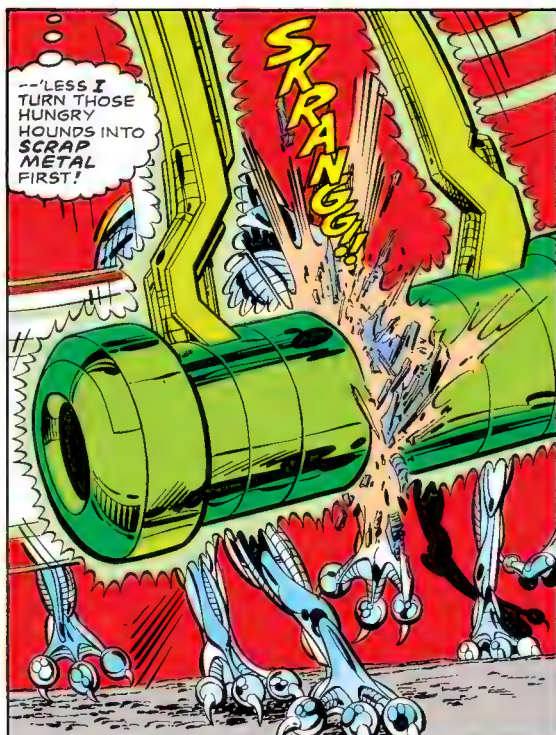






LOOKS LIKE THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF "THUGS R' US" HAS DECIDED TO USE THE SMITHSONIAN FOR A SHOOTING GALLERY!





--LESS I
TURN THOSE
HUNGRY
HOUNDS INTO
SCRAP
METAL
FIRST!

SKRANG!



THAT'S ONE
HOUND
DOWN--

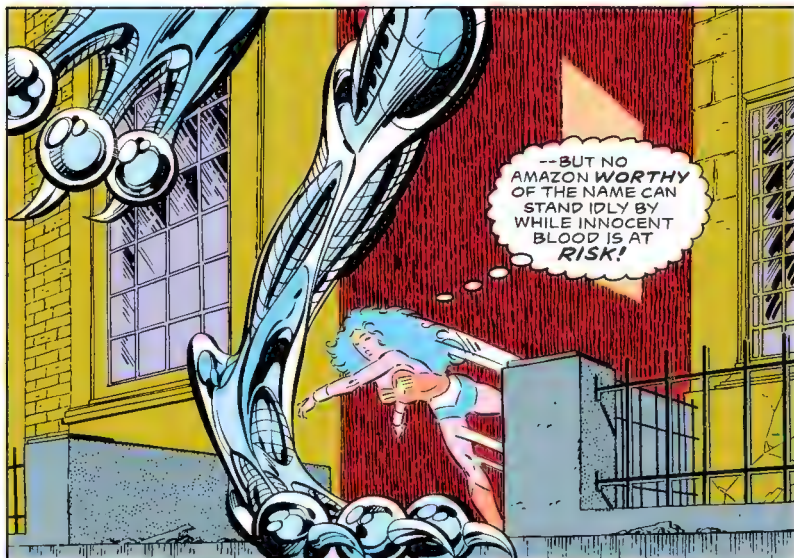
--WITHOUT HARMING A SINGLE
STUPID **HAIR** ON THE HEADS OF THE
MORONS CONTROLLIN' IT!

MAYBE
THAT'LL
HELP ME
PROVE TO
THE
GUARDIANS--

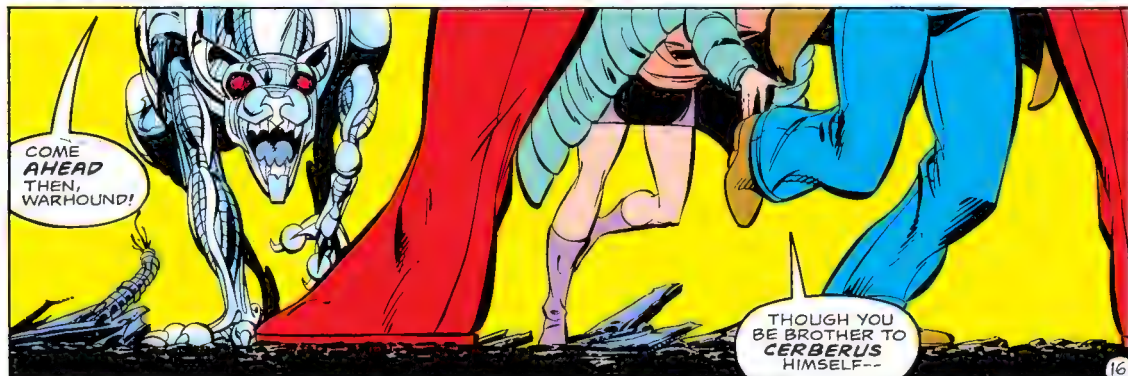
--THEY GAVE
THIS **POWER**
RING TO THE
RIGHT--DARE I
SAY IT--**GUY**--



I HAD NOT INTENDED TO REVEAL
MY **PRESENCE** IN MAN'S
WORLD SO **SOON** AFTER MY
ARRIVAL--



--BUT NO
AMAZON **WORTHY**
OF THE NAME CAN
STAND IDLY BY
WHILE INNOCENT
BLOOD IS AT
RISK!



COME
AHEAD
THEN,
WARHOUND!

THOUGH YOU
BE BROTHER TO
CERBERUS
HIMSELF--



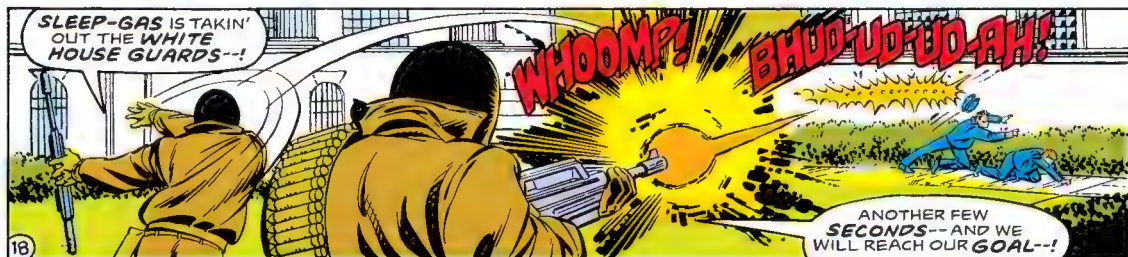
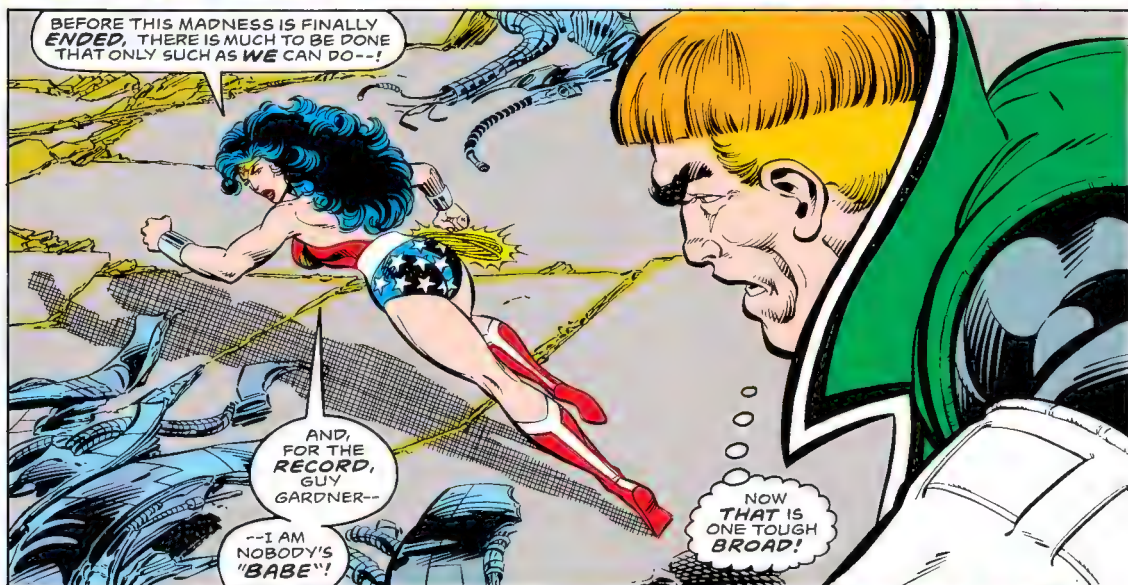
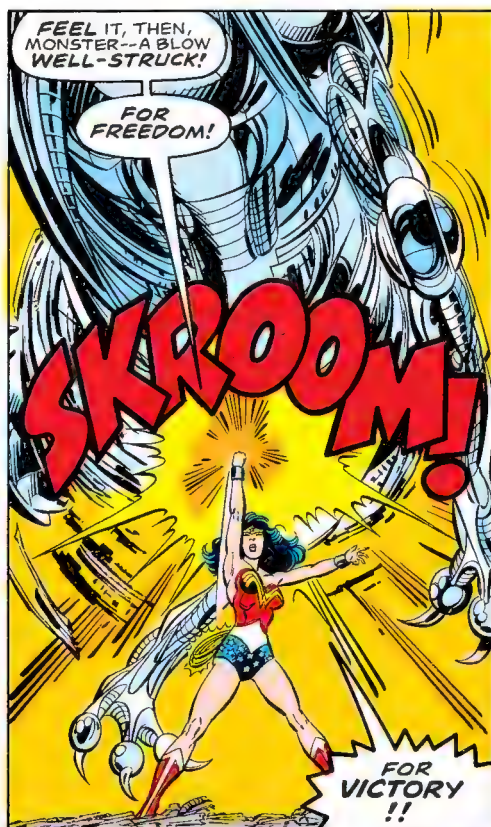
--STILL YOUR FURY IS
AS **NOTHING** BEFORE THE
MATCHLESS MIGHT OF
**DIANA, FIRSTBORN OF
THE NOBLE HIPPOLYTE--!**

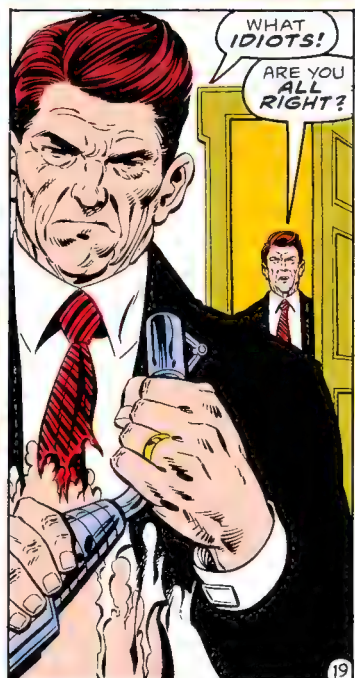
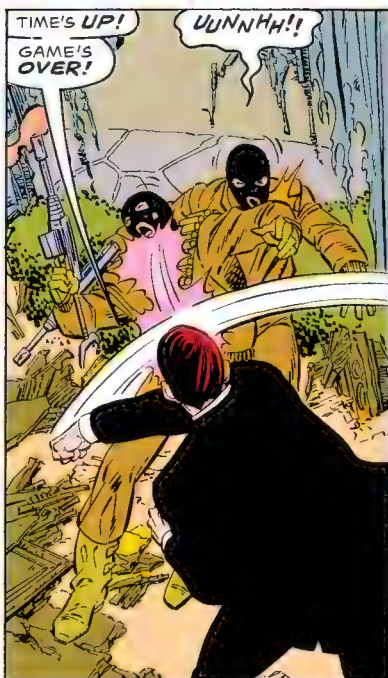
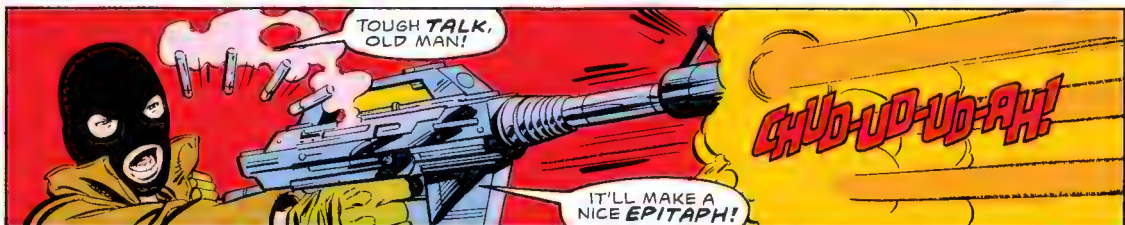
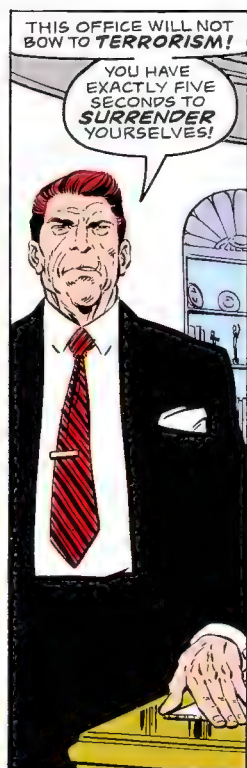
**DIANA,
PRINCESS
OF THE
AMAZONS--**

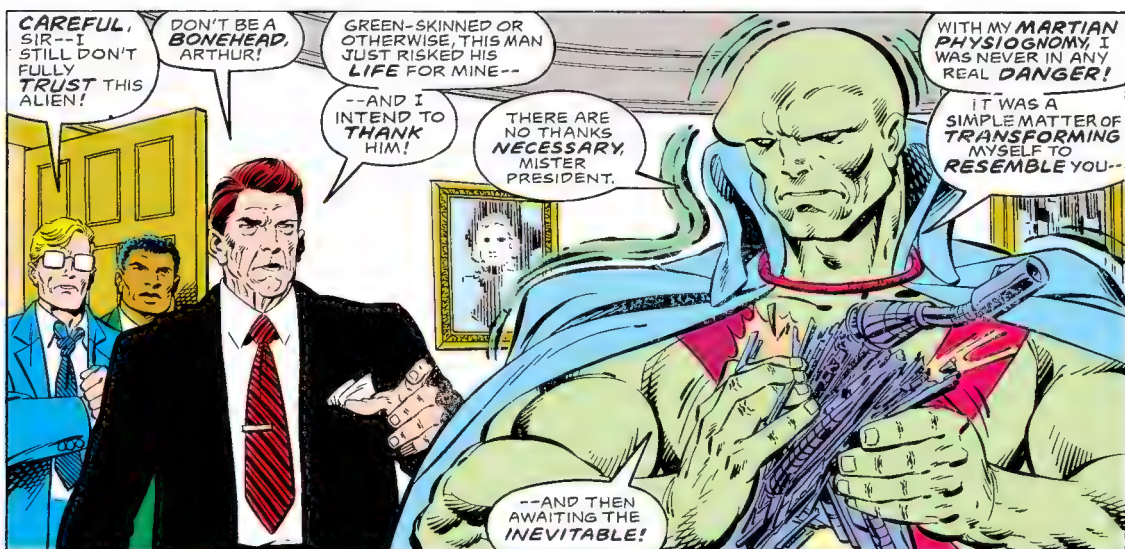
--WHOM
THOSE OF
MAN'S
WORLD
SHALL COME
TO CALL--

**--WONDER
WOMAN!**

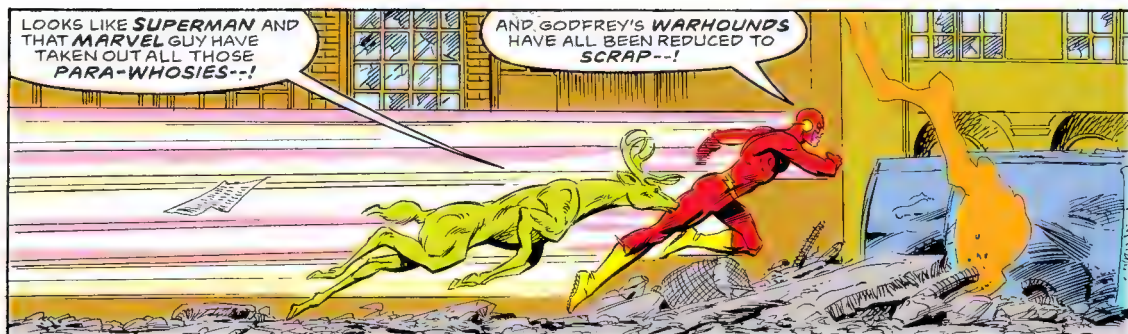
EEP











LOOKS LIKE **SUPERMAN** AND THAT **MARVEL GUY** HAVE TAKEN OUT ALL THOSE **PARA-WHOSIES--!**

AND GODFREY'S **WARHOUNDS** HAVE ALL BEEN REDUCED TO **SCRAP--!**



WHICH MEANS THAT ALL THAT'S **LEFT** IS TO MOP UP THESE **MANIACS--**

OUT WITH SUPER-HEROES!

HEY --!

--BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANY MORE **DAMAGE!**

HUH --?!



SET 'EM **UP**, **KNOCK 'EM DOWN** ...SET 'EM **UP**, **KNOCK 'EM DOWN**...

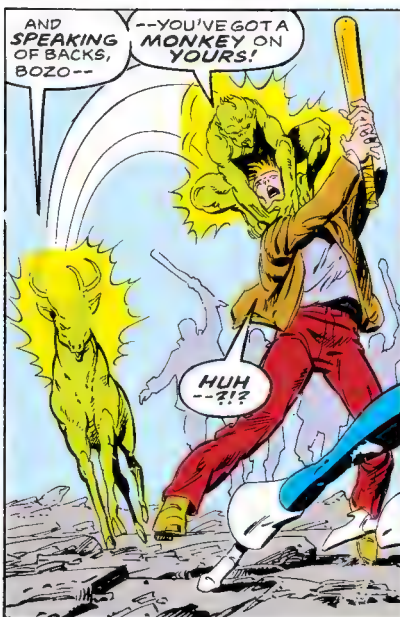
GEE, THIS IS ABOUT AS MUCH **FUN AS MULCHING!**

YOU **OKAY**, **BLACK CANARY?**

JUST FINE, BEETLE!

I'M AN OLD HAND AT THIS, REMEMBER?

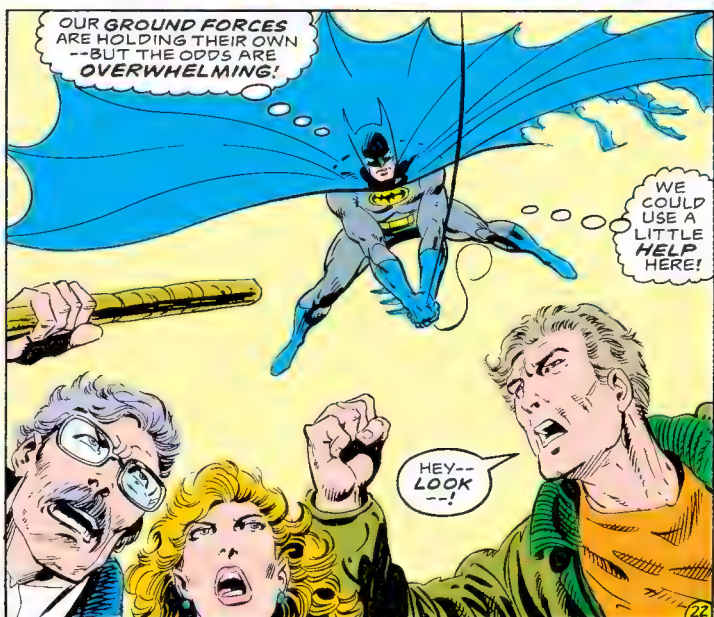
BETTER WATCH YOUR OWN BACK!



AND **SPEAKING OF BACKS**, **BOZO--**

--YOU'VE GOT A **MONKEY ON YOURS!**

HUH --?!



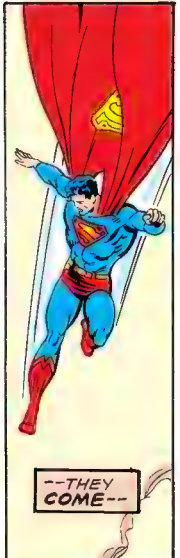
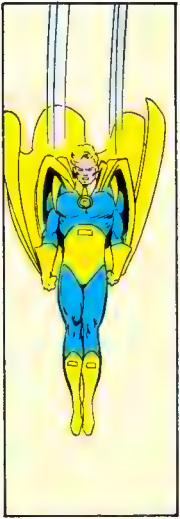
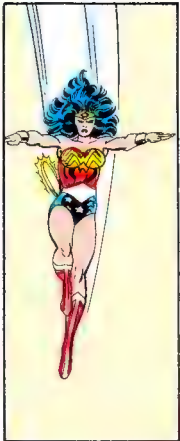
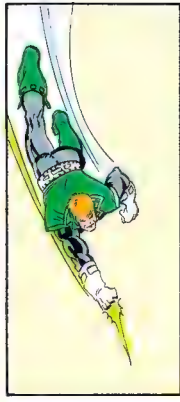
OUR **GROUND FORCES** ARE HOLDING THEIR OWN --BUT THE **ODDS** ARE **OVERWHELMING!**

WE COULD USE A **LITTLE HELP** HERE!

HEY-- LOOK --!



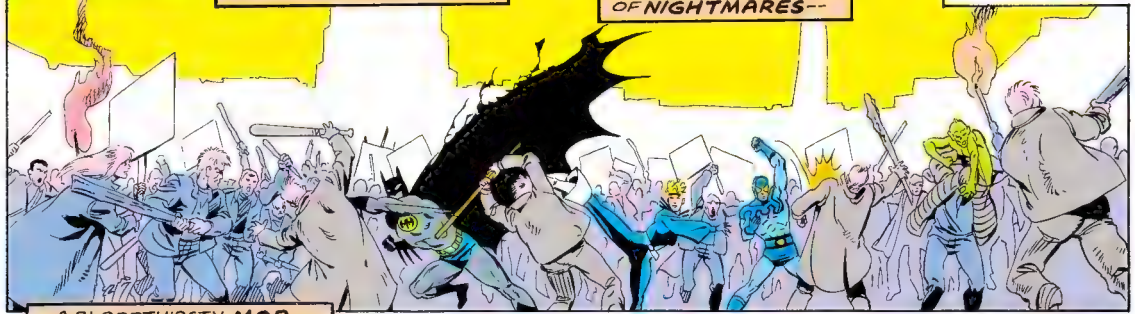
AND, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE DARK KNIGHT'S SILENT SUMMONS--



--THEY COME--

--DROPPING SWIFTLY FROM A SUN-DRENCHED SKY--

--TO BEHOLD THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES--



--A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB THAT INSTANTLY SURROUNDS THEM LIKE A VISE--



PLEASE, PEOPLE-- STAY BACK!

WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

HEY--SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BIG BLUE!

STIFLE IT, GARDNER!

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY HELPING OUR CASE HERE!



NO! DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, MY FRIENDS --THEY ARE TRYING TO DECEIVE YOU!

STOP NOW--AND EVERYTHING WE'VE FOUGHT FOR TODAY WILL BE FOR NOTHING!

TO INSURE OUR DREAM OF A NEW SOCIETY, YOU MUST KILL THOSE CURSED SUPER-HEROES, MY FRIENDS!

YOU MUST DESTROY THEM ALL!!

THE MESMERIZED BRONZE TIGER FLINCHES BEFORE GODFREY'S RANTINGS--

--WHILE THE ASSEMBLED **HEROES** STAND THEIR GROUND, HOPING TO AVOID FURTHER CONFLICT, BUT READY SHOULD IT COME...



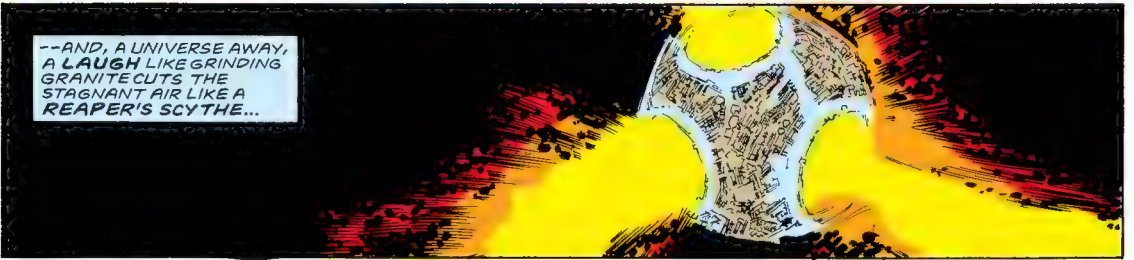
FOR AN INTERMINABLE INSTANT, TENSION HANGS IN THE AIR LIKE A PALPABLE THING--

--THEN THE FURIOUS THRONG DRAWS CLOSER--

--DANGEROUSLY CLOSER--



--AND, A UNIVERSE AWAY, A LAUGH LIKE GRINDING GRANITE CUTS THE STAGNANT AIR LIKE A REAPER'S SCYTHE...



SATISFIED NOW, STRANGER?

LOOK AT YOUR PRECIOUS HUMANS, SNAPPING AT THEIR PREY LIKE **DOGS**--

--LIKE HUNGER DOGS--!

YOU PRESUME VICTORY TOO QUICKLY, DARKSEID.

THE **FINAL SCENE** OF YOUR LITTLE DRAMA IS STILL TO BE PLAYED ...



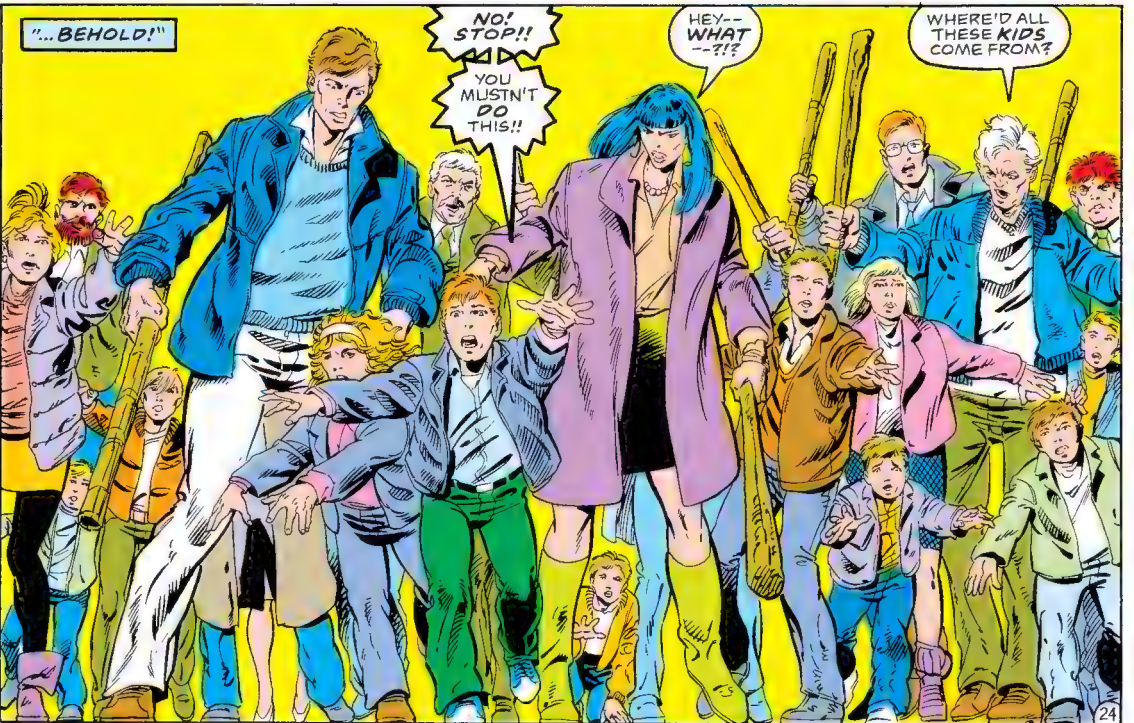
"...BEHOLD!"

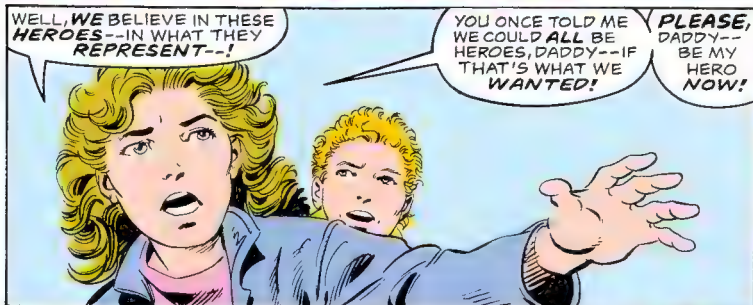
NO! STOP!!

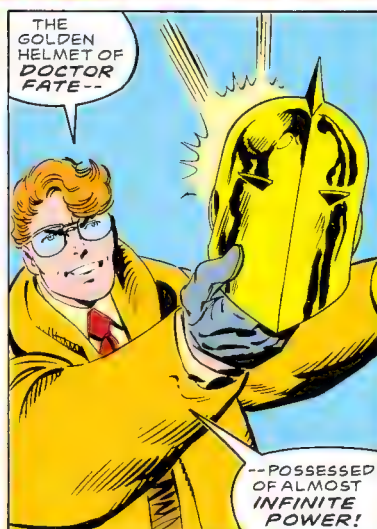
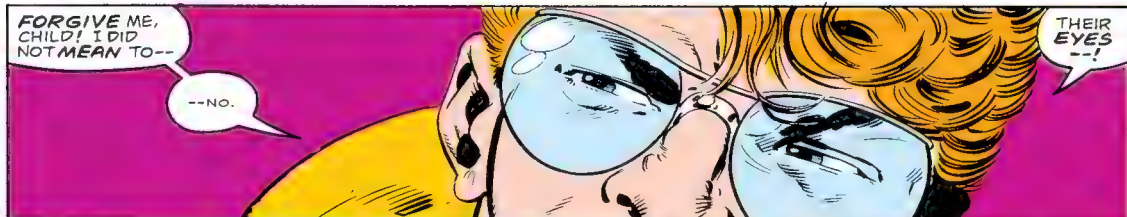
YOU MUSTN'T DO THIS!!

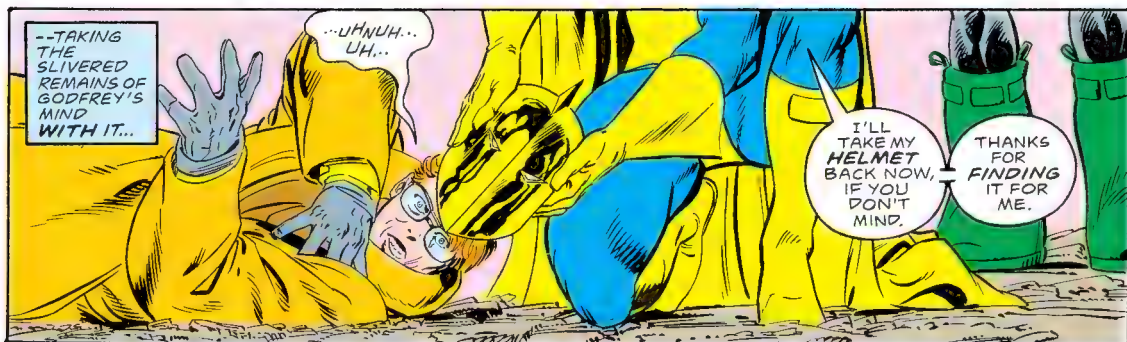
HEY-- WHAT --?!!

WHERE'D ALL THESE KIDS COME FROM?









--TAKING
THE
SLIVERED
REMAINS OF
GODFREY'S
MIND
WITH IT...

...UHNUH...
UH...

I'LL
TAKE MY
HELMET
BACK NOW,
IF YOU
DON'T
MIND.

THANKS
FOR
FINDING
IT FOR
ME.



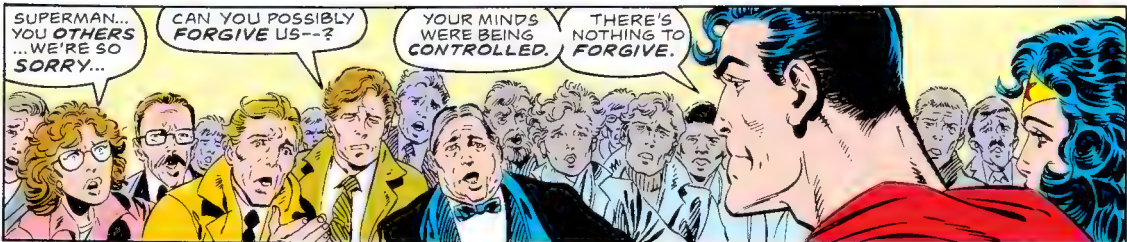
WH-WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE--?

WHAT HAVE WE
BEEN DOING
--?!!?

WE MUST'VE BEEN
OUT OF OUR
MINDS--!

LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S
BACK TO NORMAL HERE
--INCLUDING ME!

TIME FOR
TASK FORCE X
TO DISAPPEAR.



SUPERMAN...
YOU OTHERS
...WE'RE SO
SORRY...

CAN YOU POSSIBLY
FORGIVE US--?

YOUR MINDS
WERE BEING
CONTROLLED.

THERE'S
NOTHING TO
FORGIVE.



THE
HELL
THERE
ISN'T!

NO AMOUNT OF
BRAINWASHING, NO
MATTER HOW POTENT,
COULD DO WHAT
GODFREY'S DID--

--UNLESS THE
SEED HAD
ALREADY BEEN
PLANTED!



WAY DOWN
DEEP, THESE
GEEKS HAVE
ALWAYS
DISTRUSTED
US--MAYBE
EVEN
FEARED--

--EH?

DON'T JUDGE
THEM SO HARSHLY,
GREEN LANTERN.

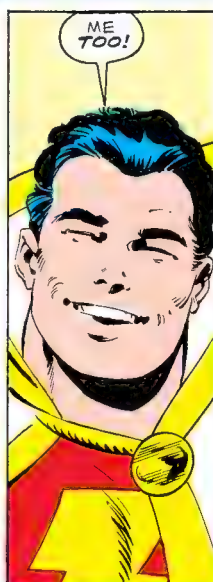
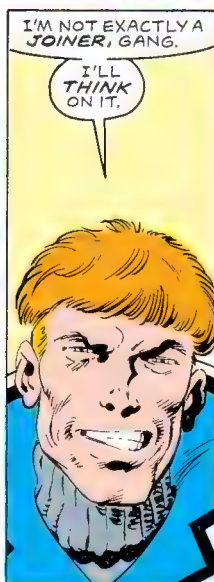
WE'RE AS
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THAT AS
THEY ARE.

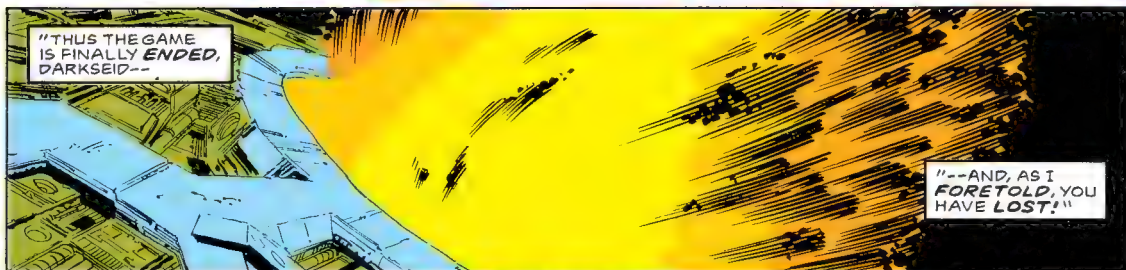
SAY
WHAT?



IT'S PART OF OUR JOB TO STAND
APART FROM HUMANITY--TO
PROTECT THEM FROM THE
THREATS ONLY WE CAN DEAL
WITH--!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
HERO WORSHIP, FRIEND
--BETTER LOOK FOR IT
SOMEWHERE ELSE!







WHAT
CONSTITUTES
A **LEGEND**?

IS IT
POWERS AND
ABILITIES **BEYOND**
THOSE OF MORTAL
MEN--OR IS IT A
FIGHTING HEART
THAT REFUSES TO
ACKNOWLEDGE
DEFEAT?

FOR CENTURIES BEYOND
NUMBERING, FROM THE
ANCIENT **CAMPFIRE**
TO THE TOWERING
CONDOMINIUM, MAN
HAS **RELIED** ON HIS
LEGENDS TO HOLD
BACK THE **NIGHT**!

IF SO, I AM
PROUD--TO
BE COUNTED IN
THE COMPANY OF
SUCH AS
THESE!

MEN CALL ME
THE PHANTOM
STRANGER--AND
THERE ARE THOSE
WHO CLAIM THAT
I AM A **LEGEND**
AS WELL!

"FOR WE WRESTLE
NOT AGAINST
FLESH AND BLOOD,
BUT AGAINST
PRINCIPALITIES,
AGAINST POWERS,
AGAINST THE
RULERS OF THE
DARKNESS OF THIS
WORLD..."

EPHESIANS 6:12

THE NEW
BEGINNING...

What began as a single universe grew to become a multiverse in danger of annihilation at the hands of a demonic force. Heroes from many universes banded together and destroyed the evil at the dawn of time, and because of them, the single universe was born anew.

In that rebirth, the histories of planets were changed. I watched the death of the multiverse and the birth of the universe, and I knew these changes must be chronicled.

I do this not to enlighten, for no one is permitted to know of the multiverse that had been. I do this because I must, because change must be recorded, and because I must pay my debt to the one who allowed me the privilege of knowing the truth.

He was a being who lived ten billion years. He saw the multiverse born, and he knew of its coming end. He brought those heroes together and led them in their battle against evil, and he died that the universe would live. To him I dedicate this narrative.

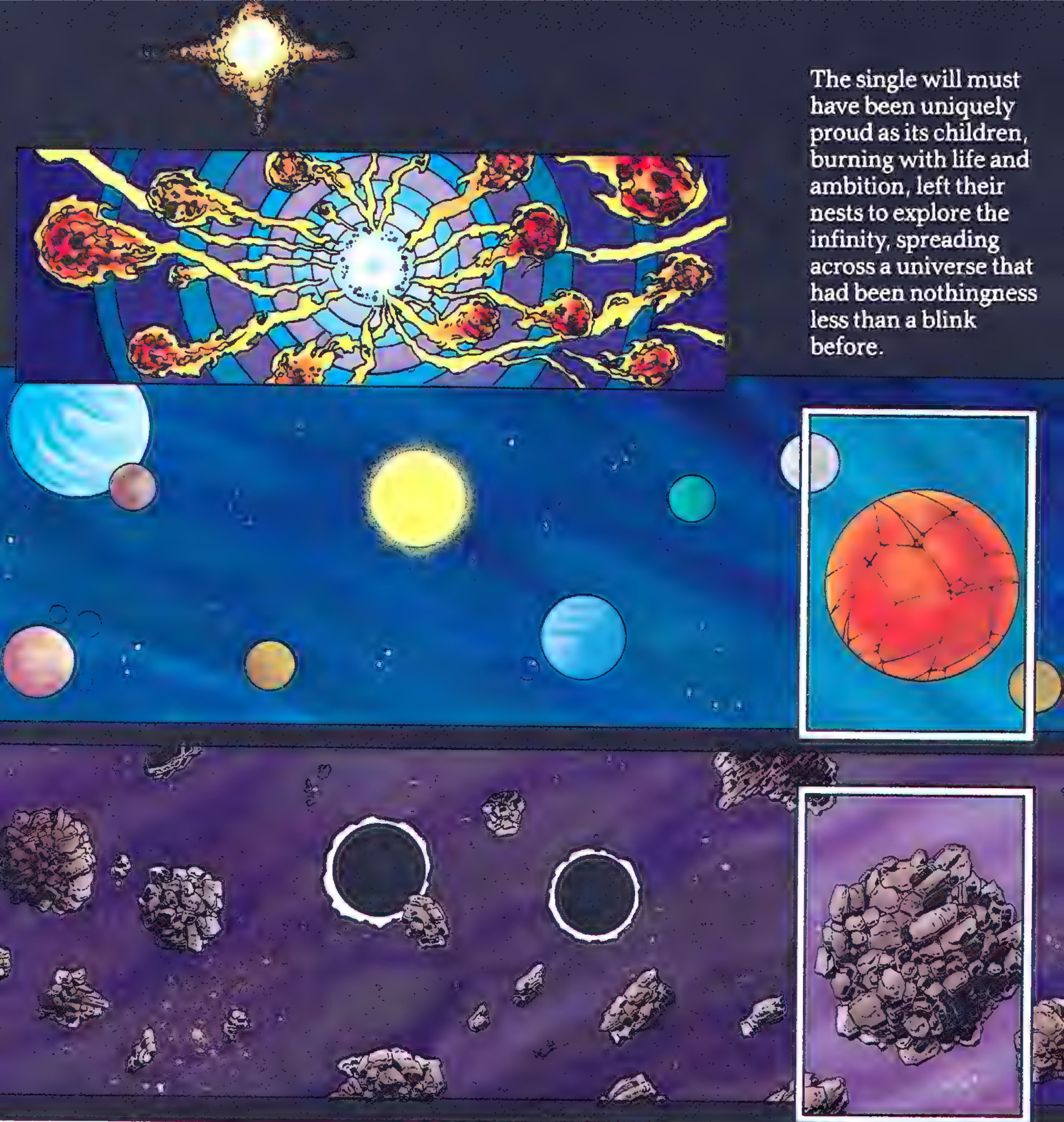
This then is the History of the Universe as seen through my eyes. Its concerns are with those men and women who fought and sacrificed their own lives to save the universe, whose courage and determination altered the past and future.

As for me, I am Harbinger, and it is my mission to gather the truth.

We know the universe was created more than ten billion years ago, formed of vapor and forged with fire. The single will which brought light to the dark, gave substance to nothingness, and created life from unlife, must have permitted itself a sigh of satisfaction when its children wailed in birth.

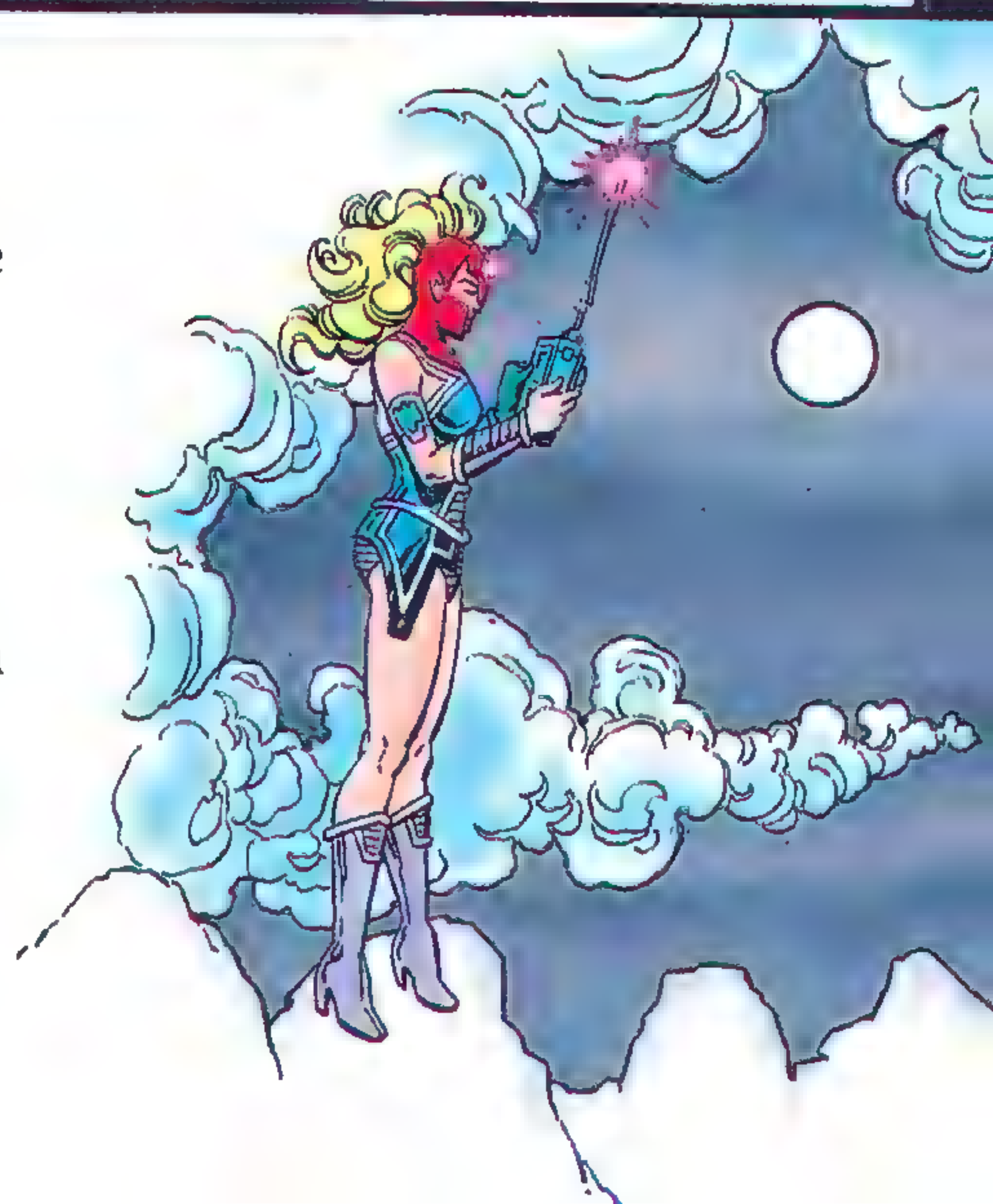


The single will must have been uniquely proud as its children, burning with life and ambition, left their nests to explore the infinity, spreading across a universe that had been nothingness less than a blink before.



Its seeds were scattered on the solar winds. On some worlds, life grew out of plasma. On others, waves of shimmering heat took on an unfathomable intelligence. On fewer than thirty worlds, life developed out of sound; while on more than a million other planets, silicon became life's base.

Twenty million worlds embraced carbon, while three million worlds gave home to sentient light. On one thousand planets, life became represented as intangible concepts. And from each beginning, life evolved into something more—something greater.

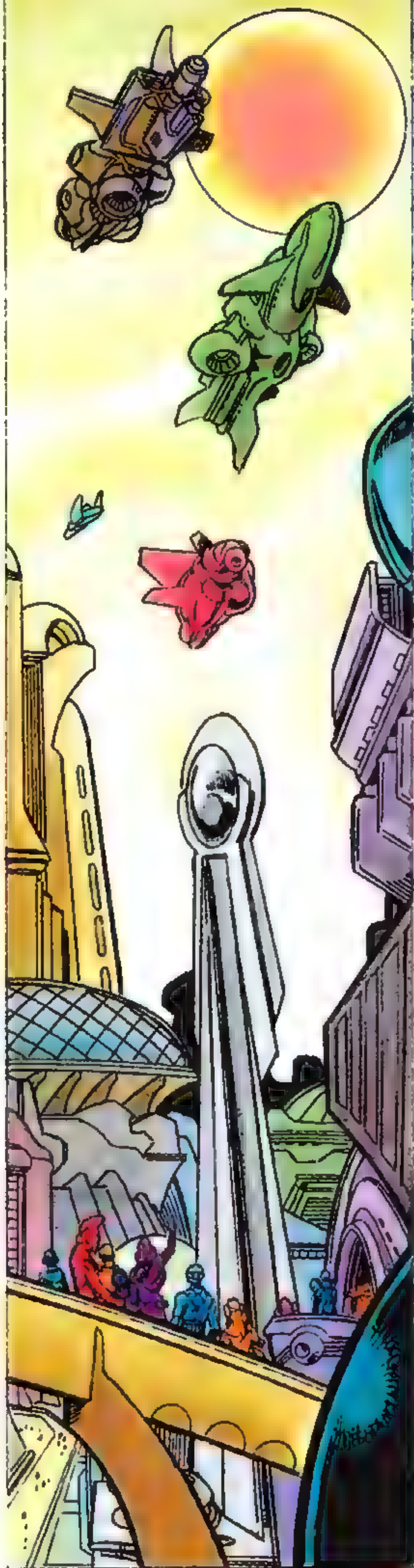


Oa was not the first great power, but it was the first not to be consumed by its own greed.

Colonized by off-worlders from the planet Maltus, Oa was a planet of science and technology that reached the pinnacle of civilization when most worlds were still mired in the first glimmers of self-awareness.



Oans explored not only the stars but their inner selves, developing telepathy and telekinesis to aid them in their quest. Nothing was beneath the Oans' interest, and nothing could remain a mystery for long. Theirs was a planet of harmony, and it remained so for a million years, but the scientist Krona was not content to explore space. He delved into the one area of science forbidden to all Oans: the origin of the Universe itself. Krona ignored the warning that chaos would ensue as he watched time peel away, and the hand of creation reach into the cosmos and pluck that fruit of life.



In that instant he saw it...

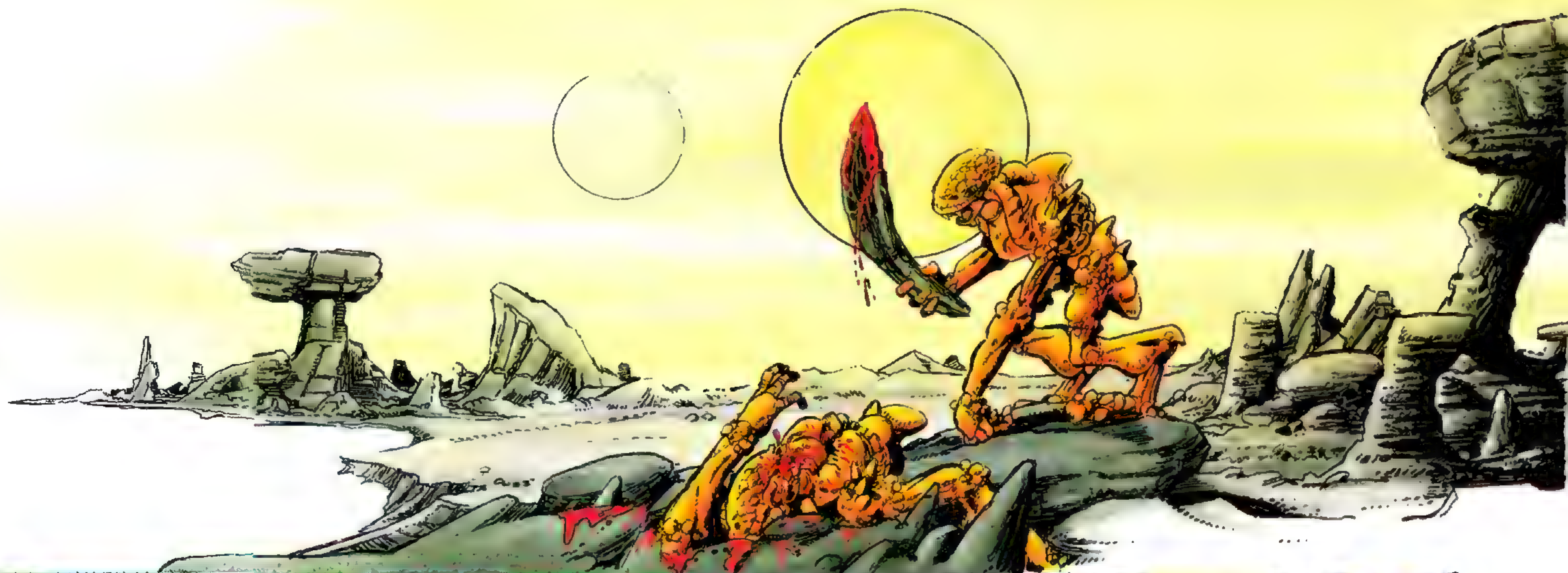


...and the Universe exploded.

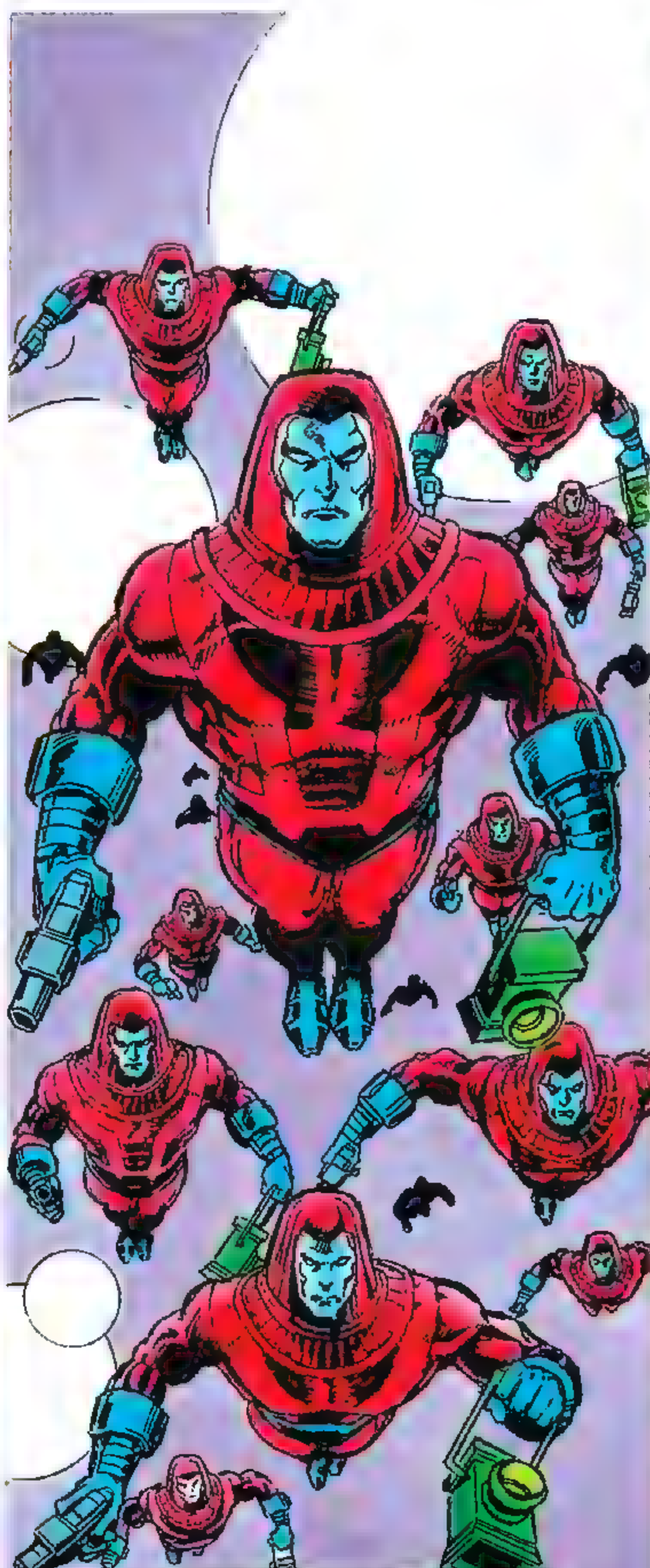




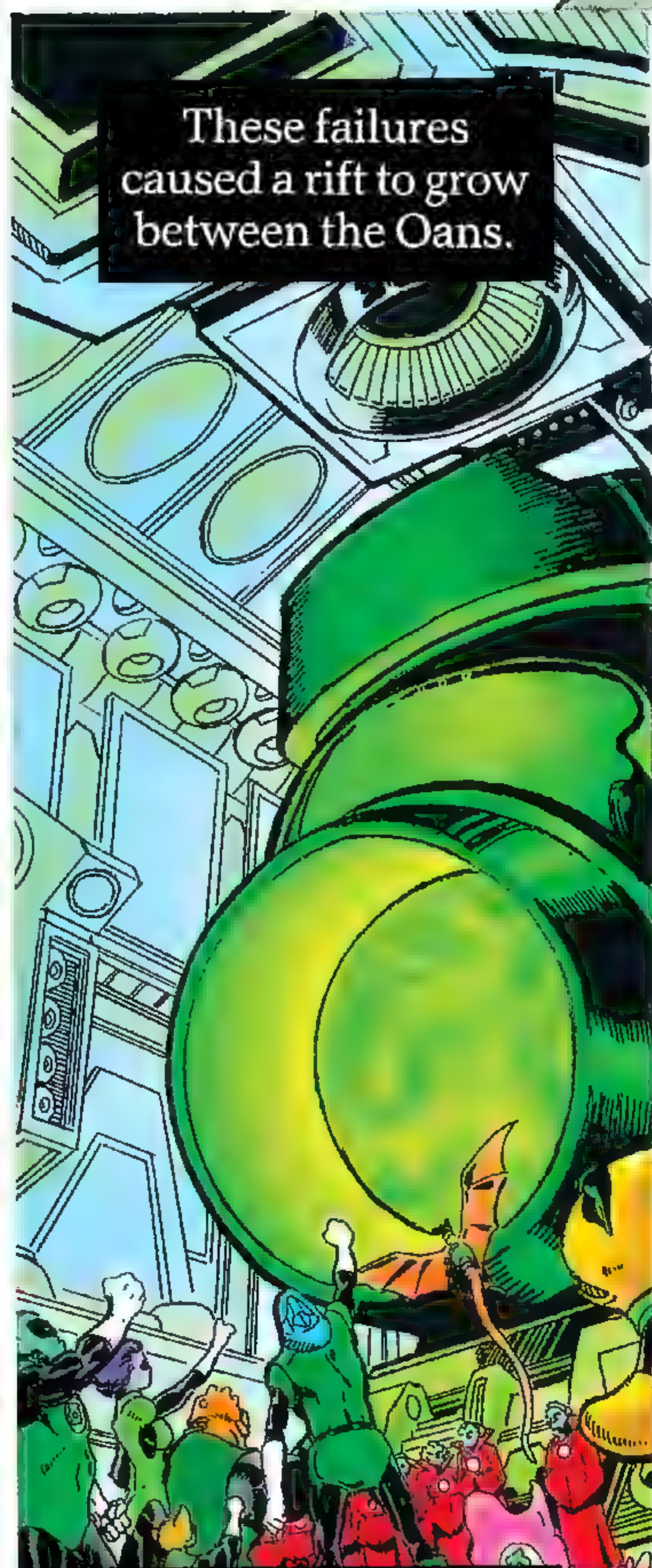
What had been one universe became two—positive matter and anti-matter—and with the unleashing of the anti-matter universe there came a wave of evil that spread throughout fifty million worlds, corrupting what had been a paradise. The Oans saw it as their responsibility to contain the evil that one of them had unleashed.



They experimented to create the perfect warrior. Genetically transformed lizards (which later became known as Psions) were an early failure the Oans abandoned.



They created a corps of android soldiers called Manhunters which they dispatched throughout the universe to combat the evil. Ultimately, the Manhunters rebelled and their legions disbanded.



These failures caused a rift to grow between the Oans.

The peaceful Guardians assembled the bravest from each sector of space and equipped them with rings of power. The Green Lantern Corps would succeed where others had failed...



...While the Guardians who believed in destroying evil evolved into the race known as The Controllers.

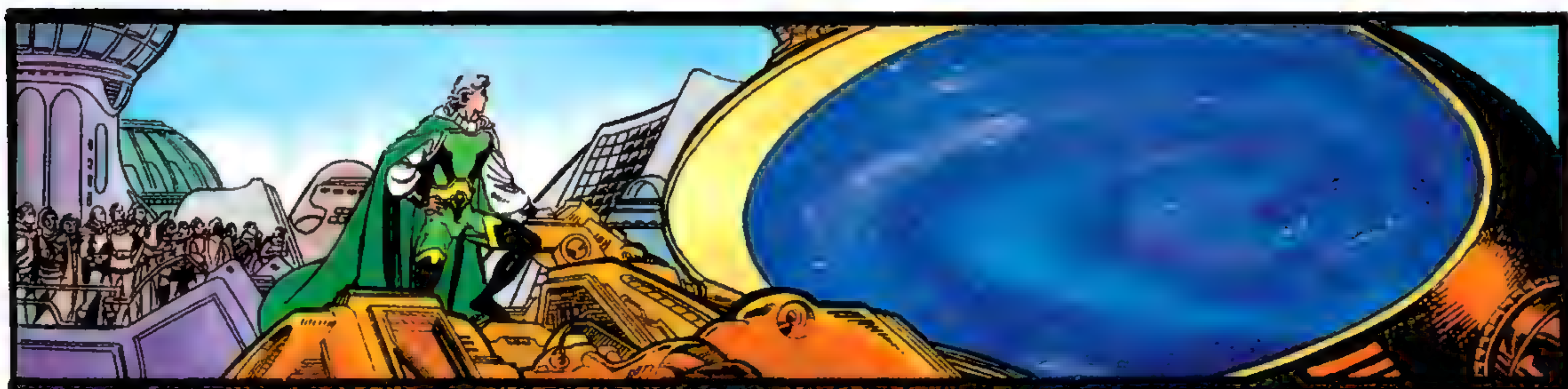


But the Guardians' problems were far from over:

their first experiments had evolved into the dreaded Psion race and had to be banished to deepest space.



Still, despite the Green Lanterns and the Manhunters, evil flourished and came to infest Earth. The first evil came in the form of demons. They were not the last.



While the Earth was evolving from its primitive beginnings, other planets in other dimensions had grown to maturity. On one, Krona's deadly experiment was duplicated by its leading scientist who watched in awe as the hand of creation drew the clouds of chaos together.

In another time, when the multiverse was in existence, this experiment unleashed a terrible evil that destroyed universe after universe...but in this new universe, no evil was freed from a ten billion-year sleep.

The secrets of creation were peeled away for this scientist who would one day be known as Pariah. For thirteen months he remained in his anti-matter chamber, watching the dawn of time, listening to the first cry of existence, witnessing the birth of that first sentient life, until the single will would let him see nothing more.





Where once there were two
beings created in the first
explosions of matter and
anti-matter, now there was
but one. From his vantage
point straddling the
universes, he could see all
that *was*, *is*, and *will be*.

In each being's life there is a
moment of crisis—an
instant where fate is
decided, and the future
becomes irrevocably set.

Only then, at that
crossroad, may he be seen:
rarely speaking, but always
writing in his Book of Souls.

Some will name him
kismet, others will know
him as fate. He answers to
those names and one other
—Destiny.

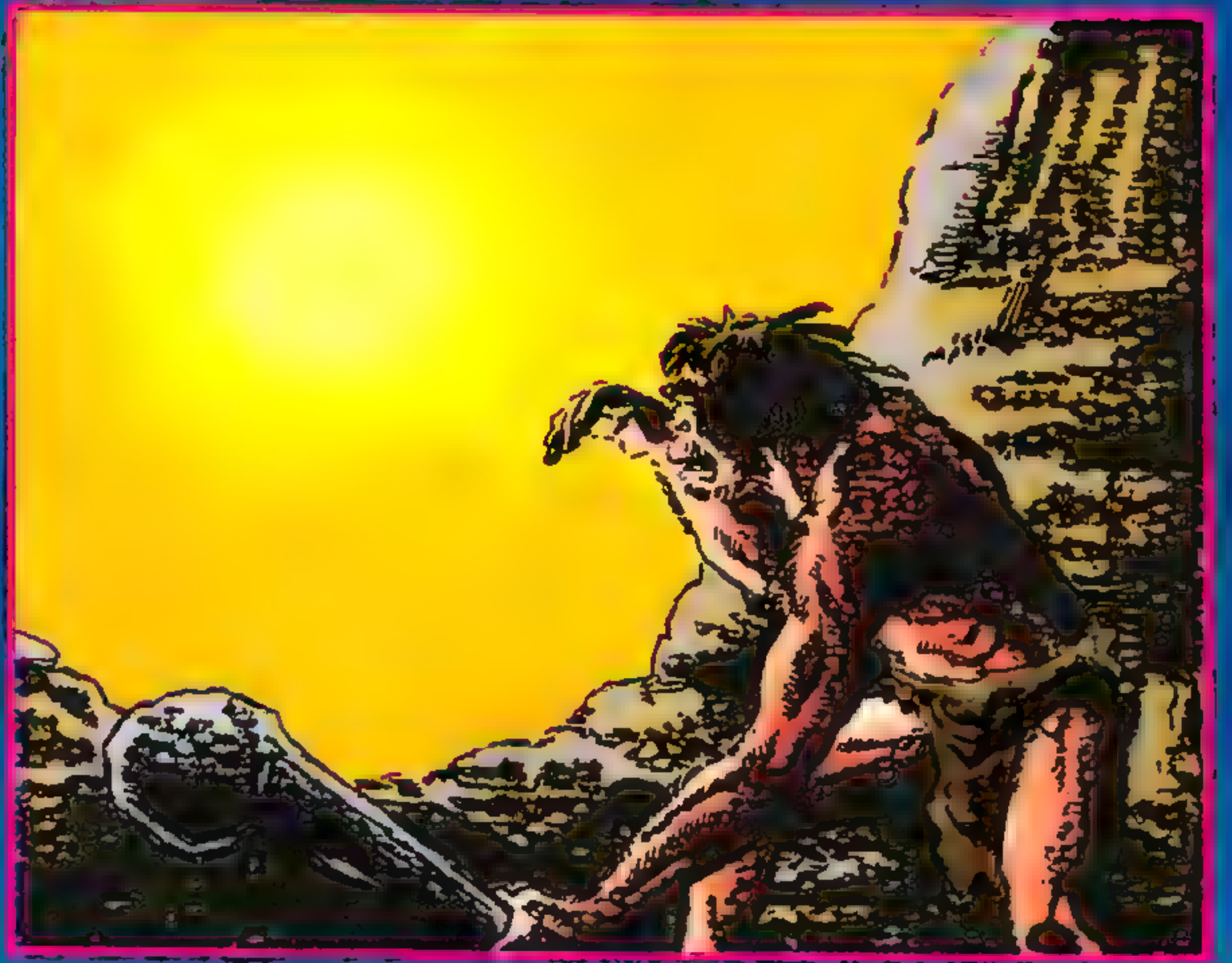
In the sky above, he quietly
observes the silent flash of
light arcing through space
and heading toward Earth.
He knows its presence will
alter the immediate destiny
of two primitive souls, and
affect the lives of ten million
more.

It burns through Earth's atmosphere in the middle of the night, and the Neanderthals who watch the dark skies light up with fire pray to the gods of the earth and sun and moon that this is not the end of all existence.

None of the Bear Tribe dares to approach this shimmering light that has set fire to the fruit trees more than a mile away. Those of the Wolf Tribe hide in the darkness of their caves.

But Vandar Adg of the Blood Tribe, hunting for enemies to slay and boar to eat, stood in the fields as the star exploded before him. Its fire burned through his flesh and reached into his soul. Vandar Adg felt a change his primitive mind was not yet able to comprehend. He was no longer mortal; indeed, Vandar Adg had become Vandal Savage—the Immortal.

Savage's remarkable transformation was observed by another man—the leader of the Bear Tribe who followed his enemy to the light and saw his unexplained metamorphosis. While Savage fled in fear, he cautiously approached the shimmering star and touched it. He, too, was changed. From mortal, he became the Immortal Man. With each death he would be reborn.

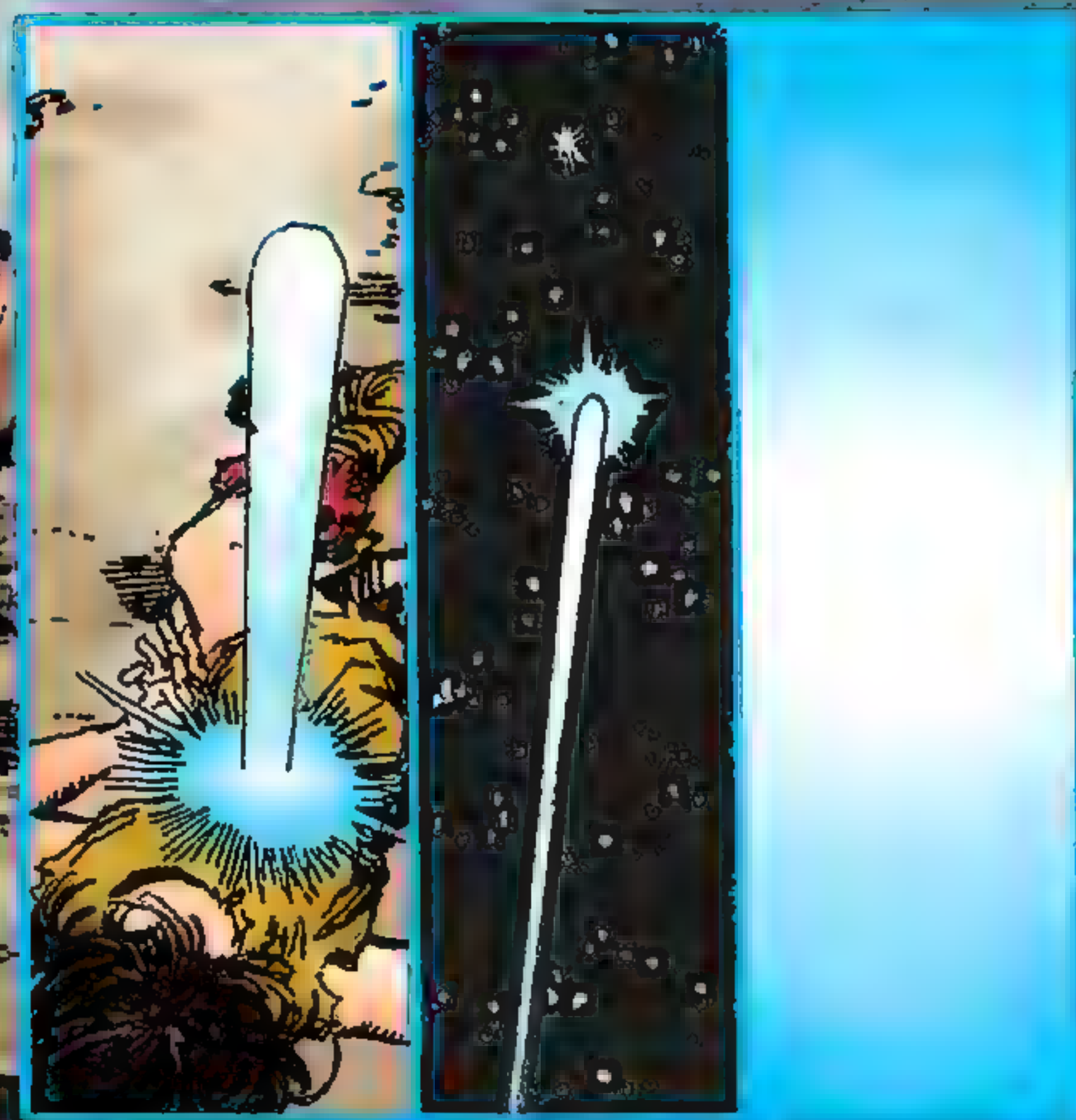


That night, Vandal Savage murdered twelve of his enemies. Still, the blood-hungry throbbing within him was not sated.

These were violent times.
The death of one female
at the hands of a male...

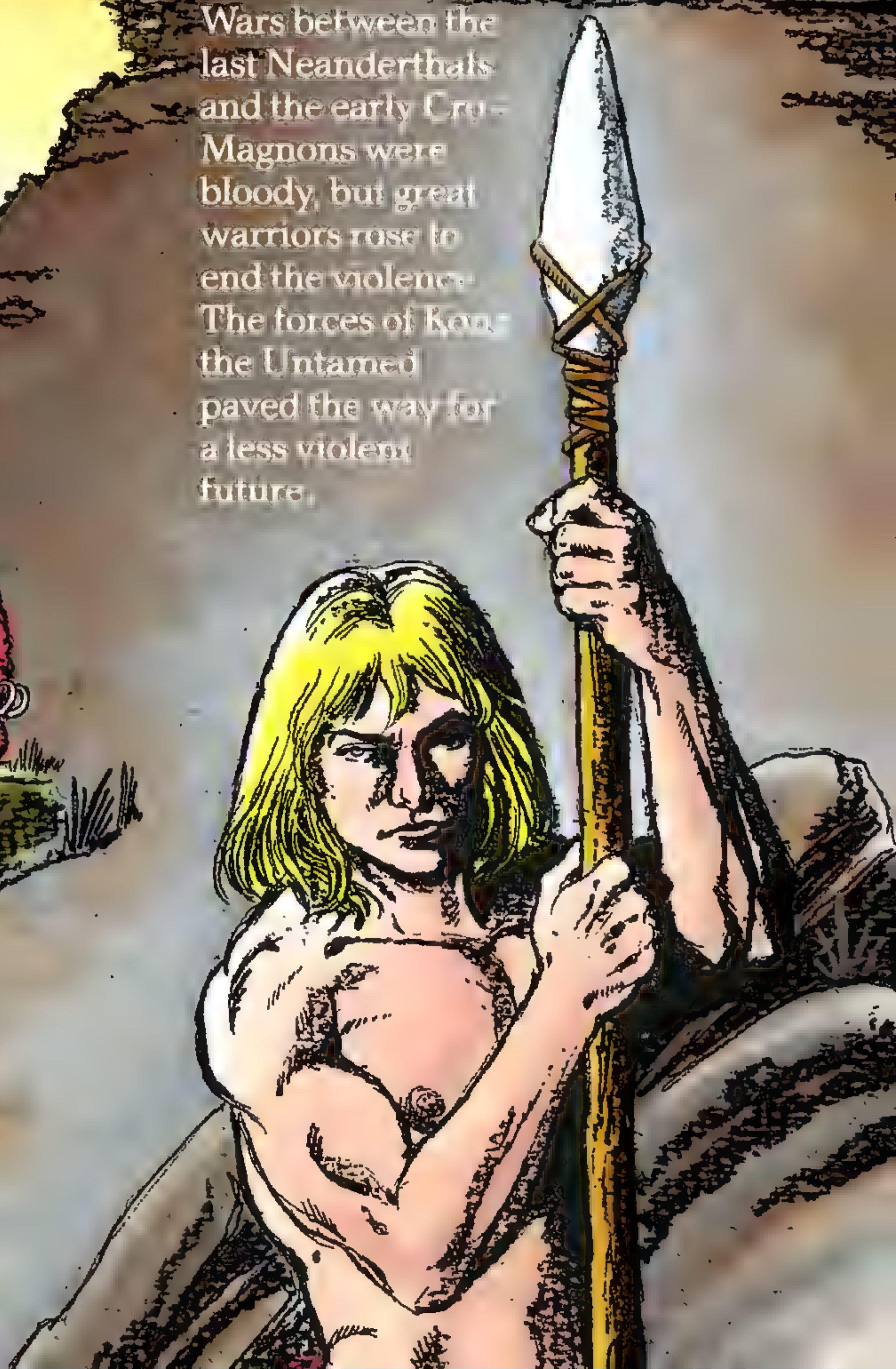
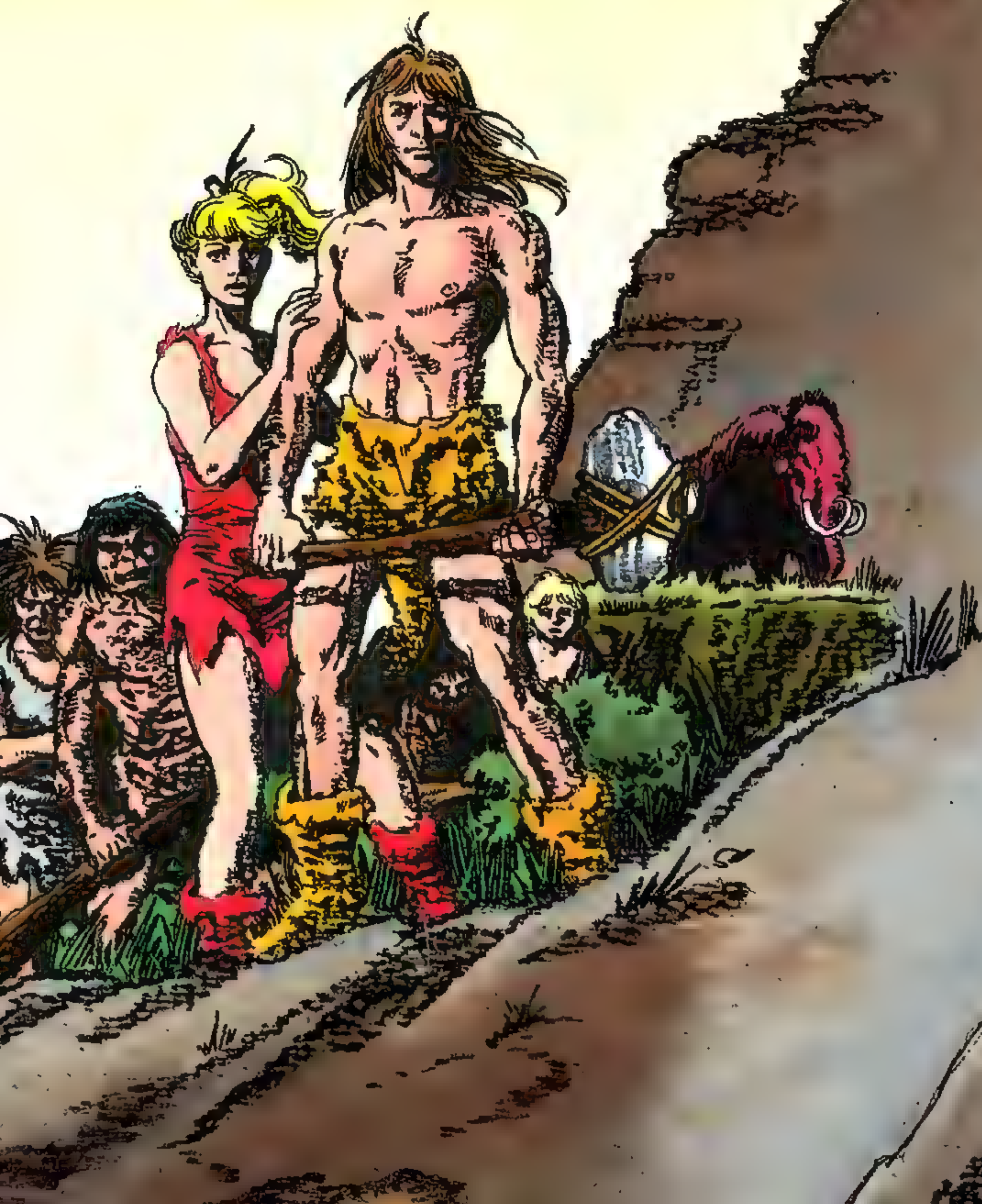
...would have its repercussions
in some far future time.

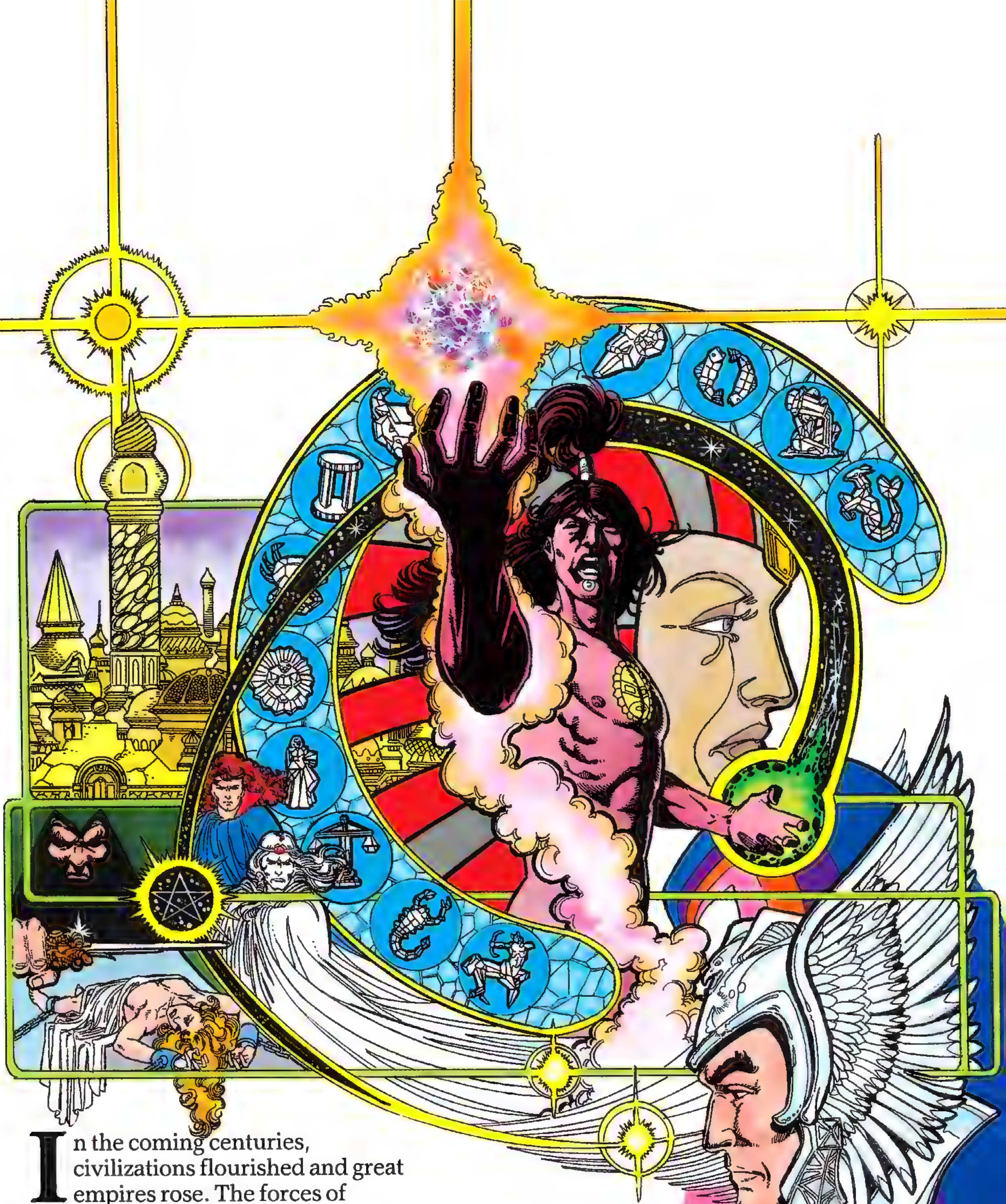
Her body died, but her soul lived
on, and would return.



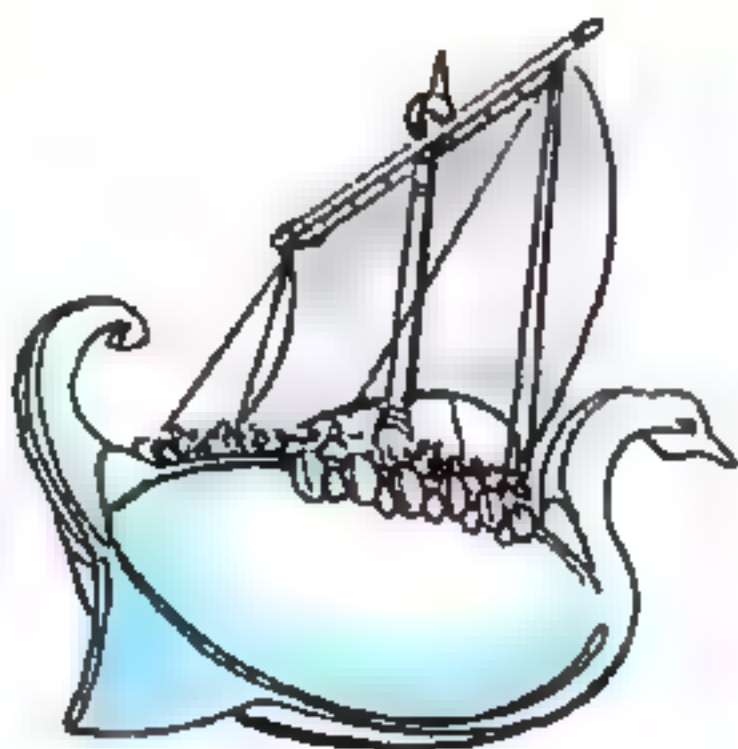
This was also a time for change. The era
of the Neanderthal gave way to the first
Cro-Magnon. The boy, Anthro, led his
people toward enlightenment.

Wars between the
last Neanderthals
and the early Cro-
Magnons were
bloody, but great
warriors rose to
end the violence.
The forces of Koa,
the Untamed,
paved the way for
a less violent
future.





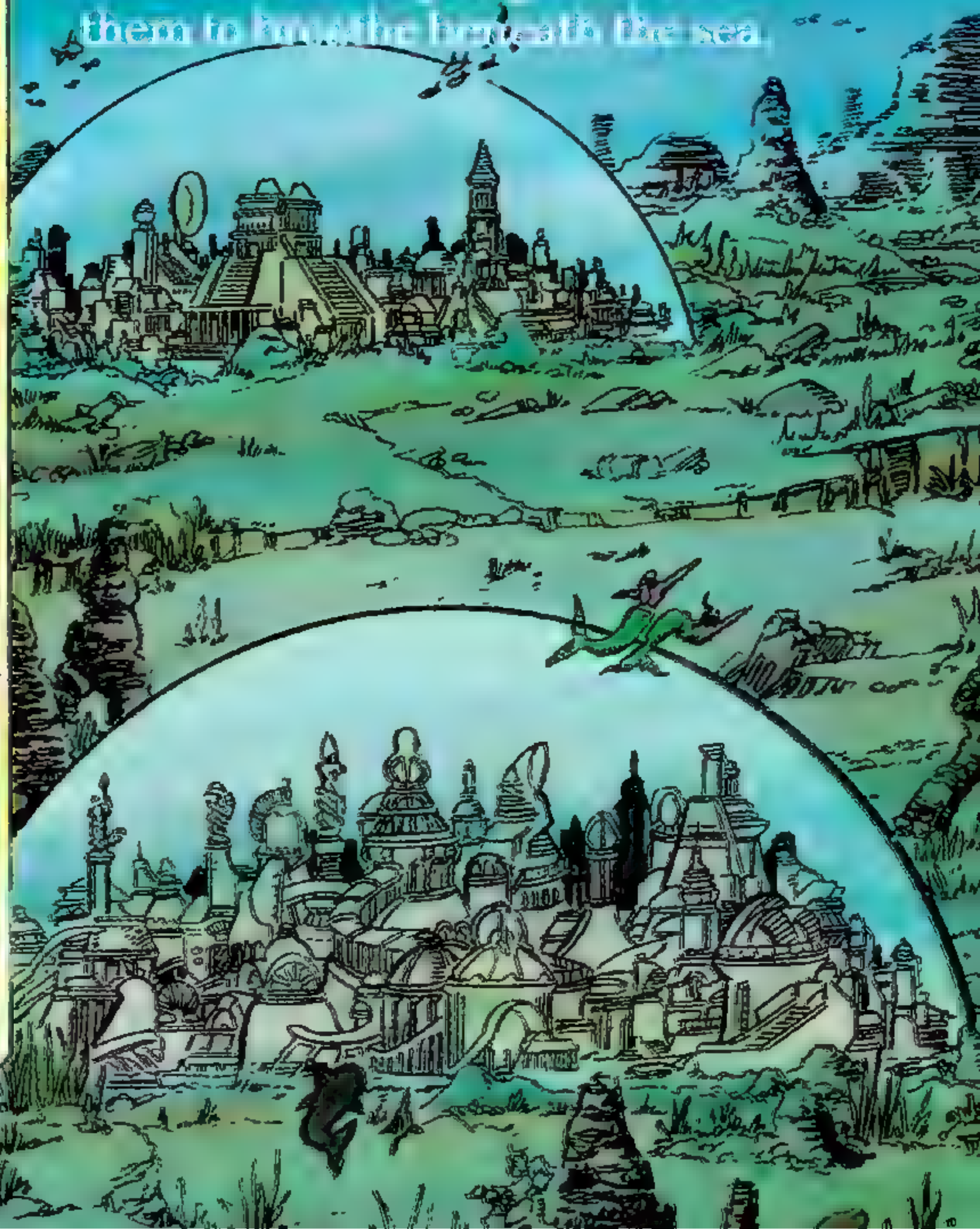
In the coming centuries, civilizations flourished and great empires rose. The forces of magic took hold over the Earth and then settled in the Kingdom of Atlantis. These were the mystic ages and corrupt sorcerers found themselves in constant battle with the practitioners of science.



Wars between science and sorcery threatened to destroy the island kingdom, and some, fearing for their lives, fled to the seas in ancient Swan ships. One such group discovered the underground caverns which led to Skartaris, the savage dimensional world whose portals lie deep within the bowels of the Earth.



The violence continued on Atlantis, until there came from the sorcerers one called Arion who used his powers for peace. But alien invaders engaged Arion, lord high mage of Atlantis, in a great battle that led to the island's sinking. The Atlanteans were prepared, however, and erected domes around their twin cities of Tritonis and Poseidonis. These twin cities became great underwater lands linked only by their Atlantean ancestry, as the people of Tritonis altered their forms and became merpeople, and those of Poseidonis remained human in form but developed gills to allow them to breathe beneath the sea.



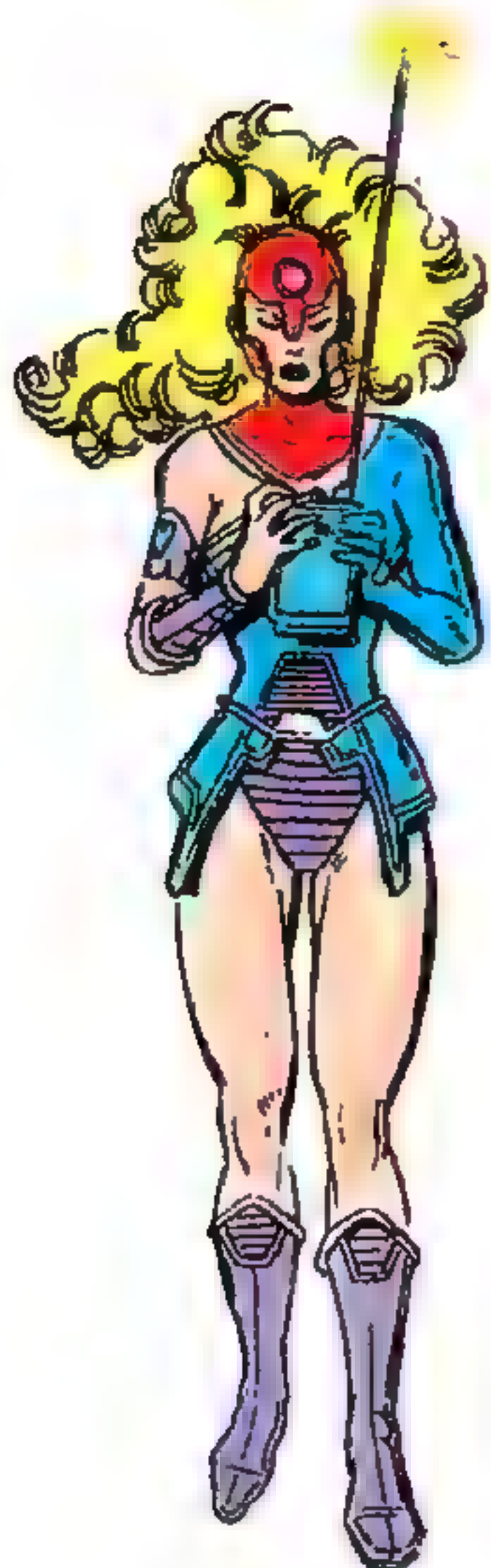


And so the first heroic age came to an end, to be reborn thousands of years and hundreds of miles beyond the site of Atlantis' sinking.

A hybrid bird race, led by Ibis-headed Thoth and falcon-headed Horus, came to Egypt before the birth of the great dynasties, and served as advisors before the coming of the Pharaohs. Leaving Egypt, the bird race migrated to the Arctic where they founded the hidden city of Feithera. Sorcery returned in the era of the mad Pharaoh Kha-ef-re. Forged from sorcery and science was a blue scarab gem which bestowed upon its wearer extraordinary powers: incredible strength, the gift of flight and the ability to form energy bolts. This scarab was buried with Kha-ef-re and rediscovered more than four thousand years later.

Of all the wizards in ancient Egypt, none was more powerful than the ancient, noble wizard Shazam. He seemed eternal in age and limitless in power, but even Shazam's existence was finite, and so the mage turned to his disciple, Teth-Adam, and bestowed on him great powers. But the power corrupted the student, and Teth-Adam became evil and turned against his people. To them he was now Black Adam. Only the power of his mentor, Shazam, could defeat the mad wizard and banish him from Earth to roam the Universe, seemingly forever.



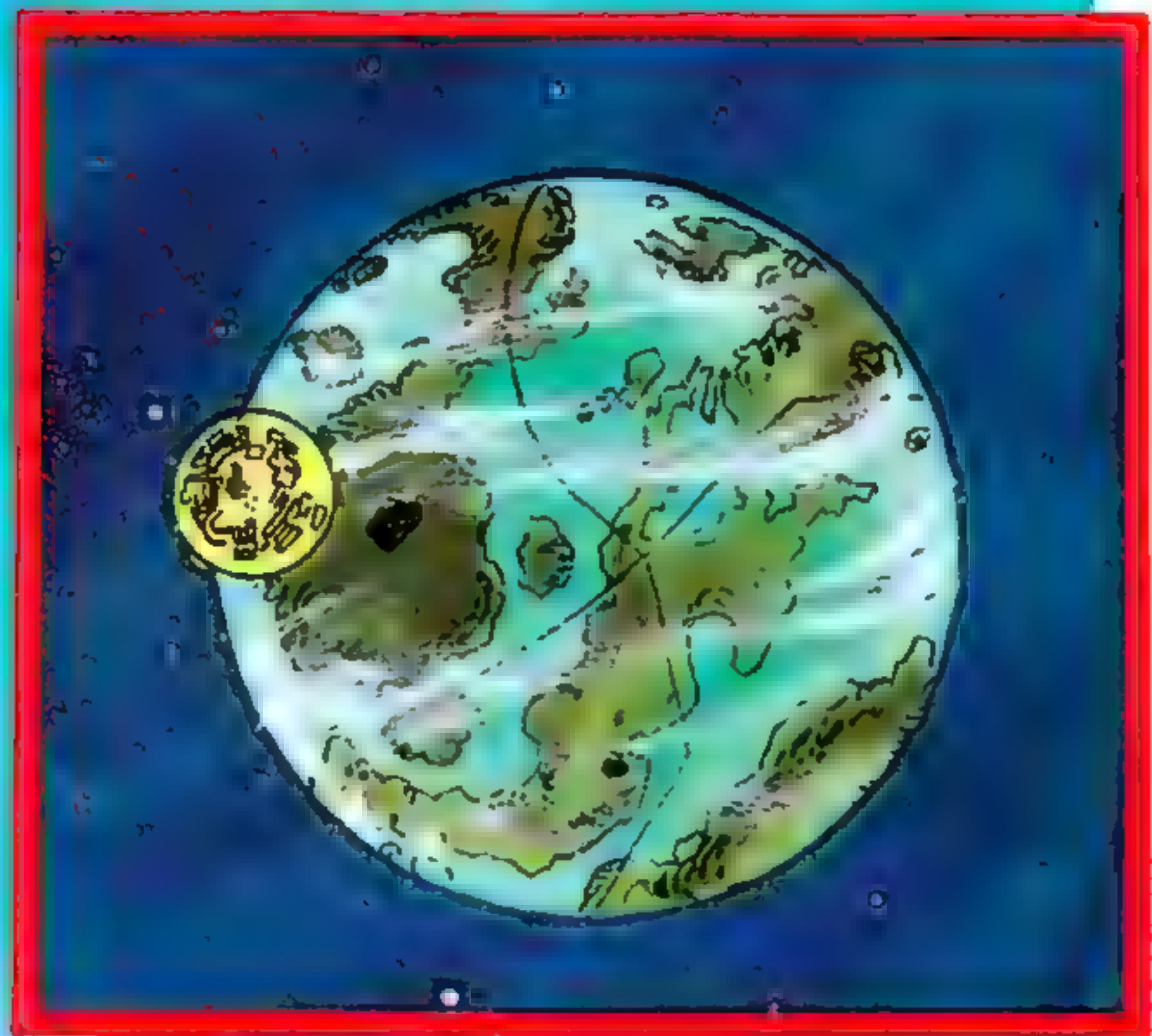


A thousand years passed and the mad priest Khalis rose to power. Nabu, one of the Lords of Order who had forged the powerful Amulet of Anubis, came to Egypt to challenge Khalis' rule and overthrew him. Four centuries passed before the Hyksos, the Shepherd-Kings, ruled Egypt. Khufu was a great warrior who tried to overthrow the evil Hath-Set, but in so doing, Khufu and his wife were slain. Yet their battle was not at an end—in three thousand years all three would be reincarnated as enemies. Other events on other worlds conspired to affect Earth's Heroic Age. The first of these worlds was created by a race of gaseous beings called the Sun-Thrivers who drew matter from far galaxies and formed a huge red star, but the star was unstable, so the Sun-Thrivers created planets out of solar matter, using their gravities to stabilize the turbulent sun storms, and a solar system was born. Of all the planets circling that red giant, the most powerful was Krypton. Belief in the god Rao led the Kryptonians to peace, and with peace came incredible advancements in the sciences and humanities.



On Earth, it would be a thousand years before the Greeks rose to power, spreading their armies throughout Europe and conquering nation after nation in the name of the all-powerful Gods of Olympus. The Gods--in legend the spawn of the dark infinity called Chaos. From Chaos came Gaea, Erebus and Night who in turn spawned Day. From Gaea was born Uranus, the sky. Then, with a smile of satisfaction, she gave us the mountains and the sea. It was from Gaea and Uranus, mother and son, that the Titans were born. They were twelve such Titans: Hyperion, Crius, Oceanus, Coeus, Iapetus, Cronus, Thea, Rhea, Mnemosyne, Phoebe, Tethys and Themis. Also from Uranus and Gaea were born the Cyclopes and the hundred-armed, fifty-headed monsters. When Uranus saw his children, he was repulsed by their ugliness, and banished them to the depths of the Earth. Gaea plotted with her son Cronus and, with a deadly sickle, the son attacked the father and cast his blood to the sea. From Uranus' blood was born the deadly giants and the evil Furies, and from the sea was born the Goddess Aphrodite. Cronus and Rhea brought forth six children. Learning from an oracle that one of his children would overthrow his father, Cronus took his children and swallowed them one by one, with the exception of his final son, Zeus, whom Rhea had hidden away in safety. Upon reaching adulthood, Zeus made a pact with the Goddess Metis who forced Cronus to vomit up the Gods he had swallowed. Then Zeus led his fellow Gods into battle with the Titans and defeated them after a long and bloody war. Zeus banished the Titans to the depths of Tartarus and claimed Olympus in the name of the Gods. The Titans once again attacked Olympus, and their battle lasted more than ten years and nearly destroyed the Earth in this second battle of the Gods; the rivers burned and the sky crashed to the ground. Powerful as they were, The Titans were again defeated, but this time they were encased in rock and returned to Tartarus as immobile statues. And so the Gods of Olympus rested, thinking their days of warring over at last.





The old Gods tired of battle. With a burst of impossible energy, they sealed Olympus off from all outside contact and created in its wake two giant molten bodies. For centuries they cooled and then finally gave birth to life. New Genesis—a magnificent new world of hope—became the home of the New Gods, the powerful race imbued with the living atoms of the original gods. On the barren, burning scar of a world called Apokolips was born the demon Darkseid and his legions of hell. These two forces are locked in an eternal battle with no end in sight.



Growing as a fierce race of people in the Vegan System, the Psions kidnapped the Okaaran X'hal and mated her with a fearsome, brutal Branx warrior. From this came the birth of two children: a horribly mutated being who became the first Citadelian, and the human child, Lambien. The Psions tried to mate X'hal a second time, but she slew the Branx warrior even as he killed her. The Psions took her lifeless body and, in a vicious experiment, converted her into a being of pure energy. At that moment, she became the goddess X'hal; Lambien shared much of her power and later metamorphosed into the near-God Auron.

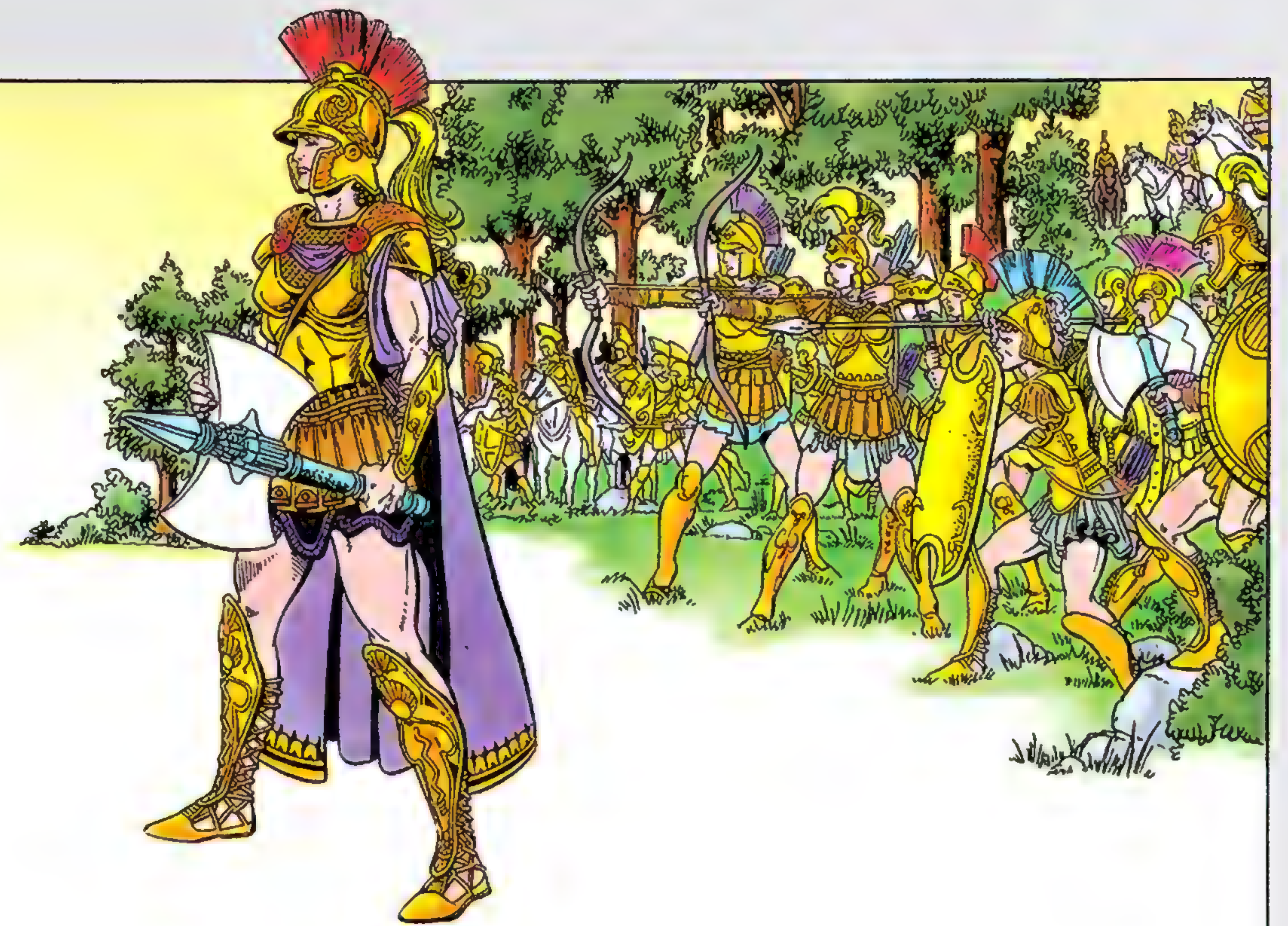


X'hal's other son, the being who had become the first Citadelian, joined with his creators, the lizard-scientist Psions, and together they conquered Vega's twenty-five worlds before the sole Citadelian turned on his allies and claimed power for himself alone. Using Psion science, X'hal's son cloned himself, and with his new force would control the entire Vegan system for more than two hundred years.



A thousand years had passed since the great Egyptian dynasties fell to ruin. Vandals ransacking the tombs of the Pharaohs stole the ancient histories, some never to be recovered. Guided by the Gods of Olympus, Greece rose to power; her armies were undefeatable, and among

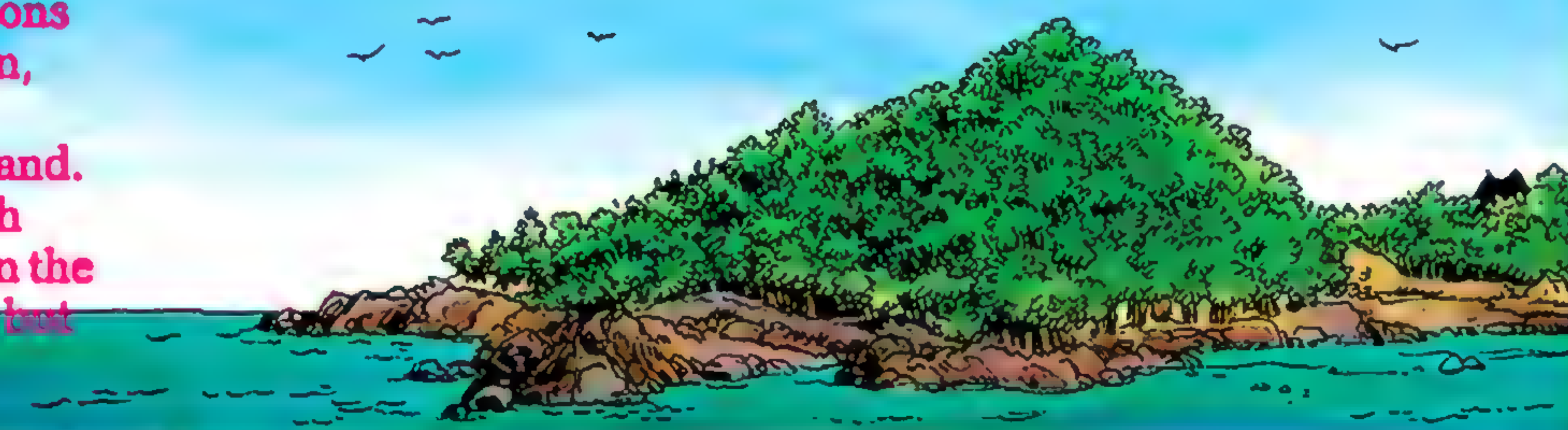
the greatest warriors were the invincible Amazons. The Man-God Heracles came to Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons, to take the girdle given to her by Athena. Hippolyte welcomed the Man-God to her home and her heart.



Heracles drugged Hippolyte, stole her girdle and imprisoned the Amazons. The Queen escaped and freed her people, and together they attacked Heracles' army. After the battle, Antiope, sister to

Hippolyte, journeyed to Athens with half of the Amazon warriors to further avenge themselves on Heracles. There they would fight the great Trojan wars.

Hippolyte, guided by the Goddess Athena, led her Amazons through uncharted waters parted by the sea-god Poseidon, risking their lives until, at last, through the clouds that blanket the Bermuda Triangle, they founded Paradise Island. It is said that the Gods, led by Zeus himself, came to Earth and lay waste to our world. A great war was played out on the battlefield before it was learned these were not the Gods but savagers from another world.



The Gods returned to Earth many times, but eventually forsook our planet for the grandeur of Olympus. Still, there were tales of the Gods' return...



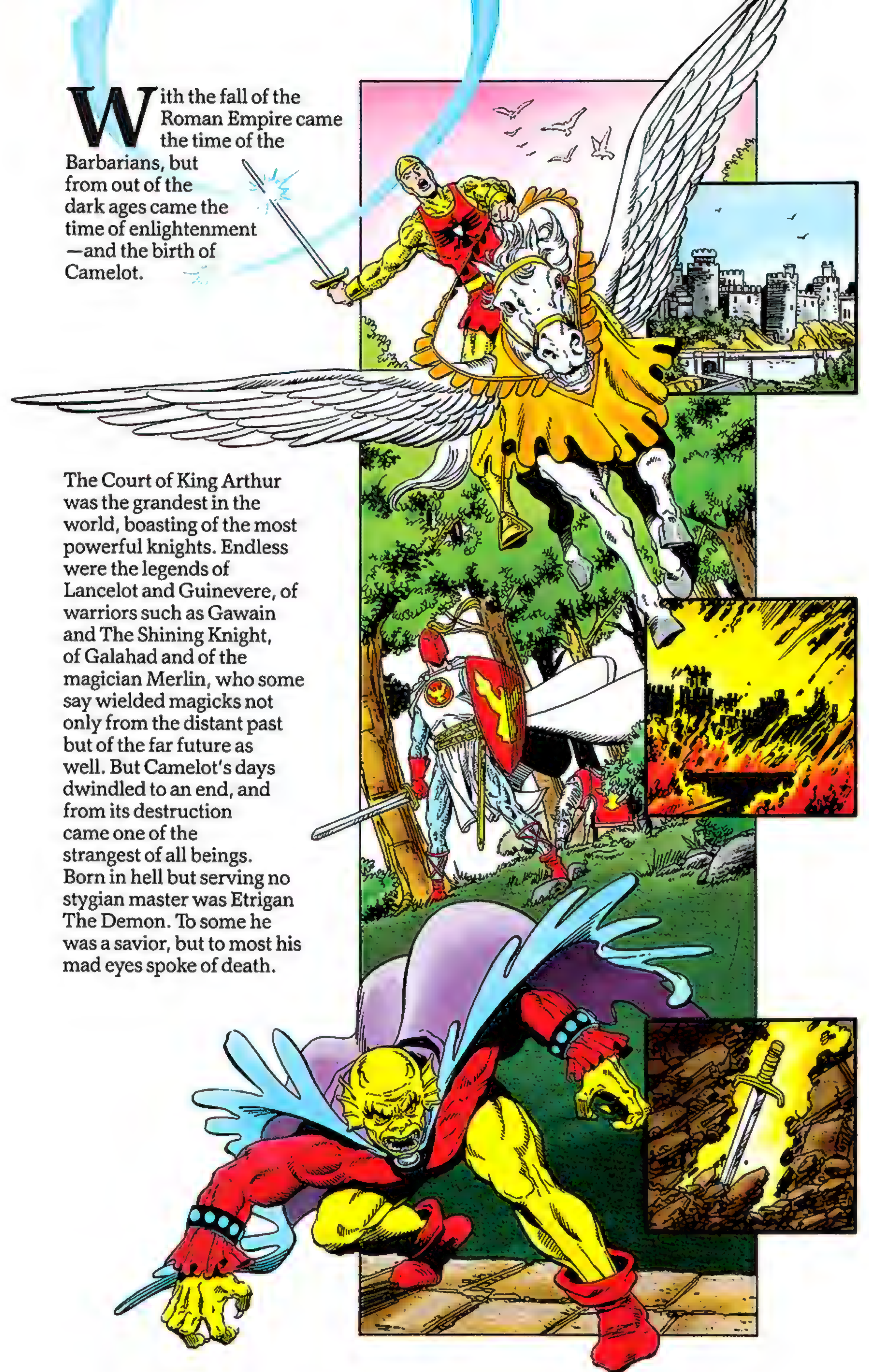


While the grandeur of Greece slowly faded to the glory that would be Rome, the focus of this tome of heroics must shift to the mountains of Tibet. On a dark night the skies of Tibet glowed like an emerald as a meteor burning with verdant light crashed to Earth and shimmered with a power never before seen. In two thousand years a battery of power carved from this meteor would be found, and with it a new hero would be born.

Rome became the center of man and his activities. Here there was a greatness that dwarfed the Greeks and the Egyptians. Great gladiators fought in combat to achieve the precious medals of the Caesars. No warrior was greater than the Golden Gladiator. He could not be defeated in battle, nor could his soul be corrupted by evil. And there was evil—the great demon priest of the ancient Druids was Blackbriar Thorn. He spread his terror throughout Rome until the legions swept in after him and slew his mindless cult, but Thorn used his powers to transform himself to wood and eluded his vengeful pursuers. Free, the Priest turned his powers on his fellow Druids, but in their death they buried Thorn in an Earth fissure where he would not be discovered for twenty centuries.

With the fall of the Roman Empire came the time of the Barbarians, but from out of the dark ages came the time of enlightenment—and the birth of Camelot.

The Court of King Arthur was the grandest in the world, boasting of the most powerful knights. Endless were the legends of Lancelot and Guinevere, of warriors such as Gawain and The Shining Knight, of Galahad and of the magician Merlin, who some say wielded magicks not only from the distant past but of the far future as well. But Camelot's days dwindled to an end, and from its destruction came one of the strangest of all beings. Born in hell but serving no stygian master was Etrigan The Demon. To some he was a savior, but to most his mad eyes spoke of death.

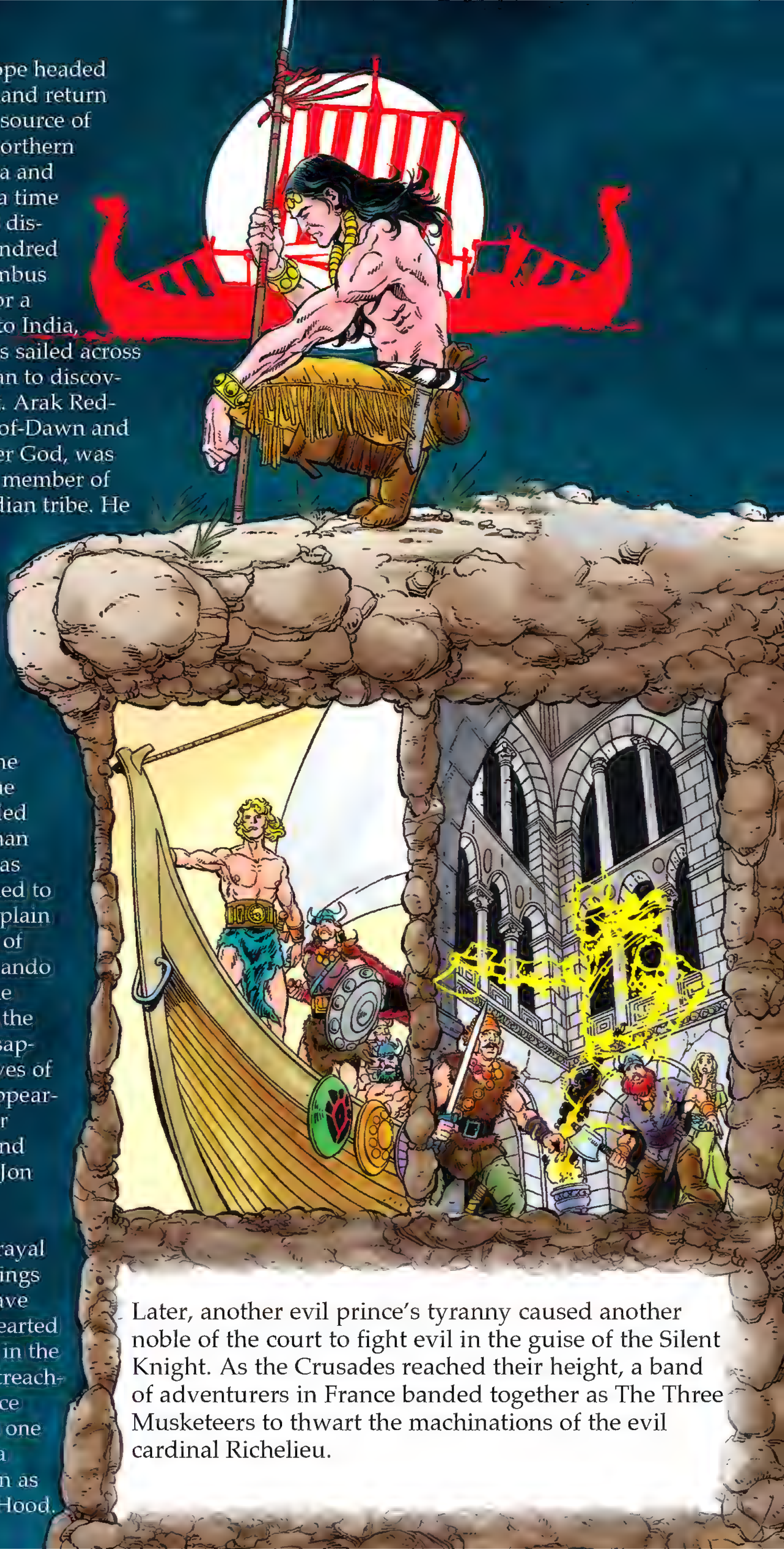


While central Europe headed for its renaissance and return to supremacy, the source of heroes shifted to northern Europe, to America and beyond. This was a time of exploration and discovery. Seven hundred years before Columbus searched in vain for a short trade route to India, proud Viking ships sailed across the uncharted ocean to discover a new continent. Arak Red-Hand, son of Star-of-Dawn and He-No the Thunder God, was the last surviving member of the Quontauka Indian tribe. He was taken by the Viking raiders to medieval Europe where he served in the defense of Carolus Magnus, also known as Charlemagne.

This was also a time of danger as Jon the Viking Prince battled menaces both human and supernatural, as sorcery had returned to Earth. Sorceries explain the disappearance of The Viking Commando Valoric—as had the Viking Prince and the Shining Knight disappeared from the eyes of man—and his reappearance centuries later during man's second world war, as did Jon and Sir Justin.

After Arthur's betrayal and death, other kings ruled England. Brave Richard the Lionhearted carried his banner in the Crusades, but his treacherous brother Prince John's tyranny led one nobleman to lead a band of Merry Men as the outlaw Robin Hood.

Later, another evil prince's tyranny caused another noble of the court to fight evil in the guise of the Silent Knight. As the Crusades reached their height, a band of adventurers in France banded together as The Three Musketeers to thwart the machinations of the evil cardinal Richelieu.



Mount Michelson: a ship from the stars buried itself in this Alaskan peak. Inside, its pilot remained in suspended animation for almost eleven hundred years.

Hidden in the Tibetan mountains is the famed land of Nanda Parbat.



As sorcery waned on Earth, the wizard-leaders of the 12 cities of Gems focused all their power into the young witch, Citrina, in order to find them a new and proper homeland. To do so she forged an alliance with the Dark Lords and created the other dimensional land of Gemworld.



In the last decade of the fifteenth century there were many events of note: America was officially 'discovered' by Christopher Columbus seven hundred years after the abduction of the Indian Arak. In the

Vegan star system the villainous spider-cult first spread their reign of terror. In Africa, an intelligent simian race erected the fabled Gorilla City and hid it from the ever-prying eyes of man. In space

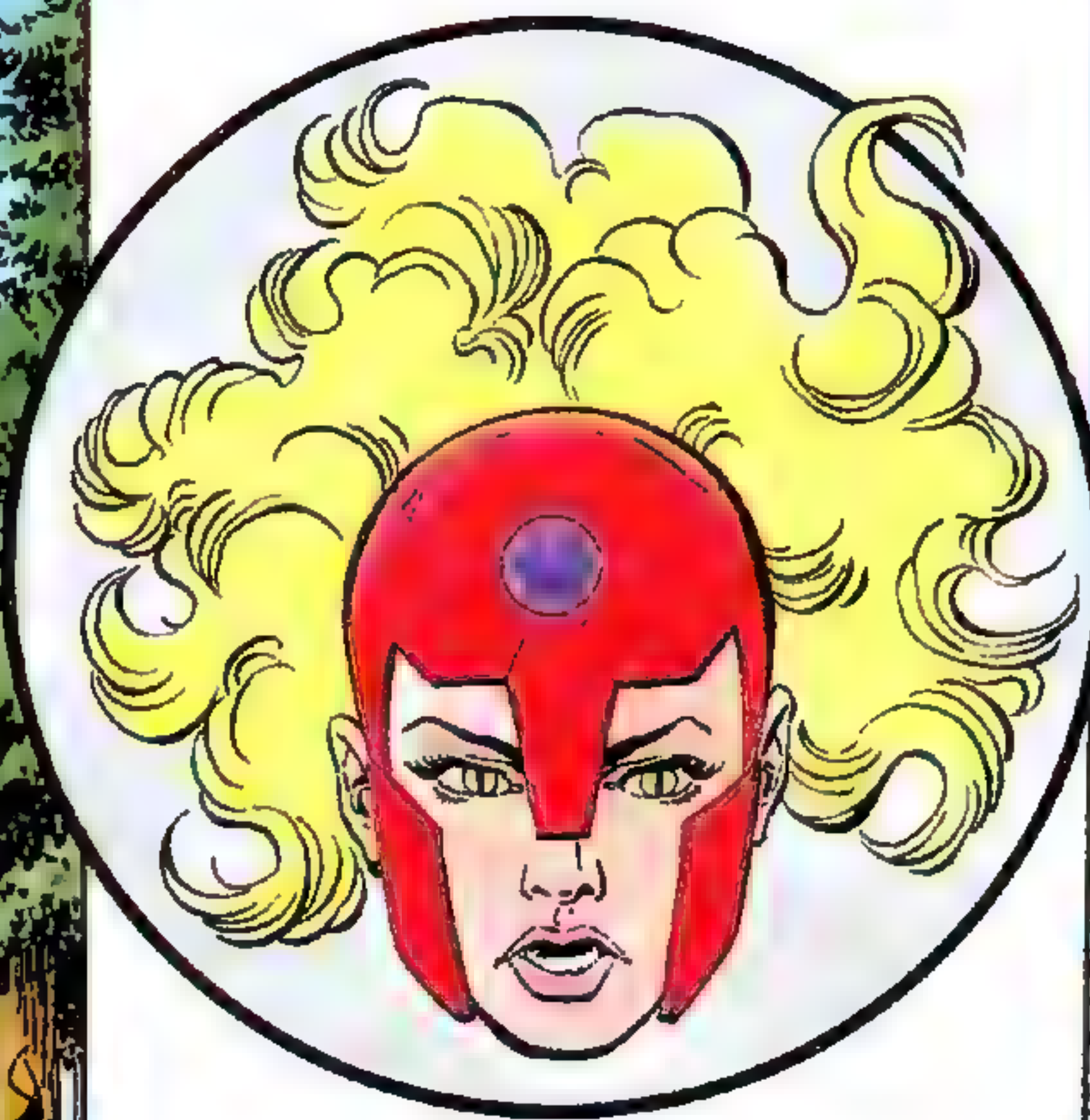
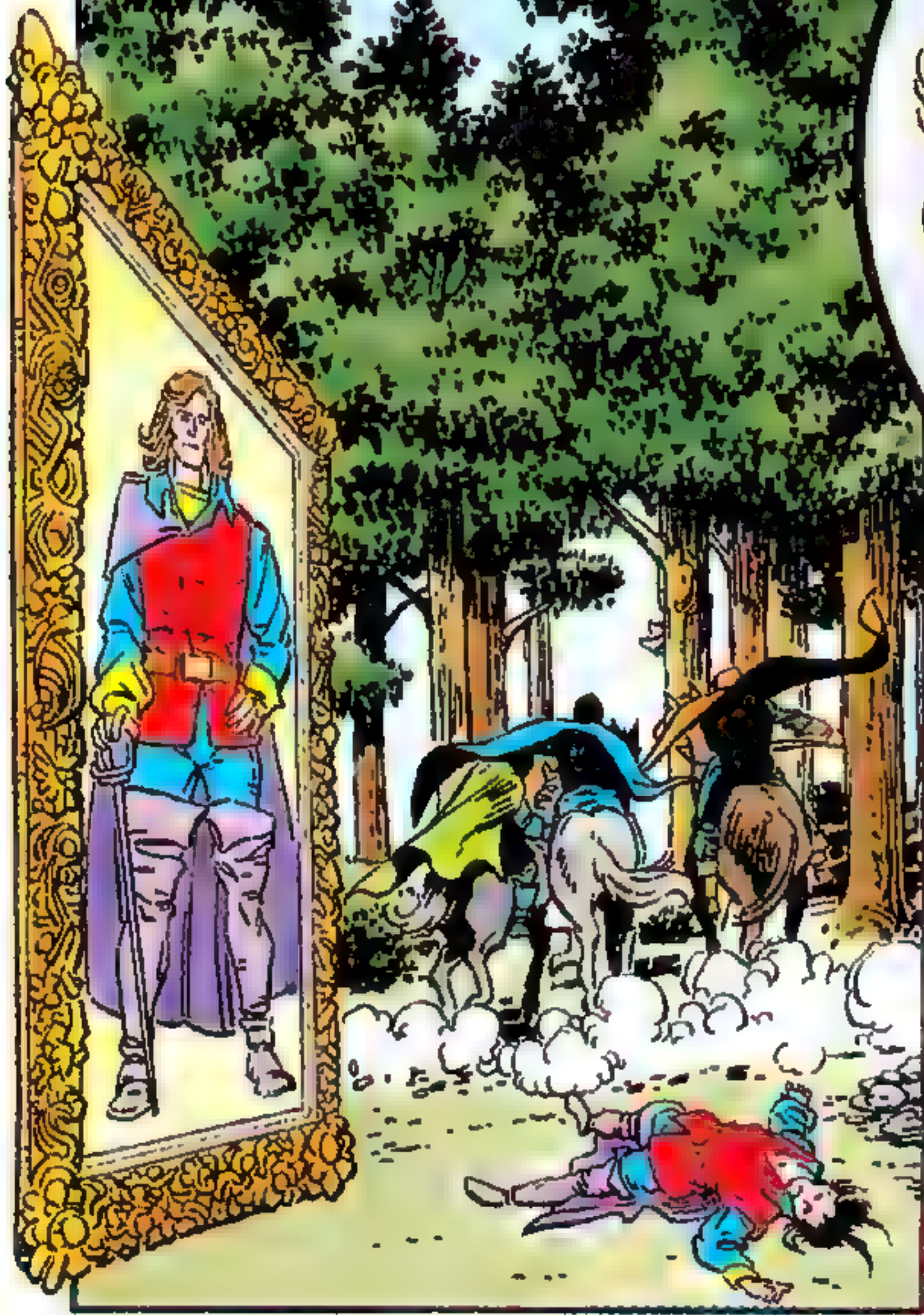
and on Earth, the android Manhunters perverted their original mission of eliminating evil into the hunting and destruction of all sentient life, establishing a cult in pursuit of their goal.

Sixteenth century Europe was in turmoil and wars erupted out of corruption and politics. British nobleman Jon Valor, also known as The Black Pirate, assembled a band of fellow freedom fighters to protect the innocent against tyranny.



These were times of violence and horror, from the iron-fisted rule of despots to the bloodthirsty growth of vampirism, but one such undead sought to save the world from others of his kind. In dying, Andrew Bennett spent an eternity to save the living.

Bennett was not the only man to die and be reborn: Keith Everet, Earl of Strethmere, was slain by thieves but returned to earth as the Grim Ghost to avenge all evil.



Man has always fought the forces of evil no matter the personal risk. Fero, Chief of the Carib Indians, became the legendary Captain Fear to battle his Spanish foes.

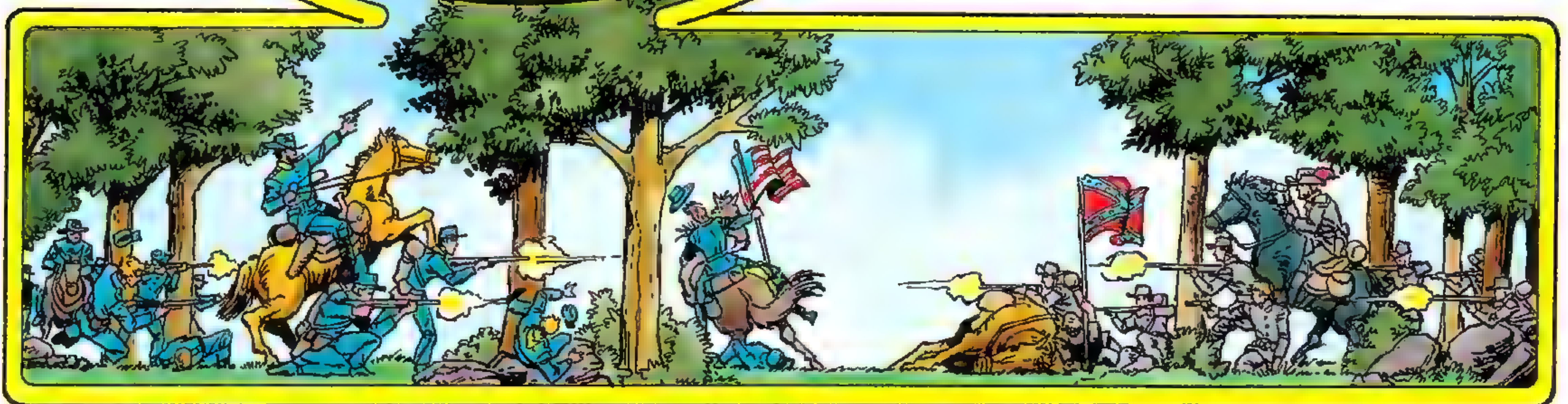


And when America revolted against British tyranny, thousands of loyal men and women took arms against their far mightier foe. It was the courage of fighters such as Miss Liberty, Tomahawk and Dan Hunter that allowed America to gain her independence.





America was now free and her people began their trek west in vast wagon trains. One such train was attacked by the fierce Blackfoot Indians, and all the travellers were slain save one blue-eyed, red-haired infant. This child was raised by the Indians to become Firehair.

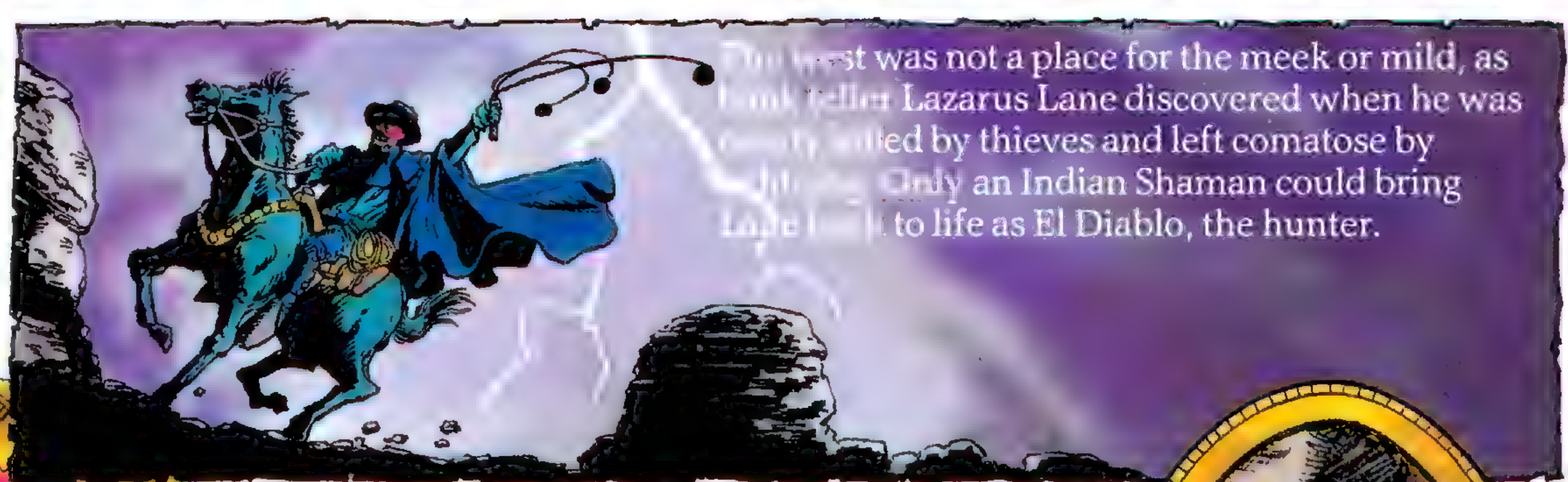


The 1860s saw America torn apart by civil war. For five bloody years brother fought brother, but at last the war ended, and its soldiers returned home to rebuild their emotionally shattered lives. Some soldiers, knowing little more than fighting, continued to live by the gun. Those who strayed from the law were hunted down, often by other former soldiers. Jonah Hex was a bounty hunter: among the very best...and certainly the most dangerous.





More and more Americans moved from the Eastern shores to settle in the vast and untamed west. This was a time of hope where risks would be taken and lives would be lost in pursuit of the American dream. But still they came, first by wagon, then by train.



The west was not a place for the meek or mild, as bank teller Lazarus Lane discovered when he was ambushed by thieves and left comatose by lightning. Only an Indian Shaman could bring Lane back to life as El Diablo, the hunter.



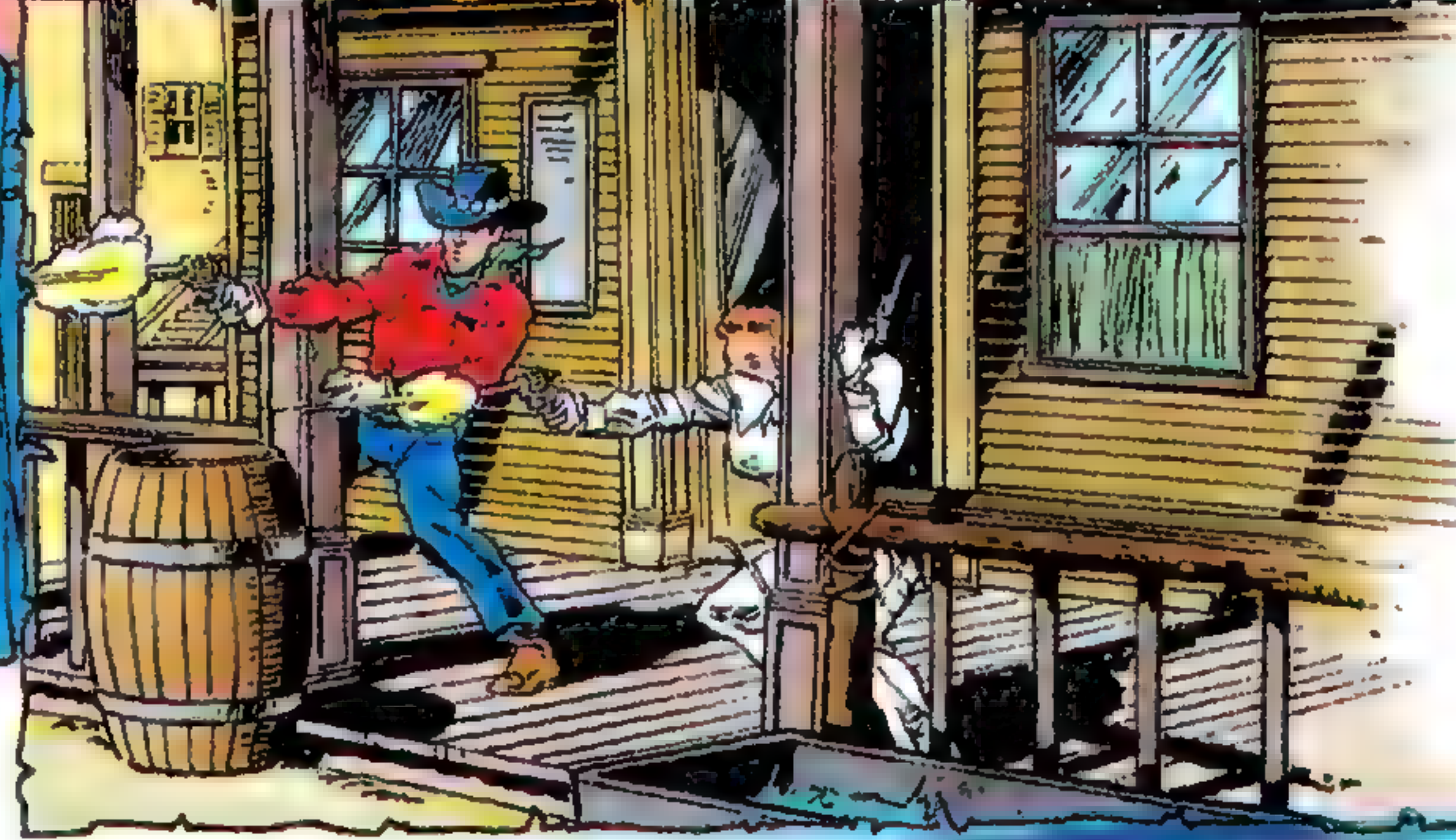
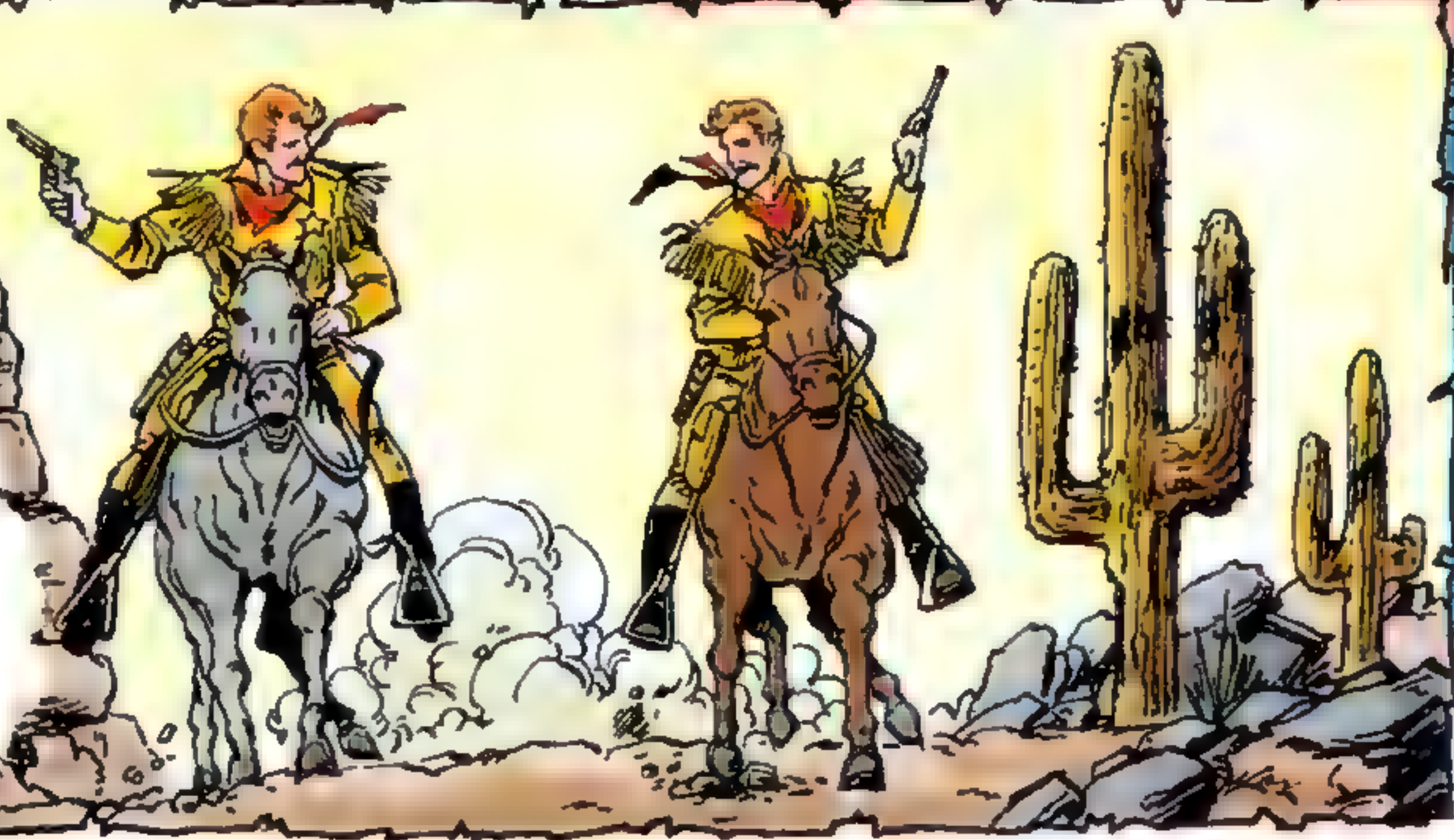
They came from every corner of the planet: the friendly adventurers such as Bat Lash who looked upon the west as a source of income, to Scalphunter who was not at home amongst white man or Indian.



Pow Wow Smith, inspired by the stories of the legendary warrior Super Chief, became the first of the Indian lawmen, and the avenging woman known only as Cinnamon became the first female law officer of the west.



As more people migrated, vast towns rose where years before there was only desert. Into these towns and cities came the outlaws. Without the law to protect the innocent, men such as the Trigger Twins risked their own lives to preserve the peace. This makeshift justice served until the true law came west.

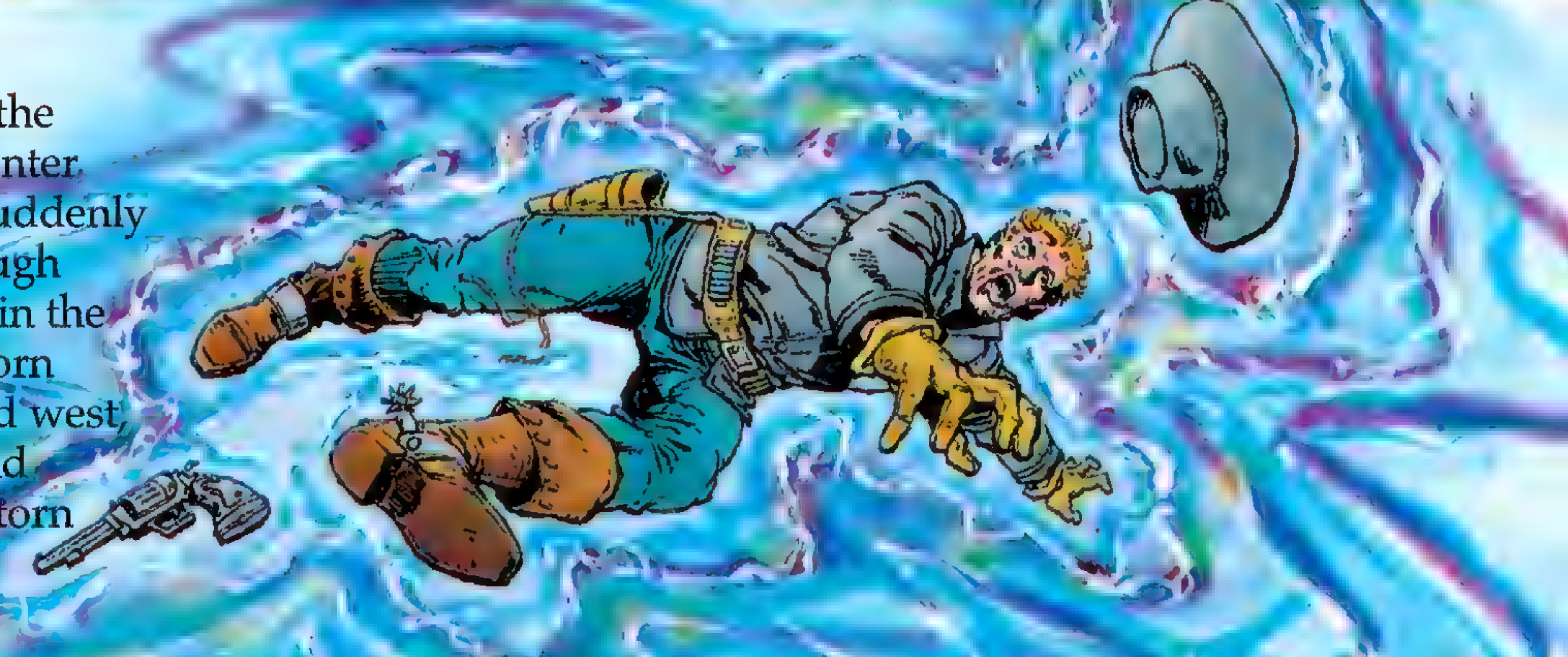


With each new territory annexed to the United States, the law finally followed to tame the wild west. However, not even sheriffs and U.S. marshals could do the job alone, so they relied on professionals such as Johnny Thunder and Madame .44 to give them a helping hand.



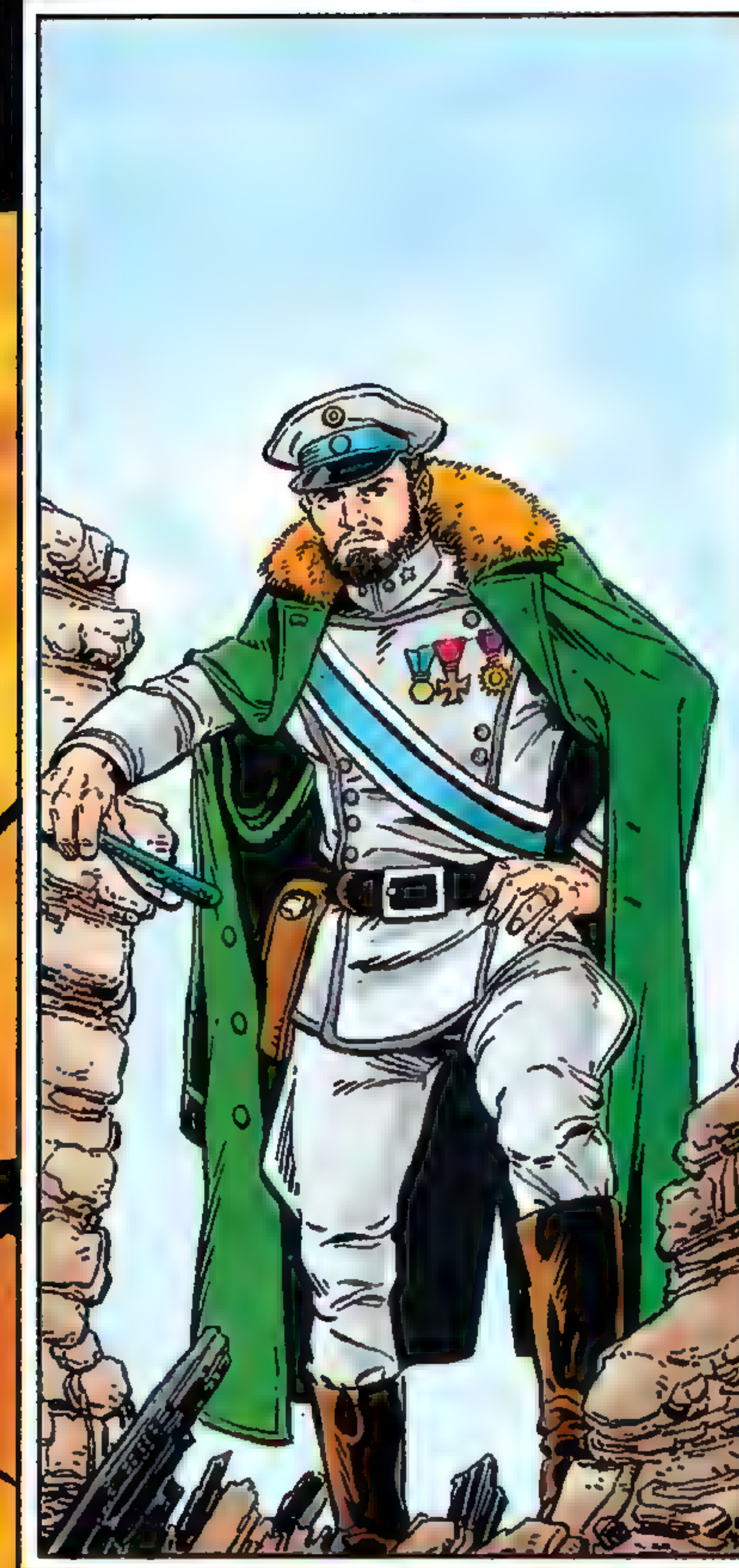
The west was being settled, but as throughout history, into the ordinary came the bizarre. The Indian Strong Bow found a spatial warp which turned him into a warrior of two worlds.

In the year 1875, the feared bounty hunter Jonah Hex was suddenly transported through time to reappear in the year 2050 A.D. Torn from the untamed west the gunman found himself in a war-torn world gone mad.



The nineteenth century came to an end as the world made its greatest leap forward. From the horse and wagon came the railroad, then the first automobiles, and finally the airplane. From a world lit by oil lamps came electricity, but with all the advancements in science, man's lust for power continued unabated.

War is an eternal struggle between conflicting beliefs best symbolized, perhaps, by the battles between the Immortal Man and Vandal Savage, whose war has been waged since the dawn of man.



Battles were no longer confined to the ground to be fought by soldiers sloshing through mud. Now war was brought to the skies and its warriors were men adhering to a code of honor. This was called the war to end all wars, and men such as Steve Savage, the Balloon Buster, as well as thousands of others fought hard to make that saying true.



Wars are created by politics, while the warriors who fight in them, even foes such as Hans von Hammer the Enemy Ace, are people no different from any other.

There were six Brother Bloods before him, each living to their hundredth year, each one then slain by his own son. The Church Of Brother Blood prospered in Zandia, a Baltic country populated by the dregs of society. For protection, the thieves and murderers, the terrorists and ex-dictators, all donated great fortunes which financed Blood's Church throughout the world.

As more and more believers came to worship in the Church of Blood, Brother Blood's power grew, for Blood was an emotion vampire—living and growing ever stronger from the fervent worship bestowed him.



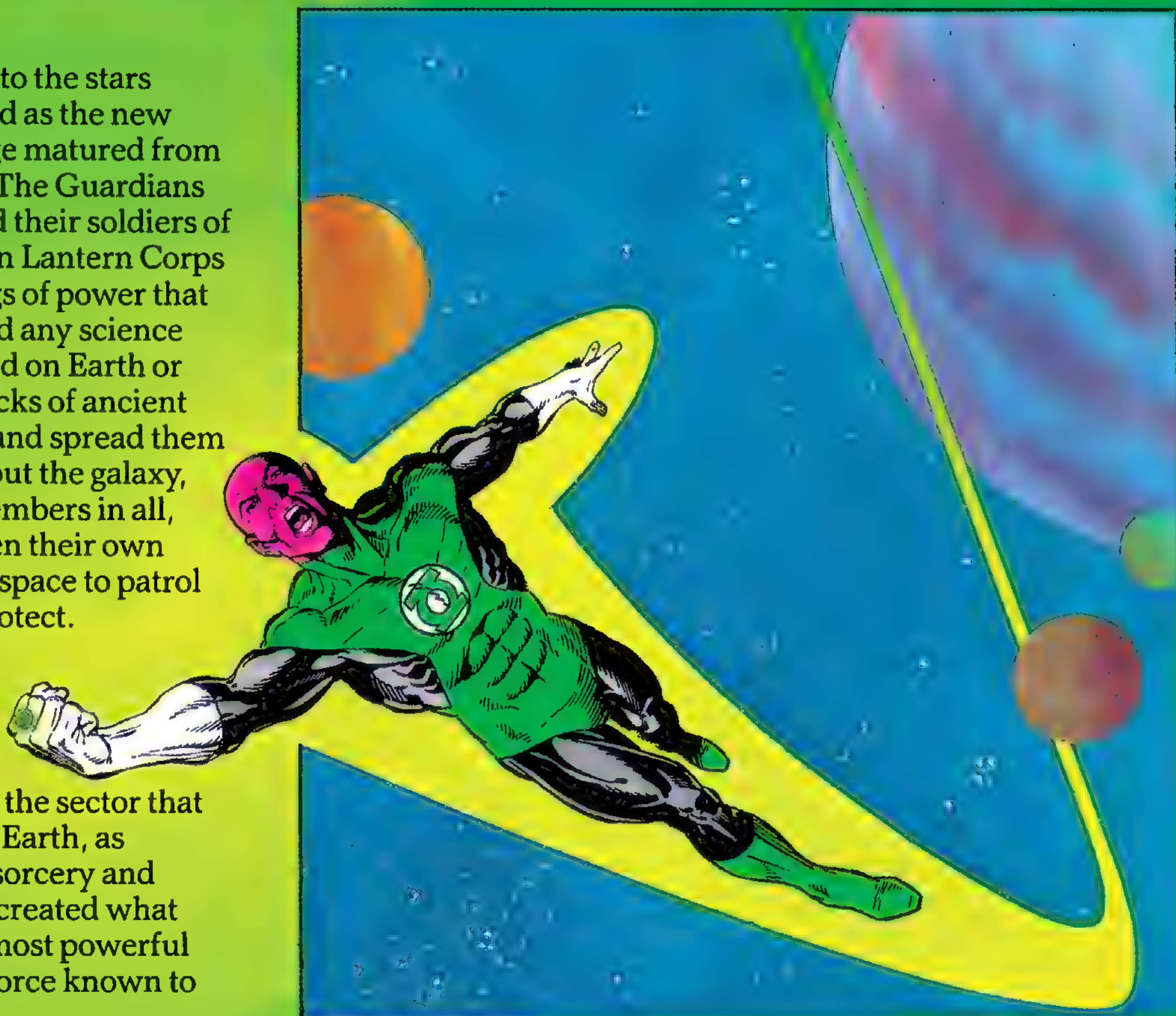


The end of World War One marked a new beginning for the Heroic Age. Science ruled, and even with the worldwide economic crash in 1929, society advanced at a rate unknown to man.

Yet into this world of science and technology, into this new age of industrialization, the arcane continued to thrive. One such practitioner, called Dr. Occult, combined the modern sciences of detection with the dark forces from times past.

Our link to the stars continued as the new heroic age matured from infancy. The Guardians equipped their soldiers of the Green Lantern Corps with rings of power that surpassed any science developed on Earth or the magicks of ancient Atlantis and spread them throughout the galaxy, 3,600 members in all, each given their own sector of space to patrol and to protect.

Abin Sur patrolled the sector that included Earth, as science, sorcery and the stars created what was the most powerful warrior force known to man.



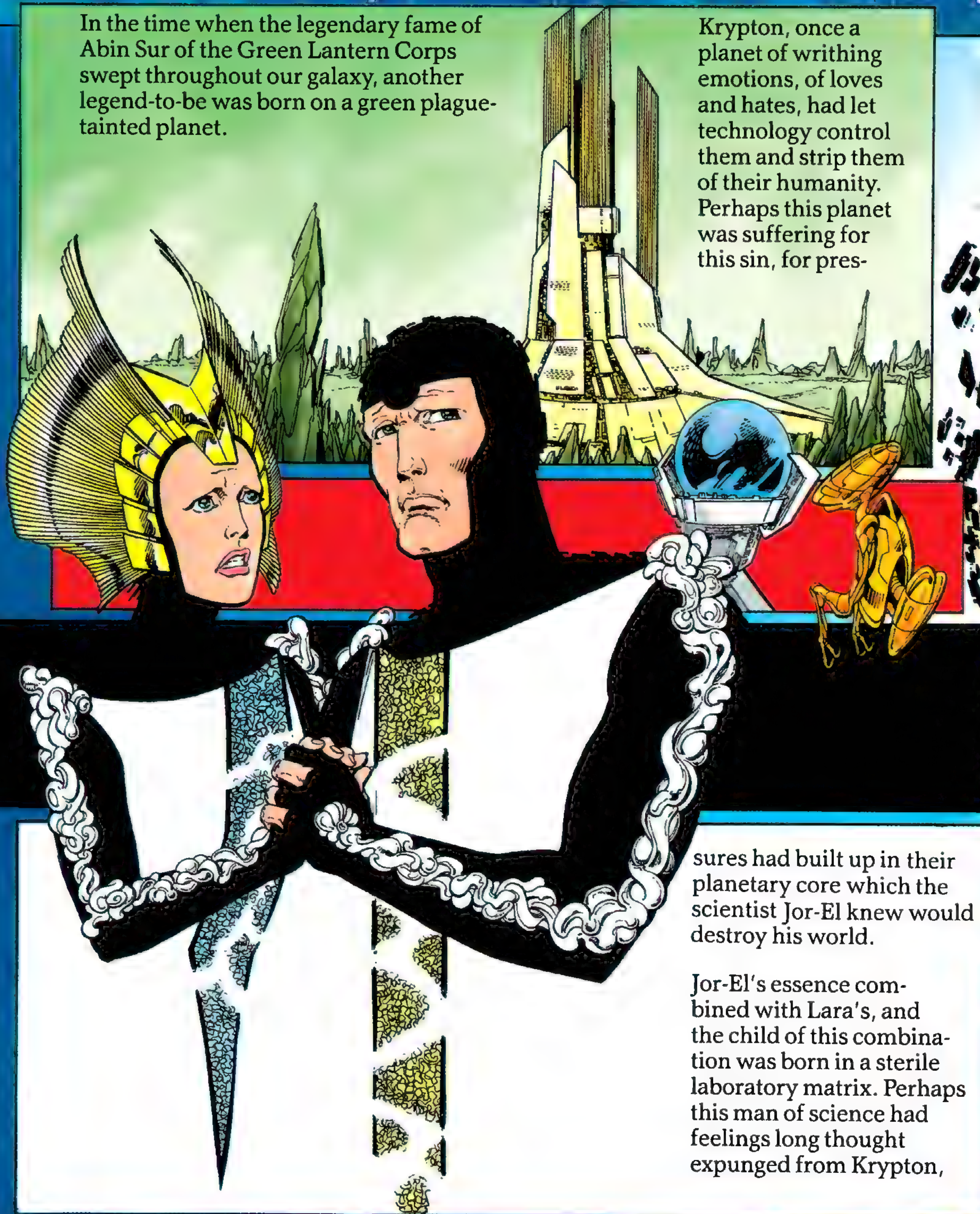
but he knew his son, the baby Kal-El, must not die with his world. The incubation matrix was outfitted with hyper-light drive, and as Krypton died, victim of its own inhumanity, her last son was sent to Earth where he would become the greatest hero of all. Perhaps this last act of a dying, sterile world, this last act of love, would redeem a world which had ceased to breathe long before its actual destruction.

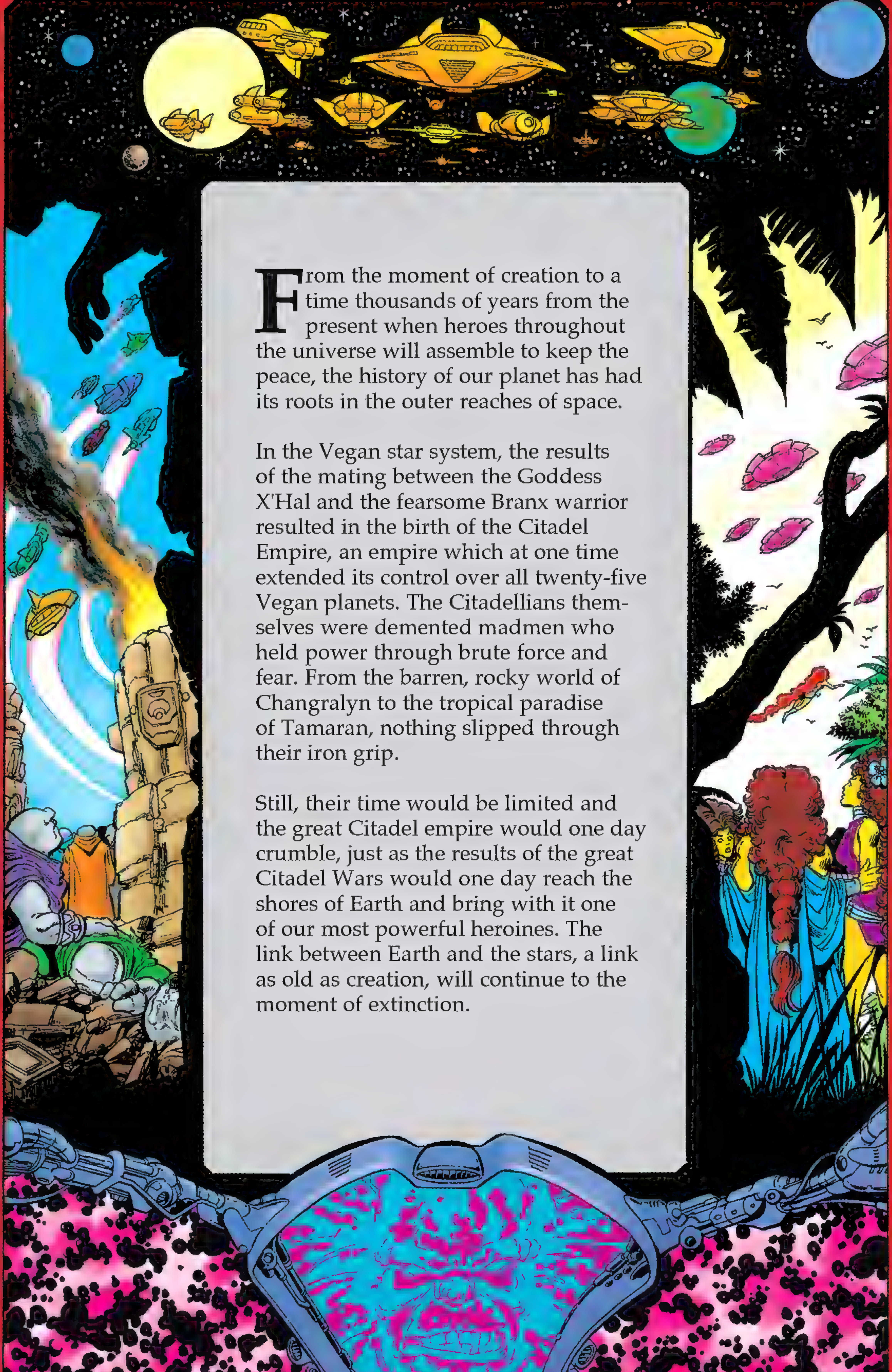
In the time when the legendary fame of Abin Sur of the Green Lantern Corps swept throughout our galaxy, another legend-to-be was born on a green plague-tainted planet.

Krypton, once a planet of writhing emotions, of loves and hates, had let technology control them and strip them of their humanity. Perhaps this planet was suffering for this sin, for pres-

ures had built up in their planetary core which the scientist Jor-El knew would destroy his world.

Jor-El's essence combined with Lara's, and the child of this combination was born in a sterile laboratory matrix. Perhaps this man of science had feelings long thought expunged from Krypton,





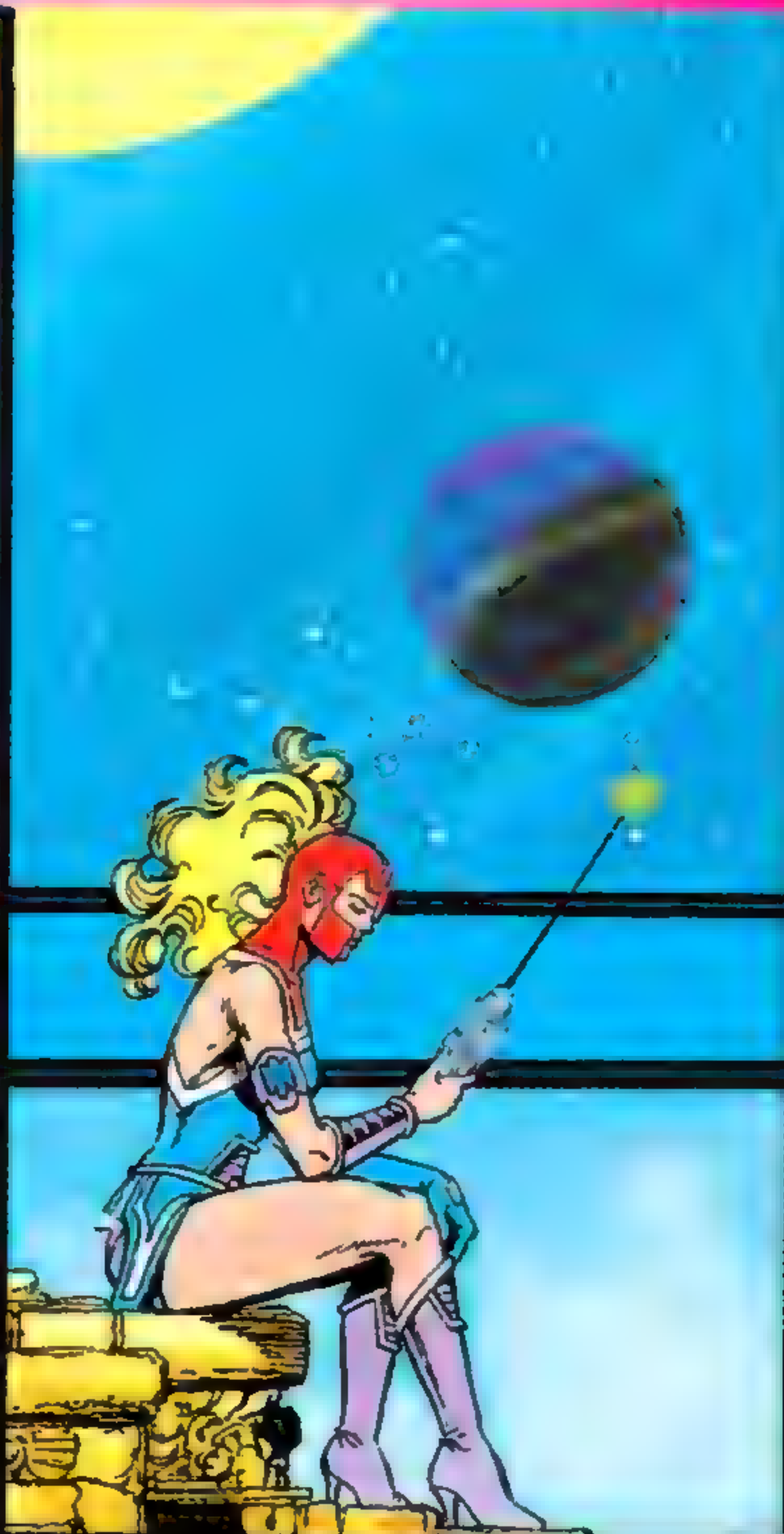
From the moment of creation to a time thousands of years from the present when heroes throughout the universe will assemble to keep the peace, the history of our planet has had its roots in the outer reaches of space.

In the Vegan star system, the results of the mating between the Goddess X'Hal and the fearsome Branx warrior resulted in the birth of the Citadel Empire, an empire which at one time extended its control over all twenty-five Vegan planets. The Citadellians themselves were demented madmen who held power through brute force and fear. From the barren, rocky world of Changralyn to the tropical paradise of Tamaran, nothing slipped through their iron grip.

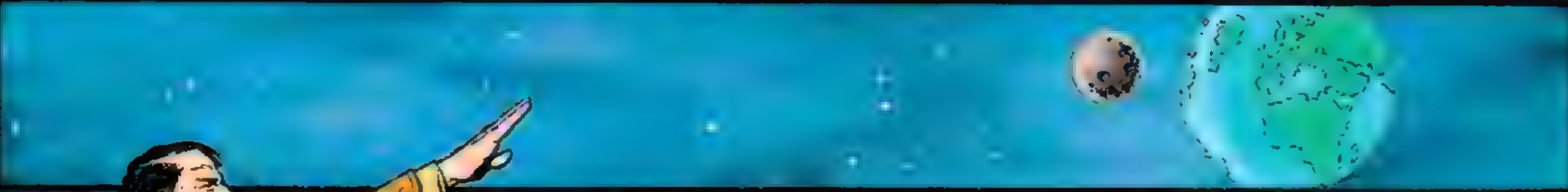
Still, their time would be limited and the great Citadel empire would one day crumble, just as the results of the great Citadel Wars would one day reach the shores of Earth and bring with it one of our most powerful heroines. The link between Earth and the stars, a link as old as creation, will continue to the moment of extinction.



As the Citadel Empire expanded through the Vegan Galaxy crushing one foe after another, the young baby Kal-El hurtled through space toward Earth.



Kal-El's ship crossed the paths of other worlds which would one day be inextricably tied in with Earth's heroic history. From Thanagar to Rann, from the rings of Saturn to the desolate caverns of Mars, all these worlds and more would affect the Earth's greatest age of heroes.



An Heroic Age was certainly needed, for the Earth was soon to be plunged into a terrible worldwide war.





The War had begun in Europe but its cancerous growth had yet to engulf America.

What would become known as The Golden Age of Heroes began in 1938 with the advent of Zatara the Magician, the Crimson Avenger, and the American called Hop Harrigan.

The world was changing, becoming darker, grimmer. Into this would emerge such heroes as The Sandman and the size-changing Doll Man.

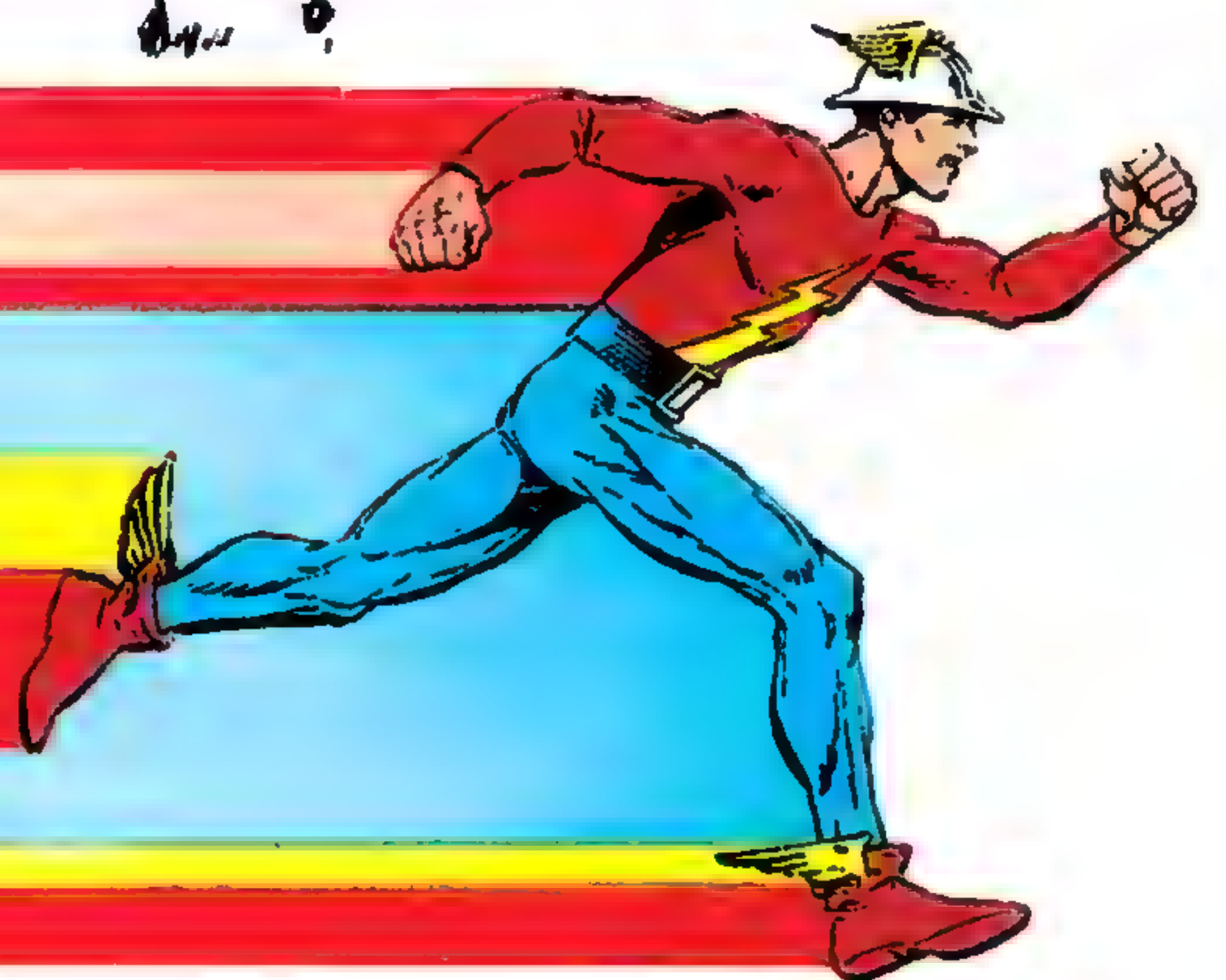


Long before America joined the war, many Americans took the side of the Allied nations in their desperate fight for freedom. Steel, the Indestructible Man, was one such hero who sacrificed his own welfare to help those oppressed by Nazi Tyranny. There were others, men without special powers and abilities, men who believed in freedom and who soon joined with their European brothers in the battle for peace.

All these men and women, costumed and uncostumed, became true heroes in this most horrible of wars.

But not all heroes went off to fight in Europe. Many remained home in America as she emerged from a debilitating depression to find herself heading toward the ever-encroaching Second World War.

With the emergence of specially powered heroes such as The Flash, the world's fastest man, came their very opposites: men and women with powers of their own who used their special abilities for evil.





Prince Khufu of Egypt and Shiera, the woman he loved, and his foe Hath-Set were reincarnated many thousands of years after their deaths. In this wartorn world Khufu and Shiera fought modern crimes with weapons from the past.



Reincarnation... rebirth... a theme that would repeat itself many times throughout this heroic age and the next.

Jim Corrigan, police detective, was killed in the line of duty, but his body returned from the dead in the form of the all-powerful Spectre.



Johnny Thunder, born on the seventh day of the seventh month in 1917 and given control over a mystic Thunderbolt, used his special abilities and the thunderbolt's powers to battle crime in America.



Chemist Rex Tyler invented the Miraclo pill which gave him sixty minutes of unrivalled strength, which he used to fight crime as the heroic Hourman.



Other heroes emerged during this pre-war time. The Black Condor was a mutant with the power to fly...

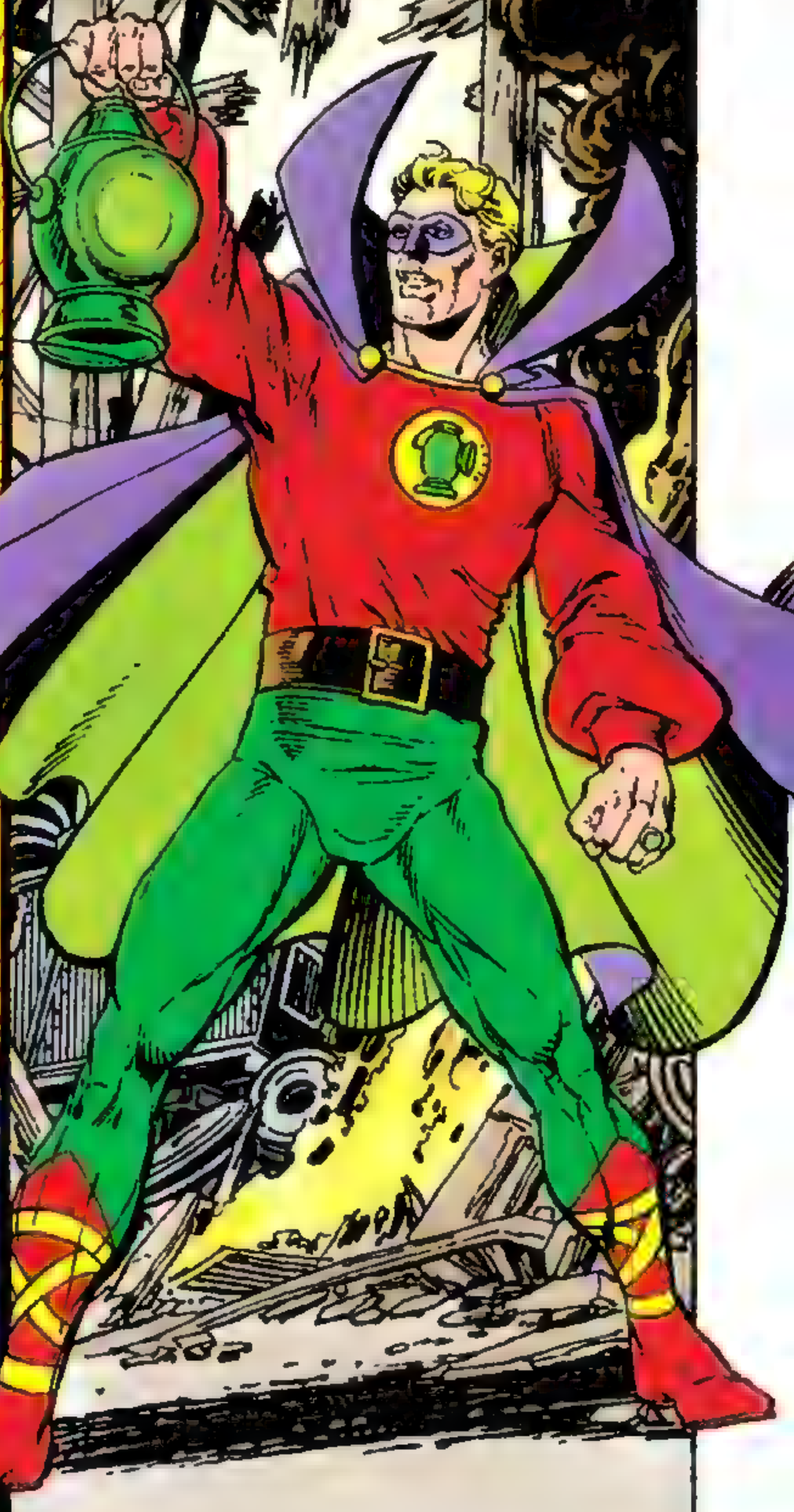


The pint-sized Atom was an incredible athlete gifted with unbeatable boxing skills and super-strength. He used all his abilities in pursuit of criminals.

The ancient wizard Nabu, hibernating since the great Egyptian dynasties, was revived in the early 1940s. He

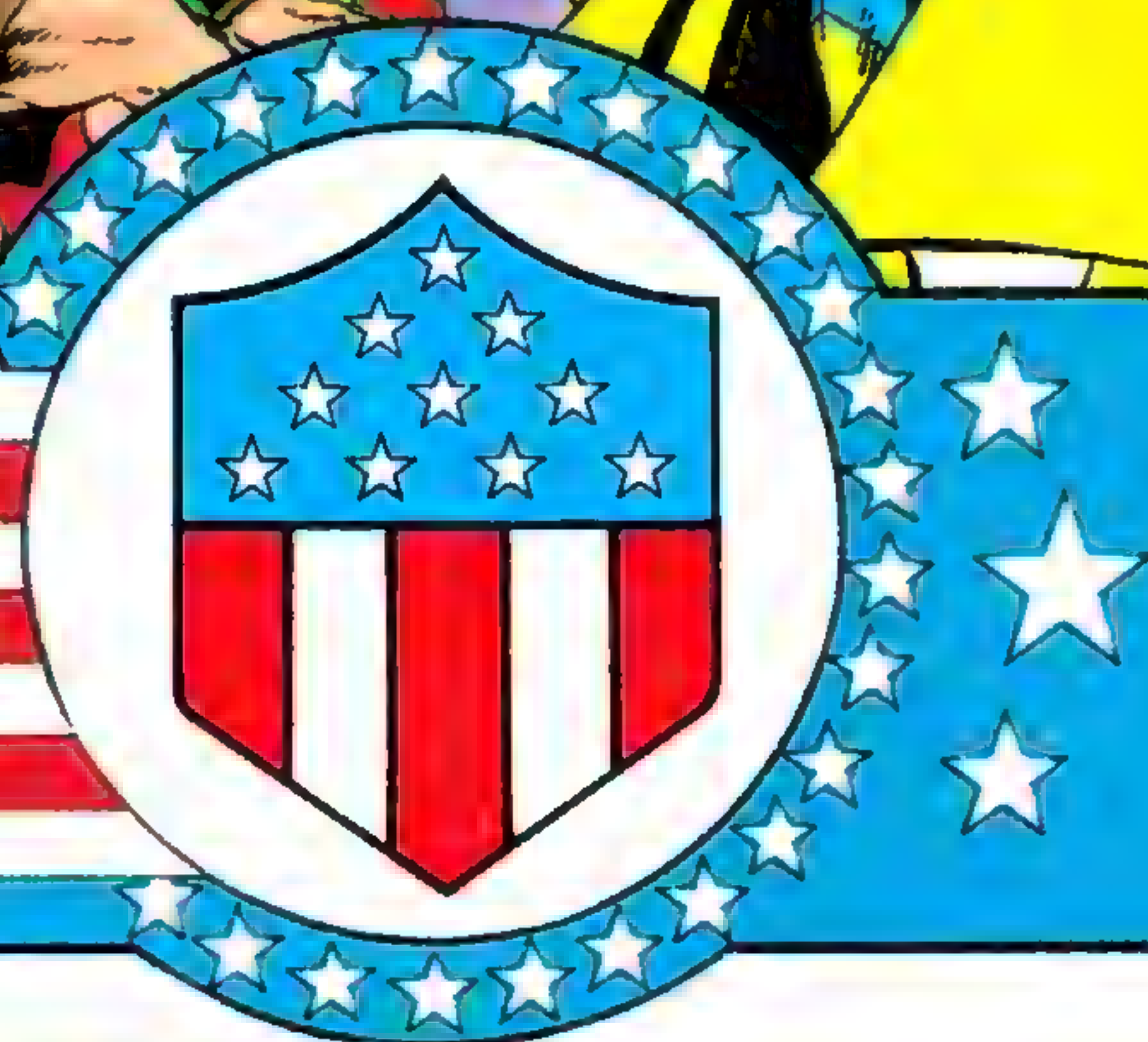


trained the young boy Kent Nelson in sorcery and presented him with a special helmet, cape and amulet. Nelson used his new-found powers to combat all evil in the guise of Doctor Fate.



Alan Scott had found a powerful lamp created from an unworldly green meteor, and made himself a mystic ring of power from it which he used to battle criminals. Not knowing of the Guardians or their warrior corps, Scott assumed the name Green Lantern.

The early 1940s gave birth to many heroes whose fame has lived on throughout time.



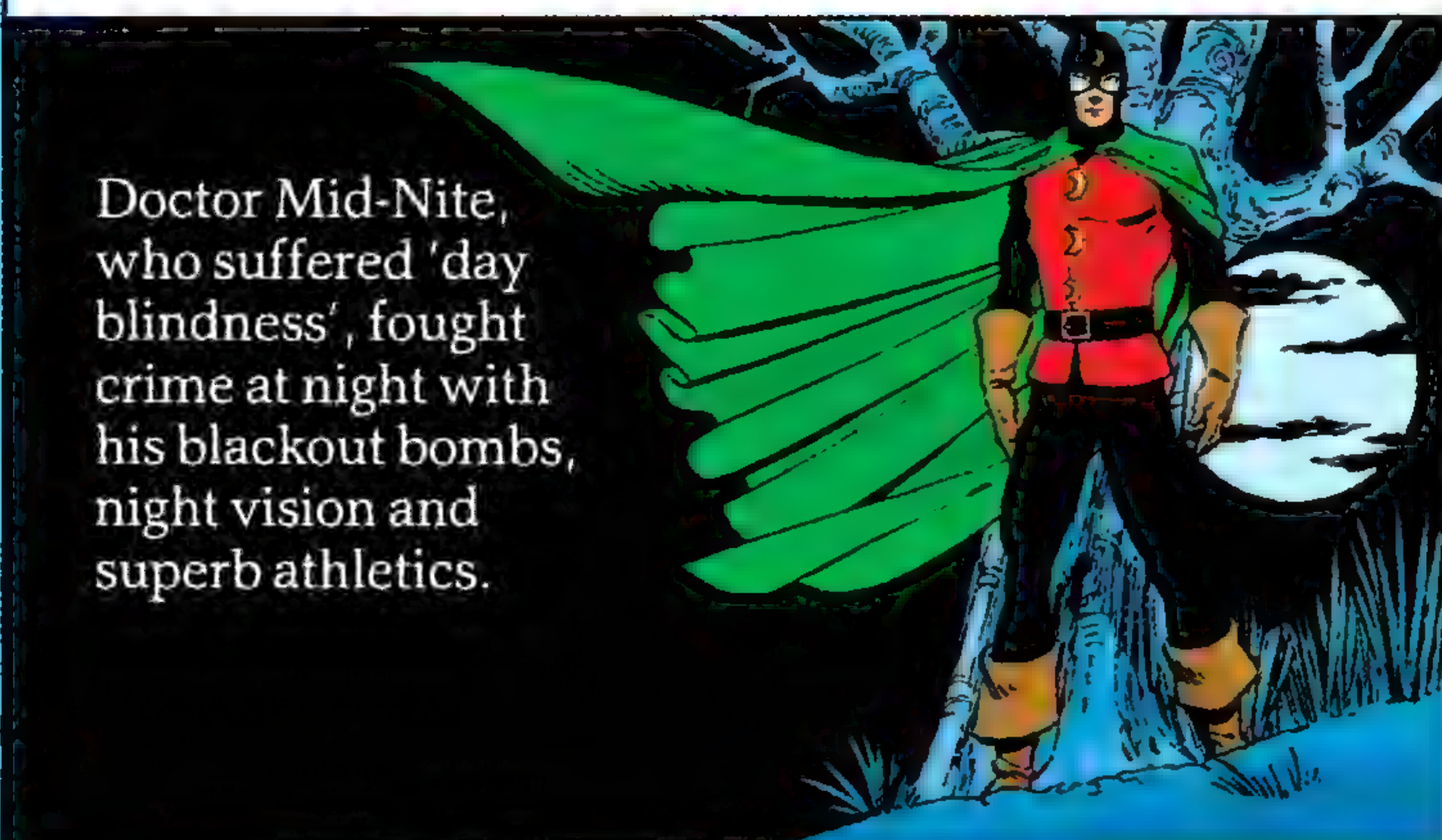
One by one the heroes appeared, and they were united by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to partake in a secret mission overseas.

From this early gathering in November of 1940 came The Justice Society of America, the greatest gathering of heroes in the history of man.

Not since the days of Mount Olympus had the world known of such power and wisdom. This was truly the Golden Age of Heroes.



Starman possessed the powerful gravity rod which enabled him to fly, fire bolts, and suspend the force of gravity.



Doctor Mid-Nite, who suffered 'day blindness', fought crime at night with his blackout bombs, night vision and superb athletics.

Perhaps they first appeared in answer to the Justice Society teaming of the 1940s, perhaps they emerged simultaneously, but as the crimes of ordinary thieves, bankrobbers and confidence men were handled more and more by police authorities, the special-powered villains of these early years banded together to create an unstoppable force of evil. This Injustice Gang of America wreaked havoc throughout the country, finding themselves in regular battle with the Justice Society.





When, on December 7th, 1941, the Japanese armed might attacked Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, America entered the war. President Roosevelt brought forth

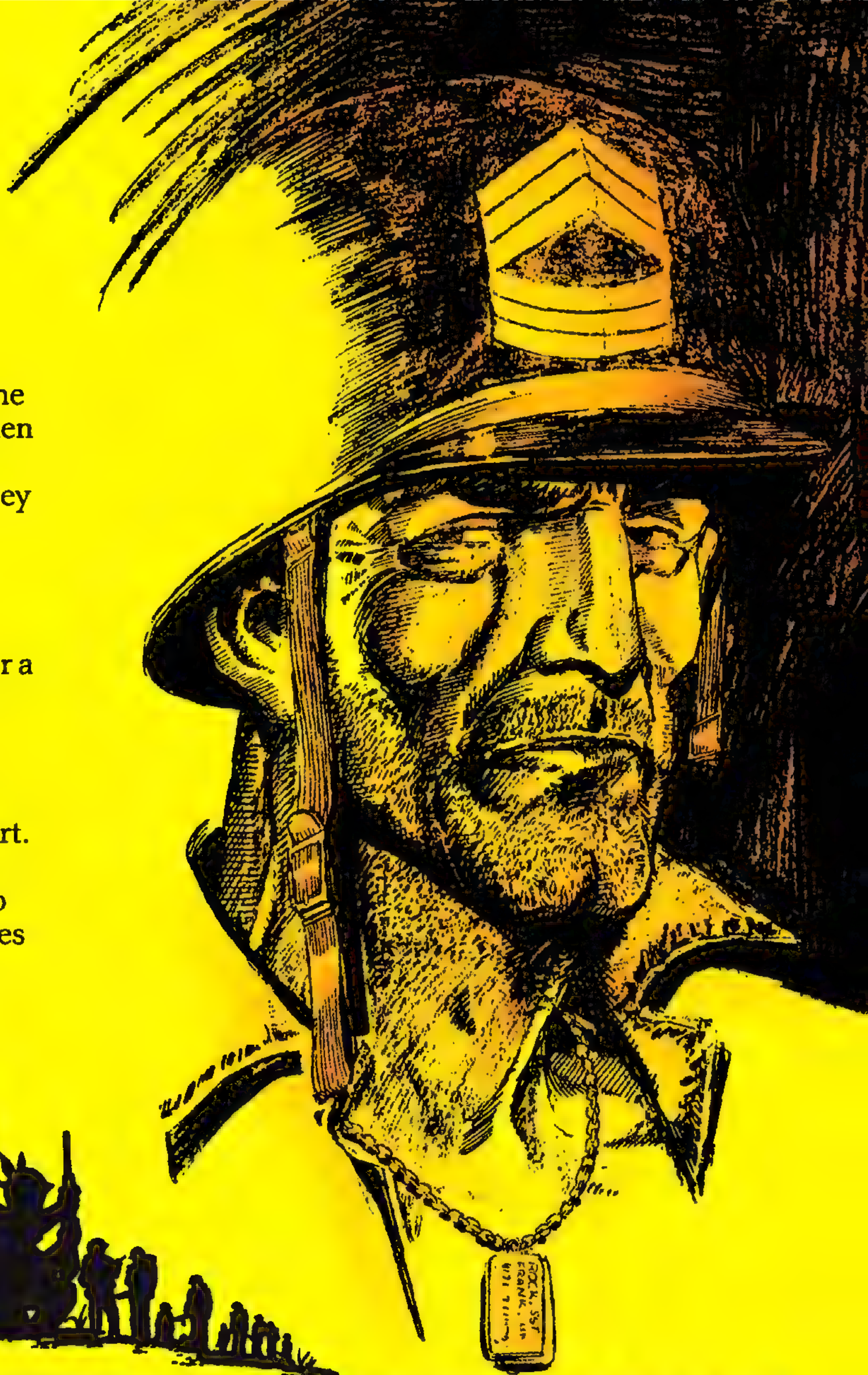
all the various heroes and asked them to form one single, all powerful group. This was the birth of the All-Star Squadron.



Not all the heroes had special powers, not all were given abilities which would render them invulnerable or immortal. Often the heroes came from the oppressed, those who fought back to make the world safe once more. One such man took the name

Blackhawk after he watched his family killed in the German invasion of Poland. Blackhawk assembled an international team of six who each had been a victim of Axis madness. Together, The Blackhawks flew across Europe, Africa and Asia and battled for democracy.

But the real heroes of the war were not those men and women who donned special costumes. They were the Americans and British, the French and Australians, the ordinary people who joined their nation's armies in the fight for a free world. These men and women fought in khaki and greens, marched through winds and rains, up muddy hills and across parched desert. These soldiers risked — and many lost — their lives, and to them all specially gifted heroes bow in reverence.





Throughout the history of the World there were freedom fighters, and this is their history, whether uniformed or not, whether powered or ordinary. And so ends Book One of the history of the Heroic Ages. I have been able to place them chronologically and thus show a continuity of events. The immortals who lived at the dawn of time returned throughout history, affecting man and his progress. The sinking of a seemingly unrelated island will have its effects seen in Book Two.

What began many years in the past will be remembered and acted upon many centuries from now. What affects what is and what *will be*. This, more than any other reason, is why this history of the universe is needed. To look at the heroic age without perspective, to understand one element without seeing the whole, is to do it a vast injustice.

Our tale has but begun.

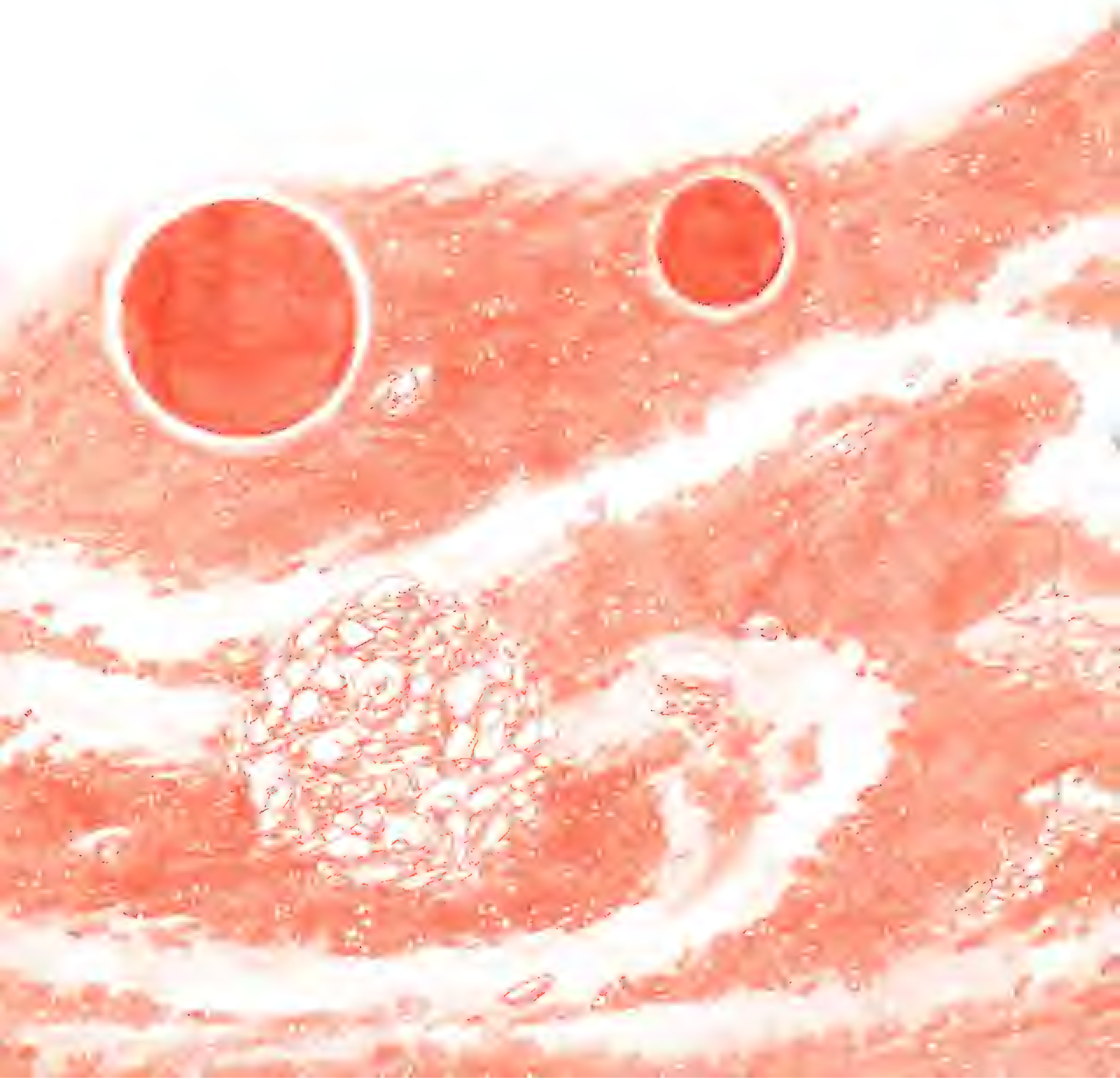


In the beginning, there was but one universe, one world... one Earth. At the moment of creation, a moment some believe inspired by an outside force, a moment others believe exploded whole and onto itself—a second universe was created of heat and light, gas and plasma, and a million other elements gestating in the cosmic womb. This was a universe of counterbalance...a negative universe to our positive creation: an existence of anti-matter to our positive matter. This was a universe of darkness, a universe of evil, a universe of twisted reality.

And in this second universe, there was born one single being who would live ten billion years and disrupt all future reality.

This then is that history of those ten billion years, and of the years that follow. This is not a chronological retelling of historical events which can be read in any text—this is the history of heroism.

My name is Harbinger and I am honor-bound to record all that has happened and all that will occur.

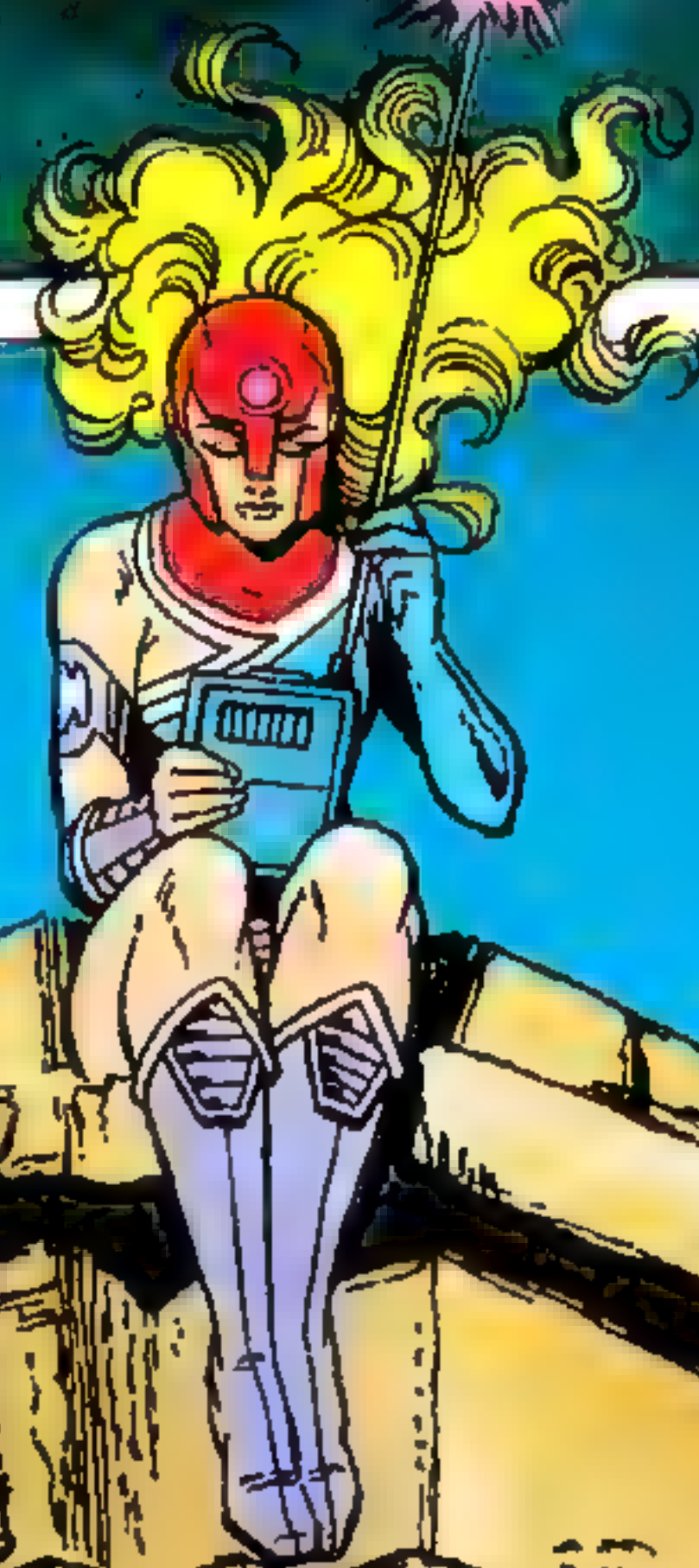
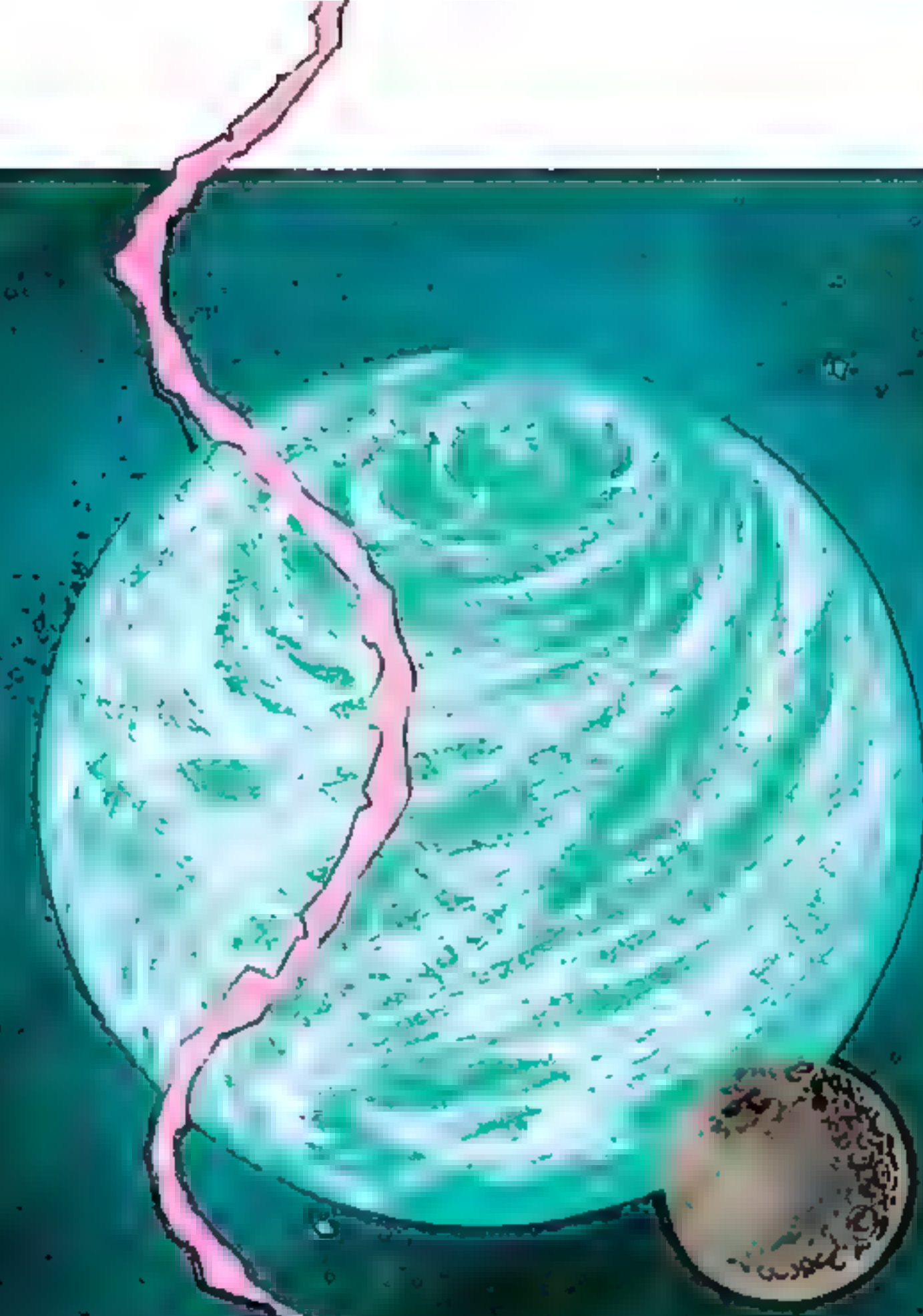


Throughout history, there have been those men and women, those creatures from other worlds and dimensions, those beings who have altered the face of the world: sometimes by their deeds, sometimes by their very presence. They are beings often with unique abilities and possessed of unexpected courage.

My mentor—who called himself The Monitor—spent ten thousand millennia observing these heroes, cataloging their tales and recording their moments of greatness. He spent an equal number of years observing others:

those with special powers who used their abilities for evil. The Monitor has since perished, but his chronicles must be continued. I have appointed myself to that endless task.

This, then, is the History Of The Universe.





America entered World War II and hope was high that this international conflict would soon come to an end. The allied heroes—costumed and otherwise—joined the battle for freedom and democracy. Judomaster and Tiger were among the first in the Pacific Theater of War, but others followed quickly on their heels.



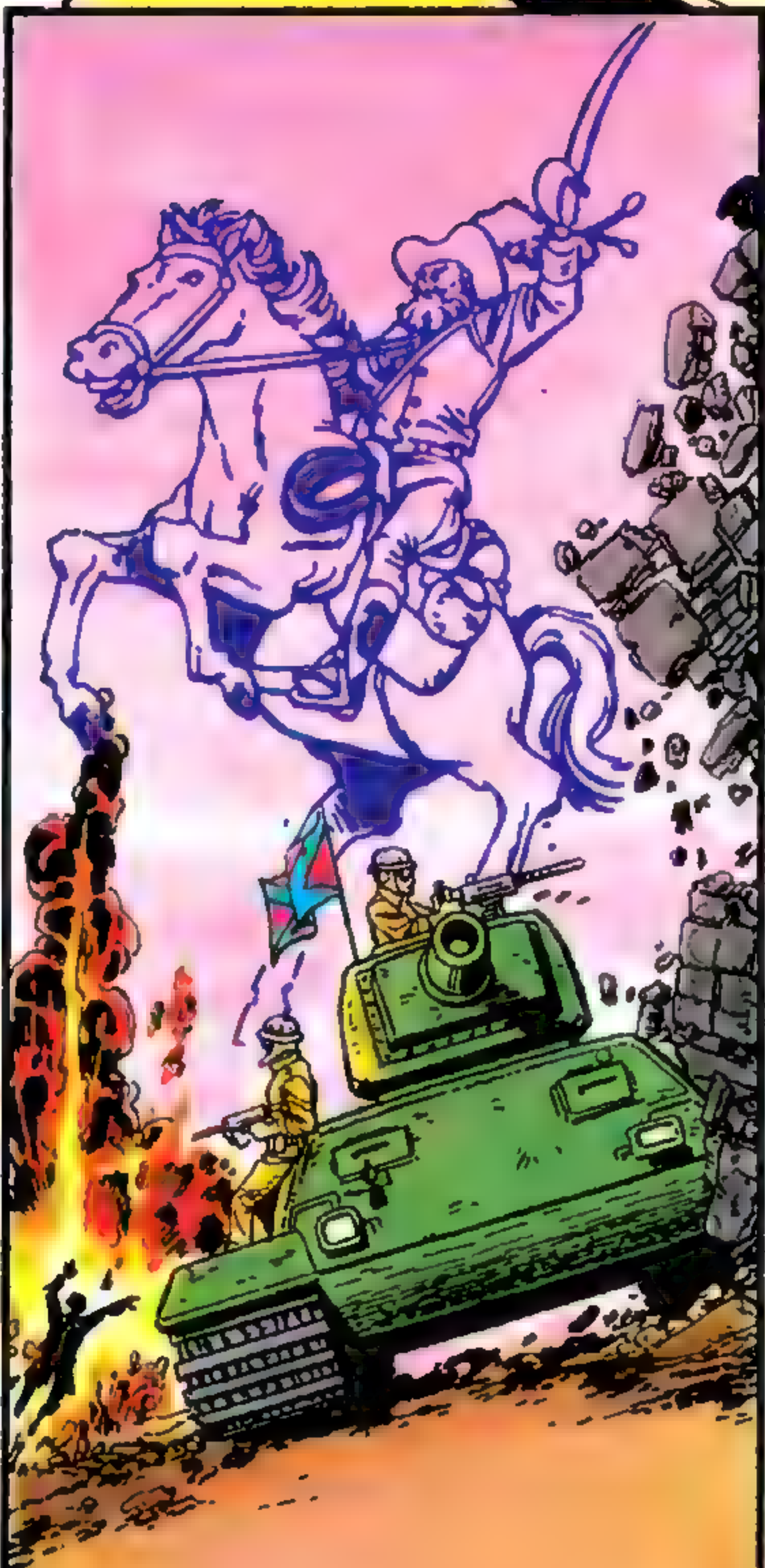
As soldiers marched through Europe and Japan, they battled alongside others who kept their unique gifts hidden. This would be a war fought with the uncommon courage of common people in a conflict against global evil. It was a war that had to be fought by the ordinary person in order to assure freedom on a world that had to stand on its own, without the aid of super-powered beings.

And yet, the super-powered beings were there as well: from the Japanese-American Nisei Tsunami to Neptune Perkins, the ocean-locked mutant, they fought alongside the Allies to free a world from tyranny.





The war was fought on all continents. Many remained in America to battle subterfuge from enemy agents: The Guardian and The Newsboy Legion proved even those without extraordinary powers could advance the cause of freedom at home.



Jeb Stuart led his Sherman tank crew throughout Europe, aided by his namesake ghost. This Haunted Tank scored impressive victories.



Project M created monster-like beings to battle in war's most bizarre campaigns. The Creature Commandos' record of victory was stunning, as were those of the famed G.I. Robot and the mysterious Viking Commando.



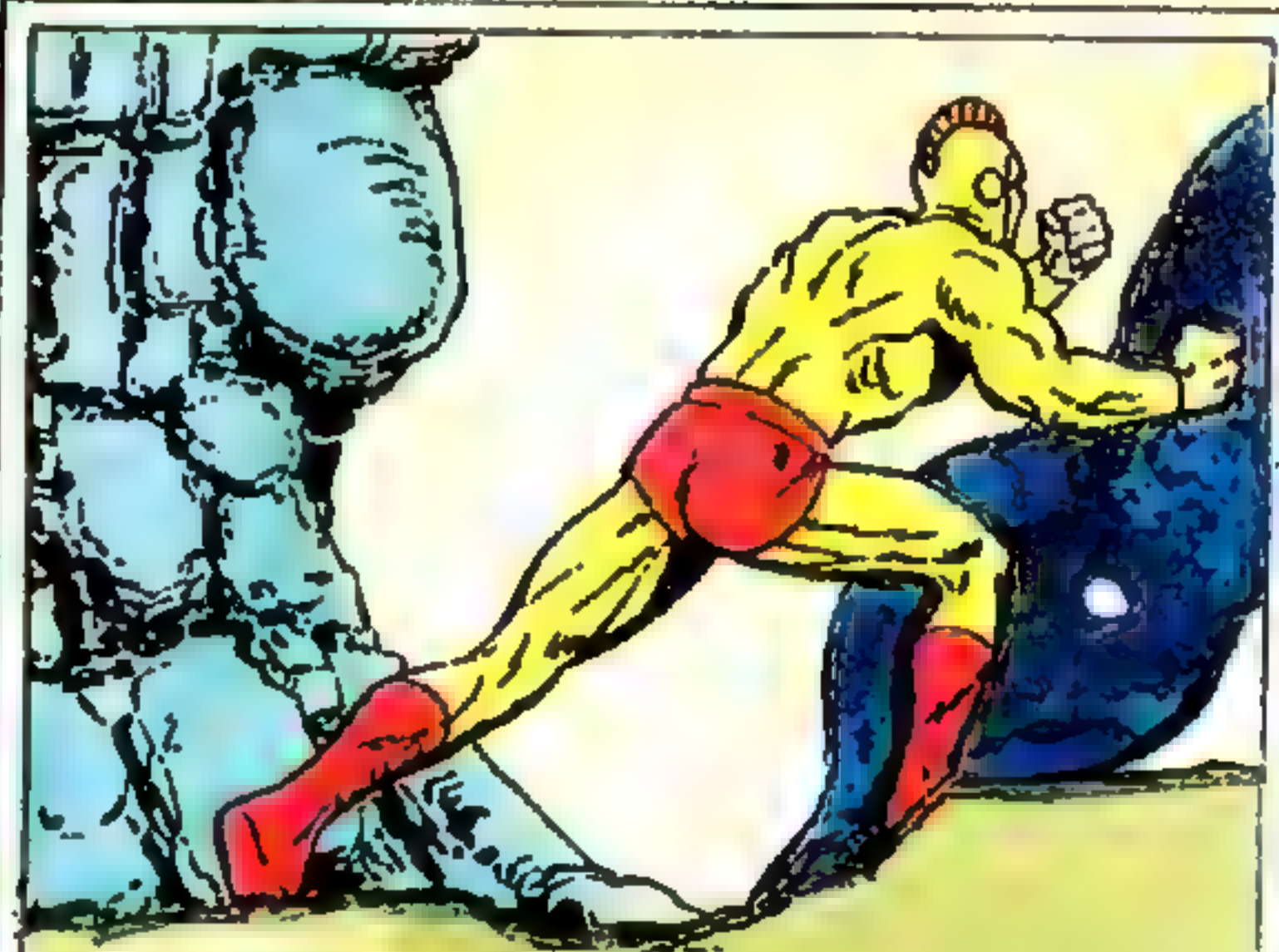
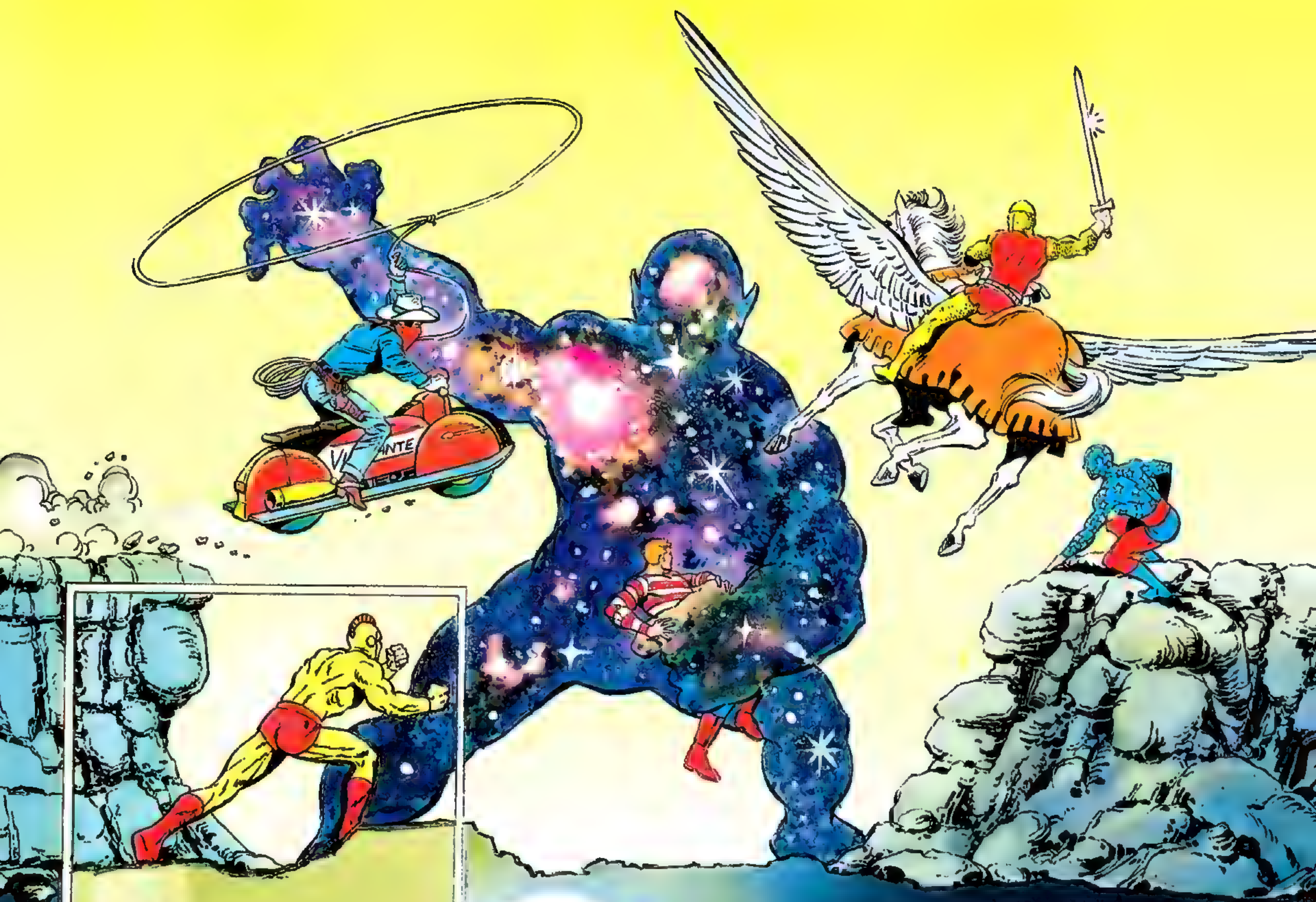
But here, as in all wars, it was the ordinary soldier who proved it does not require special powers to become a hero.



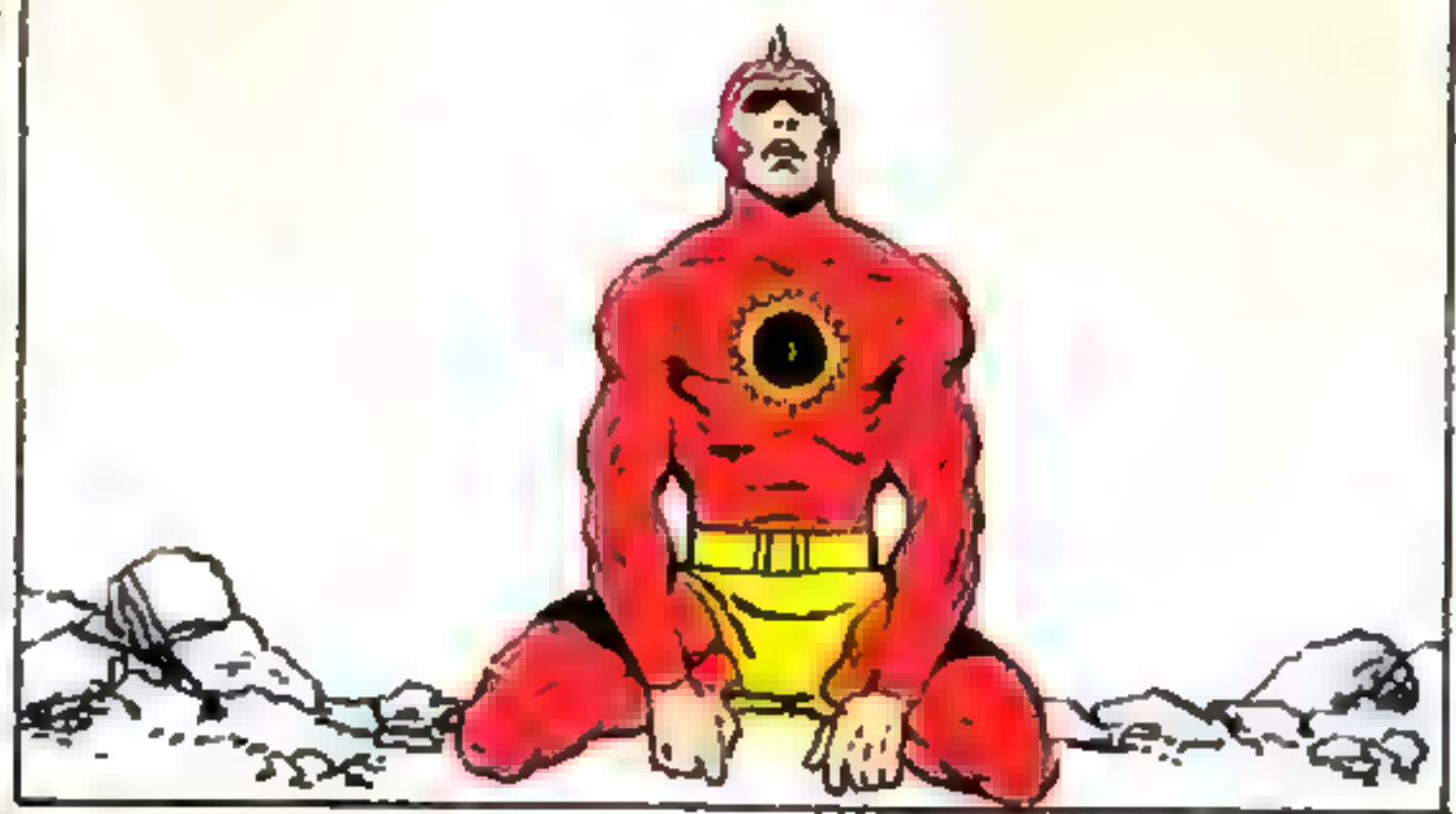
There were those men and women who worked with the O.S.S., or those who battled in the underground like Mademoiselle Marie, or Captain Ulysses Hazard who fought prejudice at home at the same time as he battled the Nazi enemy.

All too often, these heroes paid the price of valor with their lives. Until, at long last, these sacrifices were rewarded with victory — and with peace.





The war was over, and with it began the decline of the latest Heroic Age. The Law's Legionnaires, formed before the war, came to an end when one of their teammates, Wing, sacrificed his life to defeat the entity known as Nebula Man. The other heroes were dispersed throughout time, only to be rescued many years later by the combined forces of the Justice Society of America and one of the later-formed Justice Leagues.



There were others—heroes such as Black Canary and Merry, Girl of 1,000 Gimmicks. Both women would later have crimefighting children of their own as, out of necessity, the tradition would continue.





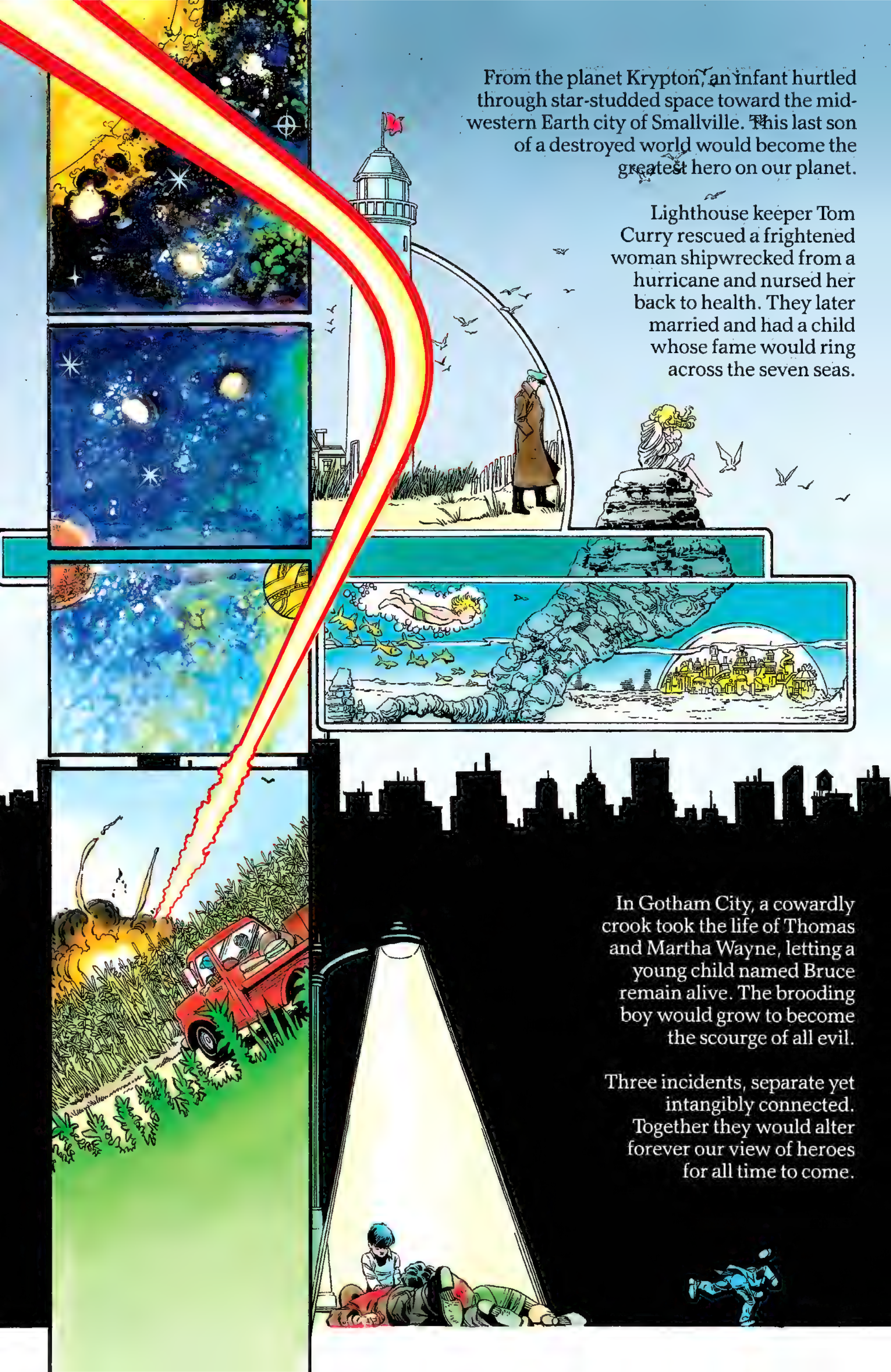
The 1940s began with the birth of the super hero and ended with their slide into obscurity. The final, crushing blow came in the early 1950s when the Justice Society of America was brought before the House Un-American Activities Committee under suspicion of giving aid to enemy spies. Rather than reveal their secret identities, the Justice Society disbanded, and their members retired to civilian life.



Without the World's Greatest Heroes fighting to preserve freedom, the government created its own warriors: Task Force X led the fight against evil on an international scale as the former O.S.S. spymaster Control headed a domestic force.

Thus the 1950s began in quiet despair. Those people who banded together to help a world in need were driven away by an unthinking public during paranoid times. For a handful of years, there was quiet, but forces already were combining to create the greatest of all Heroic Ages.





From the planet Krypton, an infant hurtled through star-studded space toward the mid-western Earth city of Smallville. This last son of a destroyed world would become the greatest hero on our planet.

Lighthouse keeper Tom Curry rescued a frightened woman shipwrecked from a hurricane and nursed her back to health. They later married and had a child whose fame would ring across the seven seas.

In Gotham City, a cowardly crook took the life of Thomas and Martha Wayne, letting a young child named Bruce remain alive. The brooding boy would grow to become the scourge of all evil.

Three incidents, separate yet intangibly connected. Together they would alter forever our view of heroes for all time to come.

A child in Smallville, a hybrid of Atlantis, and an orphan in Gotham City ...all still children; all still growing, learning, their values being shaped as their skills were being honed. They would become the saviors of tomorrow.

While they grew, there was another who watched them but was never seen. He was in Smallville and on a lonely Atlantic island. He was in Gotham City and in Star City. And while he waited for those future heroes to mature into adulthood, he confronted evil, appearing as if some Phantom Stranger.



Not even the Monitor's sophisticated computers have been able to analyze this Phantom Stranger. I have been unable to discern clues to his origin, to determine the extent of his abilities. All that is known is that when he is needed he is there. A hero? Definitely. His reasons for being—unknown.

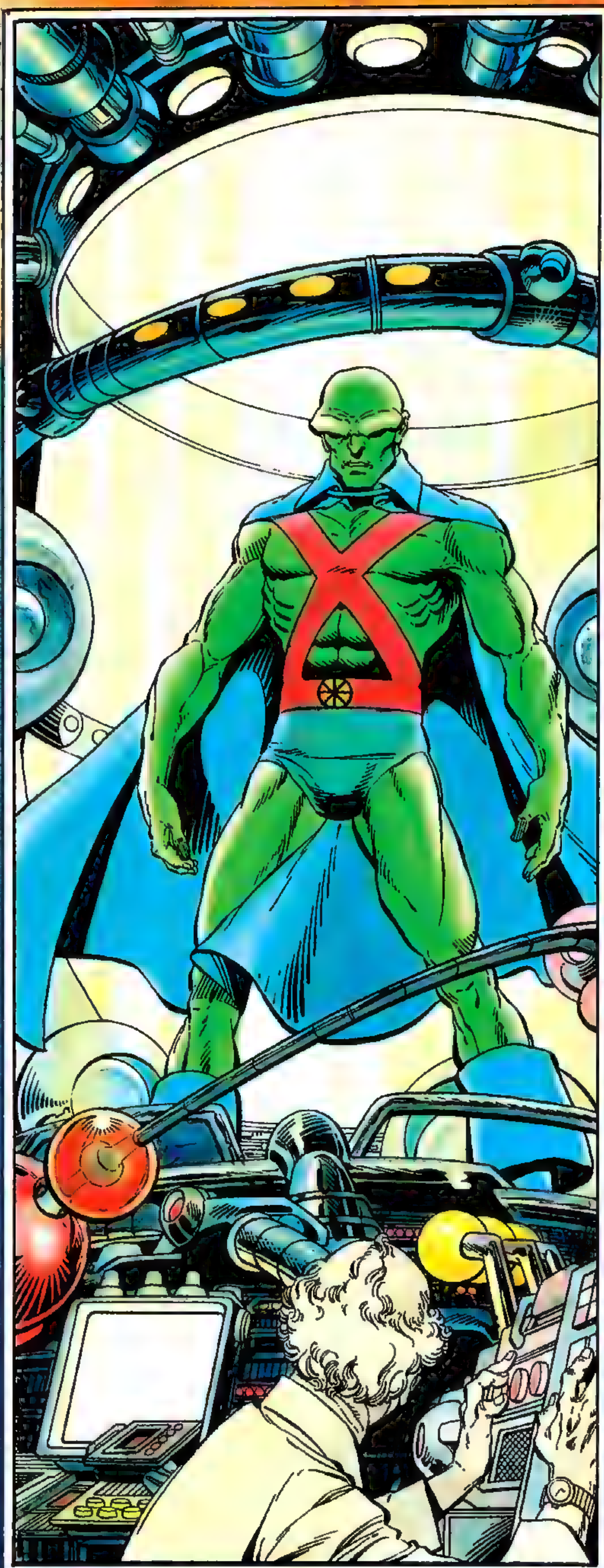
The stage was set for a revolution, but first there were the trailblazers—those who paved the way for the heroes to come. Captain Comet—a mutant born one hundred thousand years ahead of his time—was among the first.



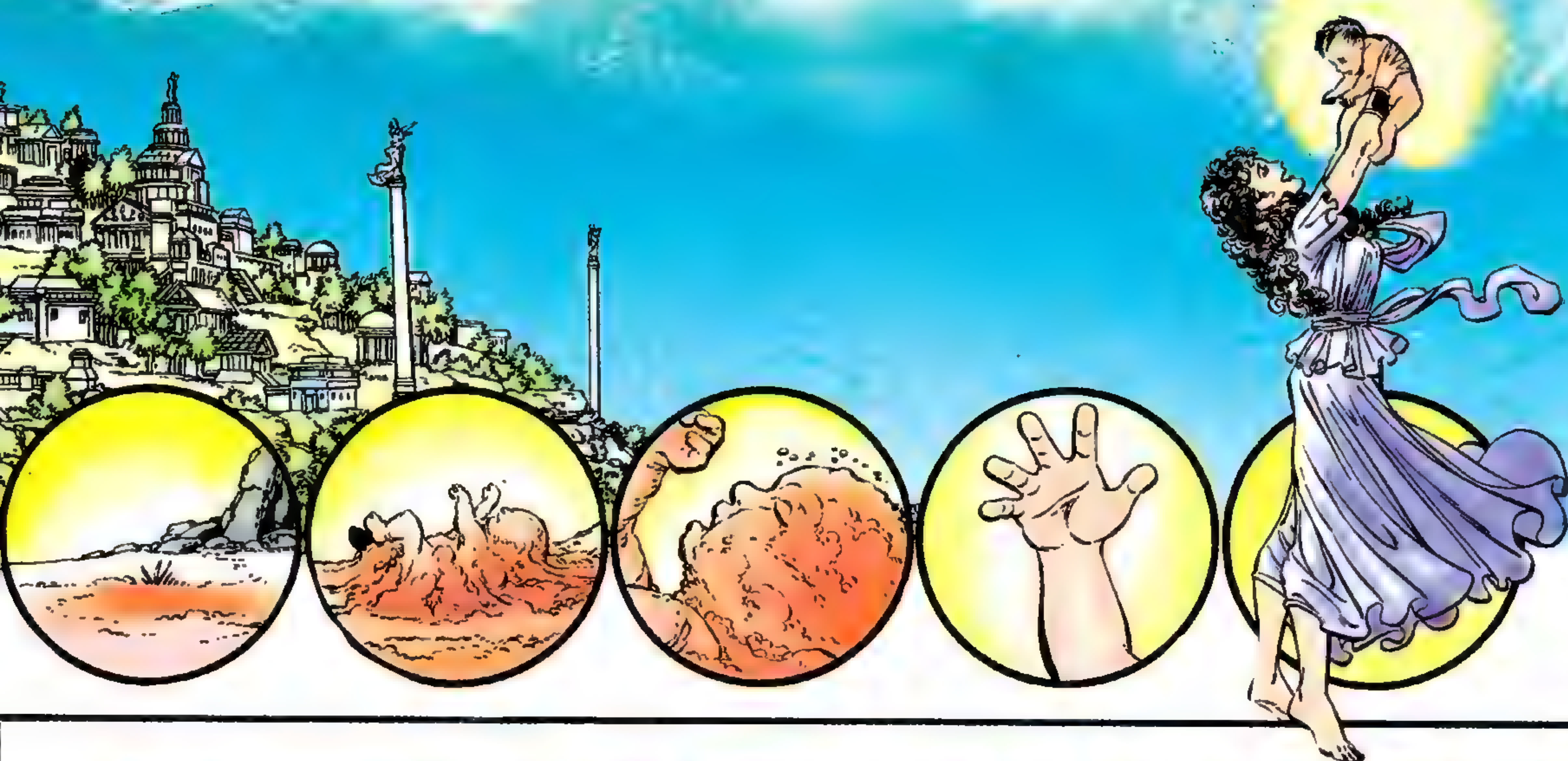
The history of heroes spans the universe from a mutant born ahead of his time to the canny, ill-dying Mars.

Warrior Jonn Jonzz, exiled into the parched Martian desert, was teleported accidentally to the planet Earth by the famous Professor Erdel. This Manhunter from Mars knew the time of heroes had not yet come, and so remained in hiding, disguising himself as a police detective until, at last, he could allow the world to know of his existence.

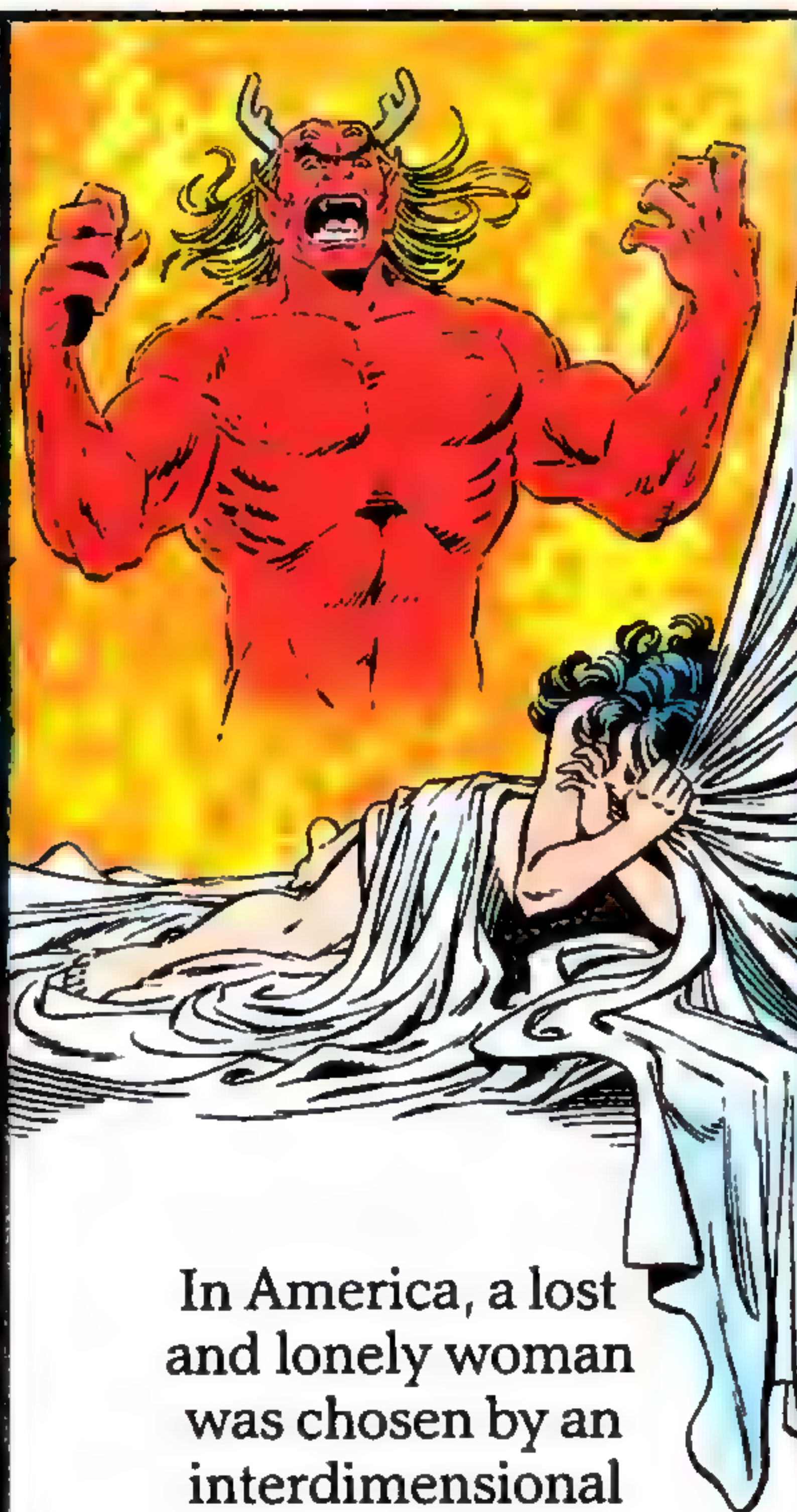
It would take the heroic appearances of the last son of Krypton, the child from Atlantis and the orphan from Gotham City to change the climate for super-heroes on Earth.



The children from Krypton, Atlantis and Gotham City were in their late teens when another child was born not from flesh and blood and bone but from mud and clay and given life by the Gods of Olympus. Born on Paradise Island, an inaccessible land in the middle of the Atlantic, the child Diana would grow up to become the greatest heroine of all time. Krypton, Gotham City and Paradise Island—from those very different locations emerged a triumvirate of Power and justice.



In Egypt, Professor Dan Garrett was investigating the Tomb of Kha-ef-re when he found the beetle scarab buried for thousands of years. Events from the past were at last affecting the future. Dan Garrett would soon become the first Blue Beetle.



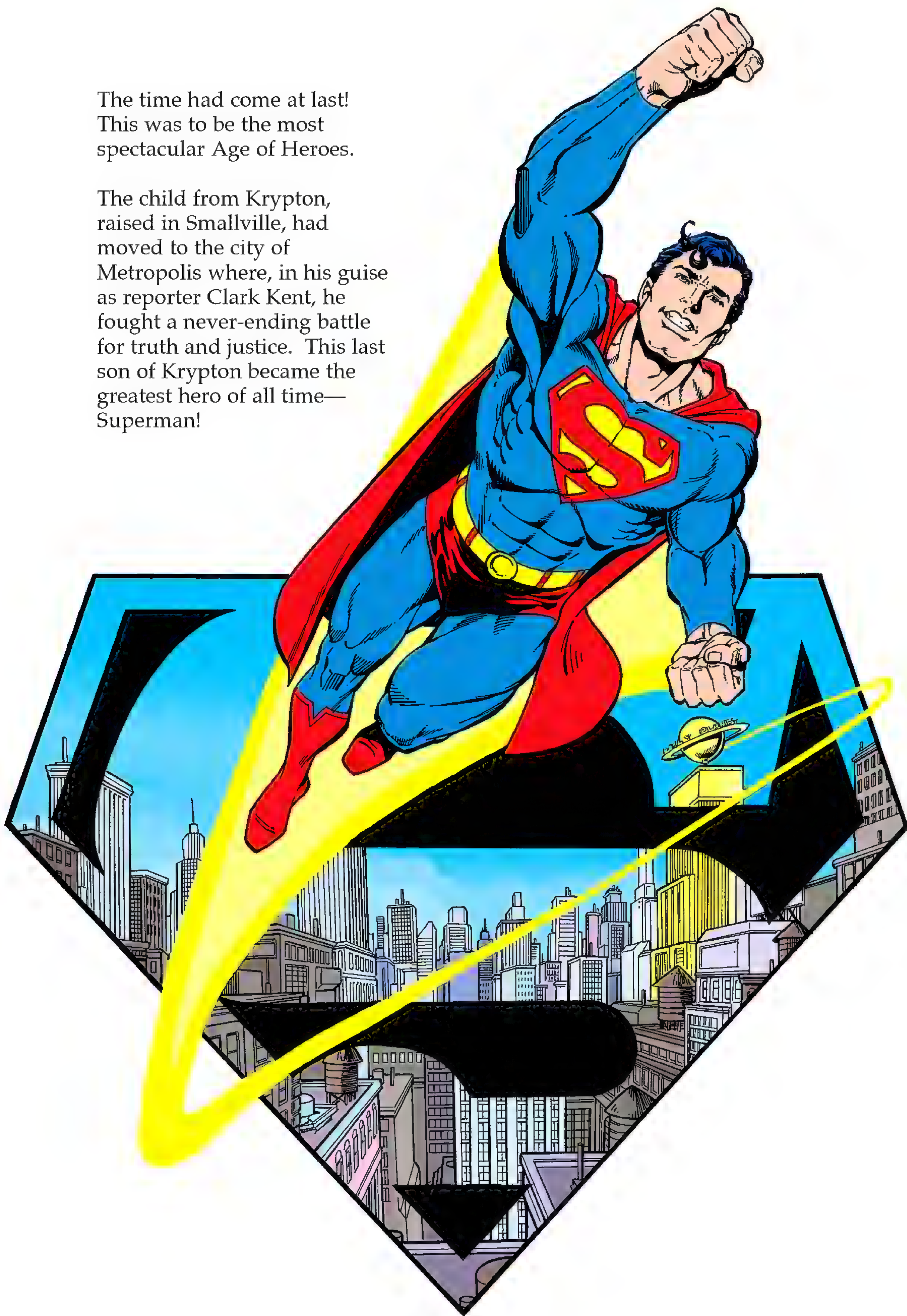
In America, a lost and lonely woman was chosen by an interdimensional demon known as Trigon to become his mate and the mother of his child with whom he would conquer our dimension.



And, at sea, a frightened child who had witnessed the drowning of her parents was rescued by the alien known as The Monitor. The child was brought to his satellite and was raised into adulthood. I am that child.

The time had come at last!
This was to be the most
spectacular Age of Heroes.

The child from Krypton,
raised in Smallville, had
moved to the city of
Metropolis where, in his guise
as reporter Clark Kent, he
fought a never-ending battle
for truth and justice. This last
son of Krypton became the
greatest hero of all time—
Superman!

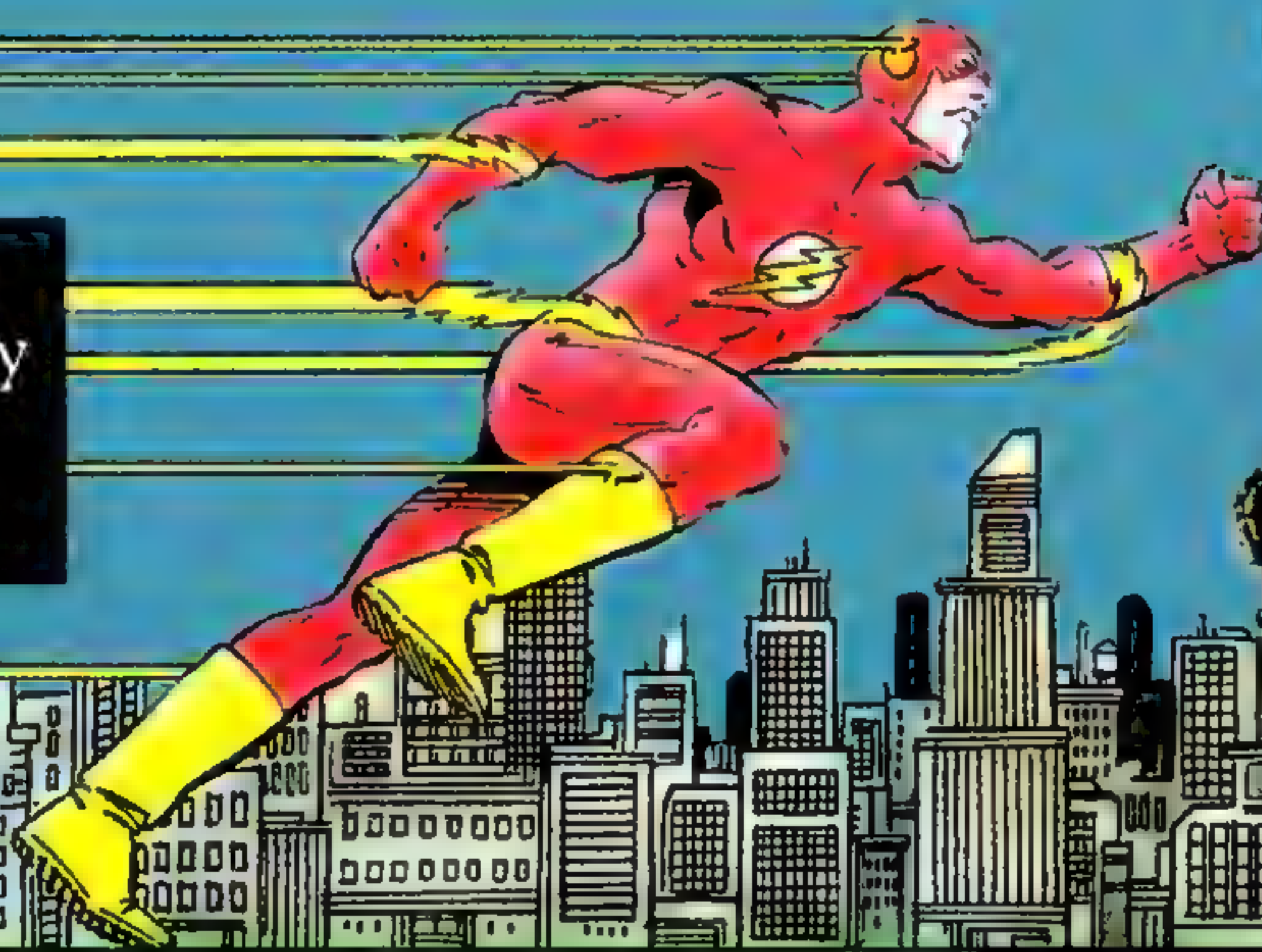




In Gotham City, the child orphaned by a killer's gun sharpened both his mind and body to a keen razor's edge. With his young partner Robin, the Boy Wonder, Bruce Wayne became a cancer on the underworld in the form of the Dark Knight Detective—The Batman.



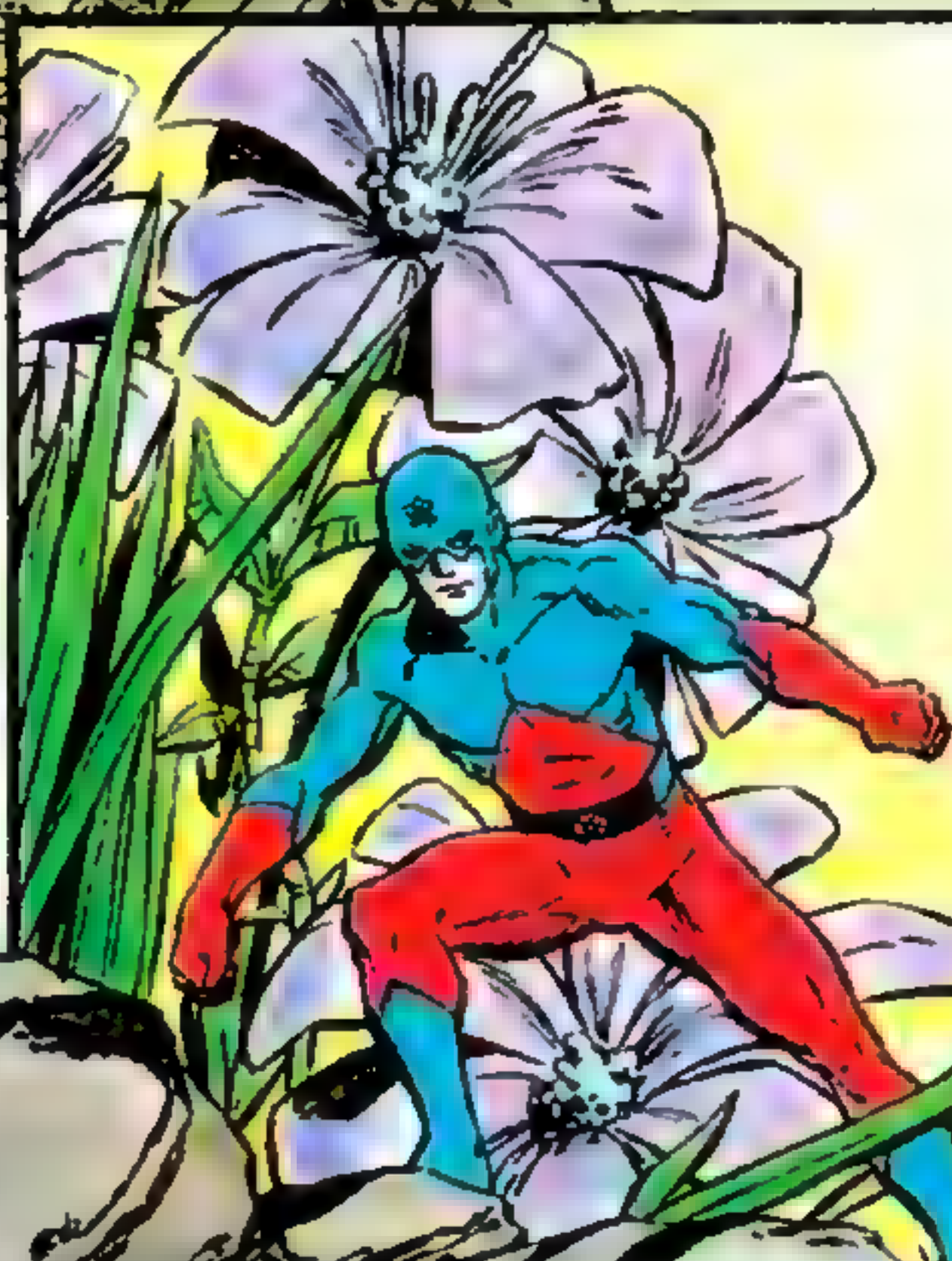
The time for heroes had returned. Among the first of the new breed was police scientist Barry Allen, who survived a chemical explosion to become The Flash, the fastest man on Earth.



Test pilot Hal Jordan was summoned to the side of the dying alien Abin Sur and given the fabled Guardians' Ring of Power to become the Green Lantern of space sector 2814.

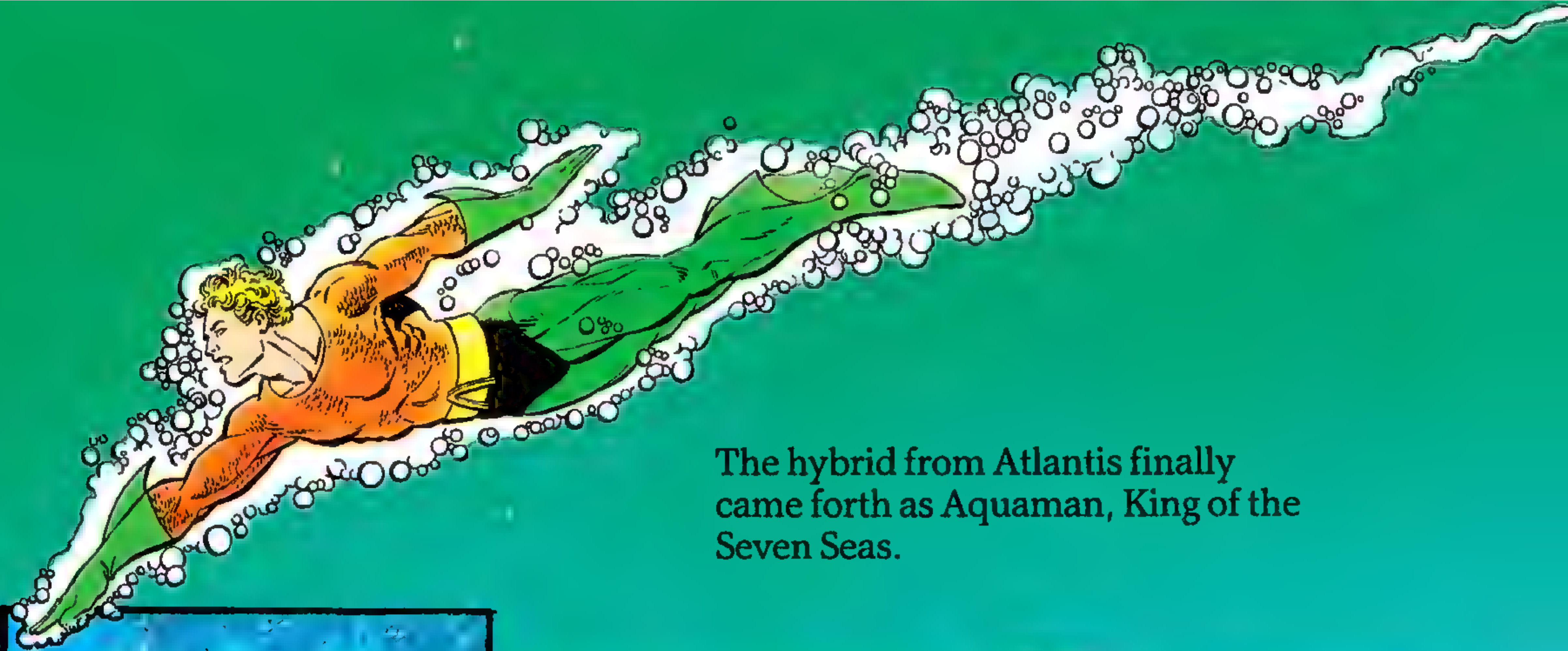


Physicist Ray Palmer discovered the secret of size control when he combined the ultra-dense materials of a white dwarf star with other materials to become The Atom —the World's Smallest Hero.



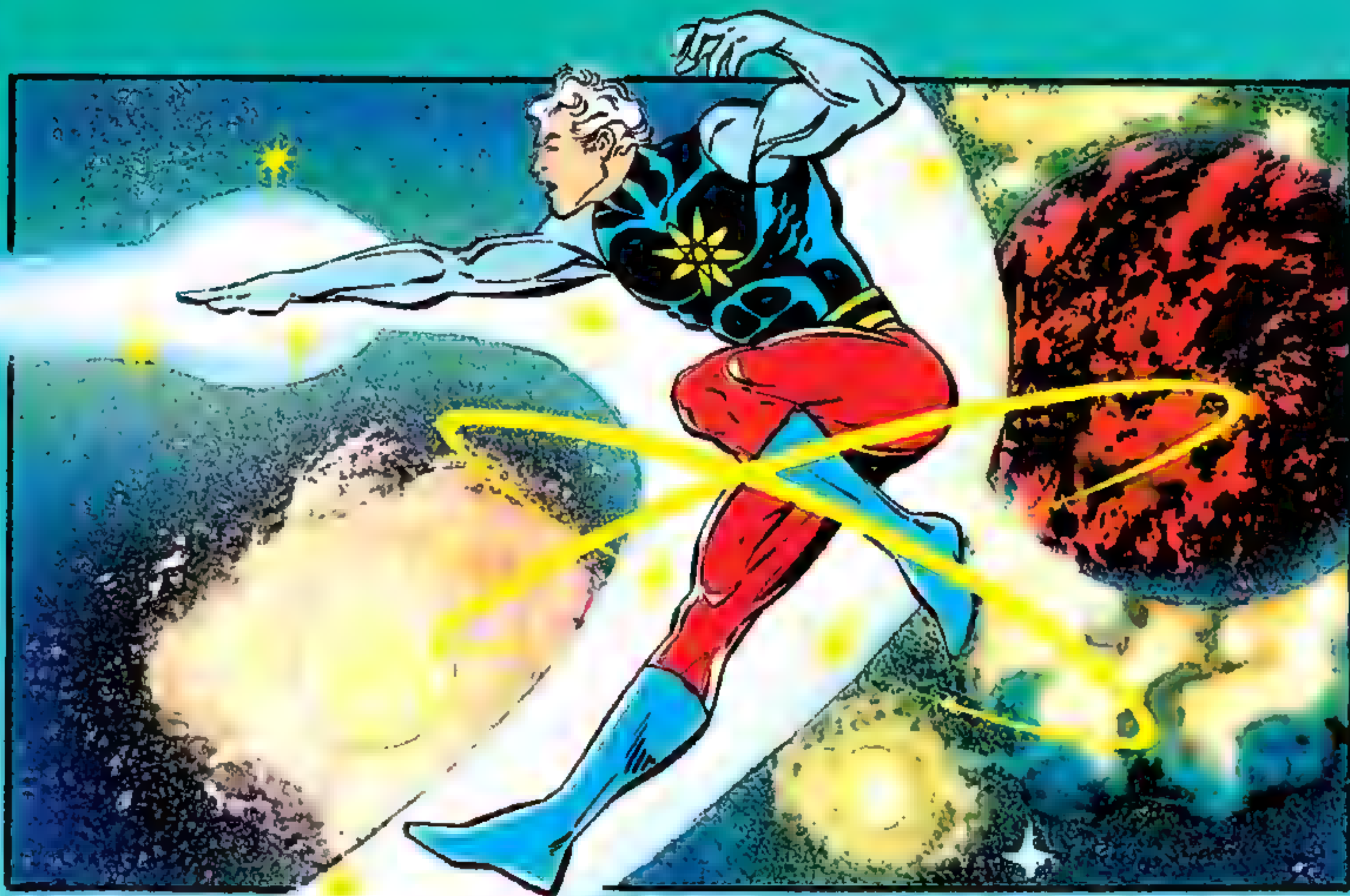
Katar Hol and his wife Shayera Thal came to Earth to study terran police methods. Merging the weapons of Earth's past with their alien technology, these law officers from the planet Thanagar fought evil as Hawkman and Hawkwoman.





The hybrid from Atlantis finally came forth as Aquaman, King of the Seven Seas.

During the mid-1960s, U.S. Air Force Captain Nathaniel Adam received his powers as the result of a nuclear experiment. Thrust forward in time 20 years, the Air Force captain took on the identity of the atomic-powered manhunter known as Captain Atom.



Millionaire Oliver Queen found himself shipwrecked on an island where, in order to survive, he trained himself in the use of the bow and arrow to an uncanny degree. Returning to America, Queen used his skills in the cause of justice as The Green Arrow.

Dan Garrett, the original Blue Beetle, perished saving the life of his friend and former student, Ted Kord, who then dedicated his life to the cause of justice. Creating an awesome arsenal of weapons, the greatest of which was the high-flying Bug, Kord fights crime as the second Blue Beetle.



For ten billion years the Guardians of the Universe have preserved the heroic tradition, ever recruiting new warriors to fight in the cause of justice.



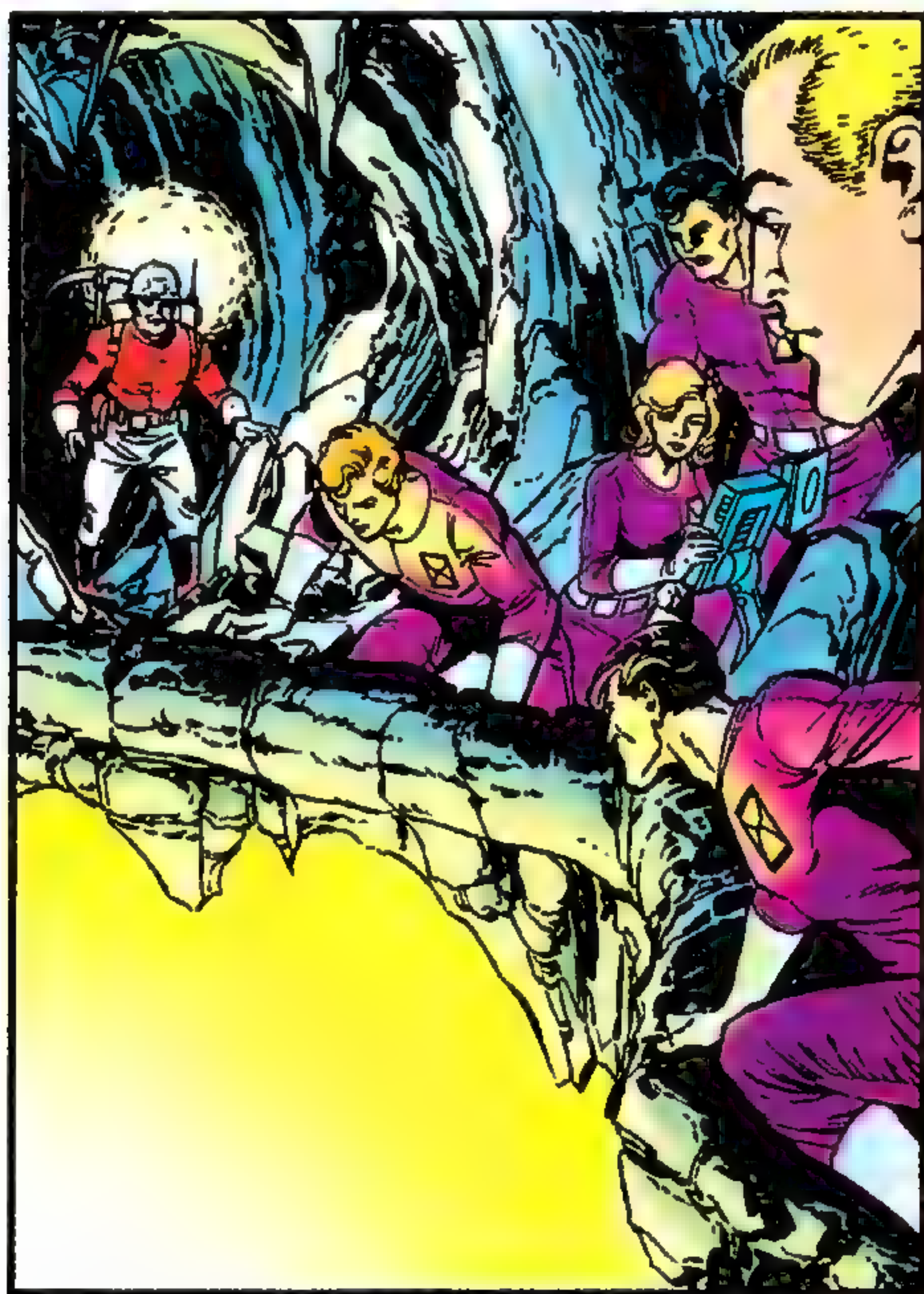
Their vigilance in the name of universal peace never weakens. The Green Lantern Corps continues to battle evil wherever it is found.



But not even the Guardians can erase all injustice. In the Vegan star system the tyrannical Citadel Empire brutally conquers world after world.

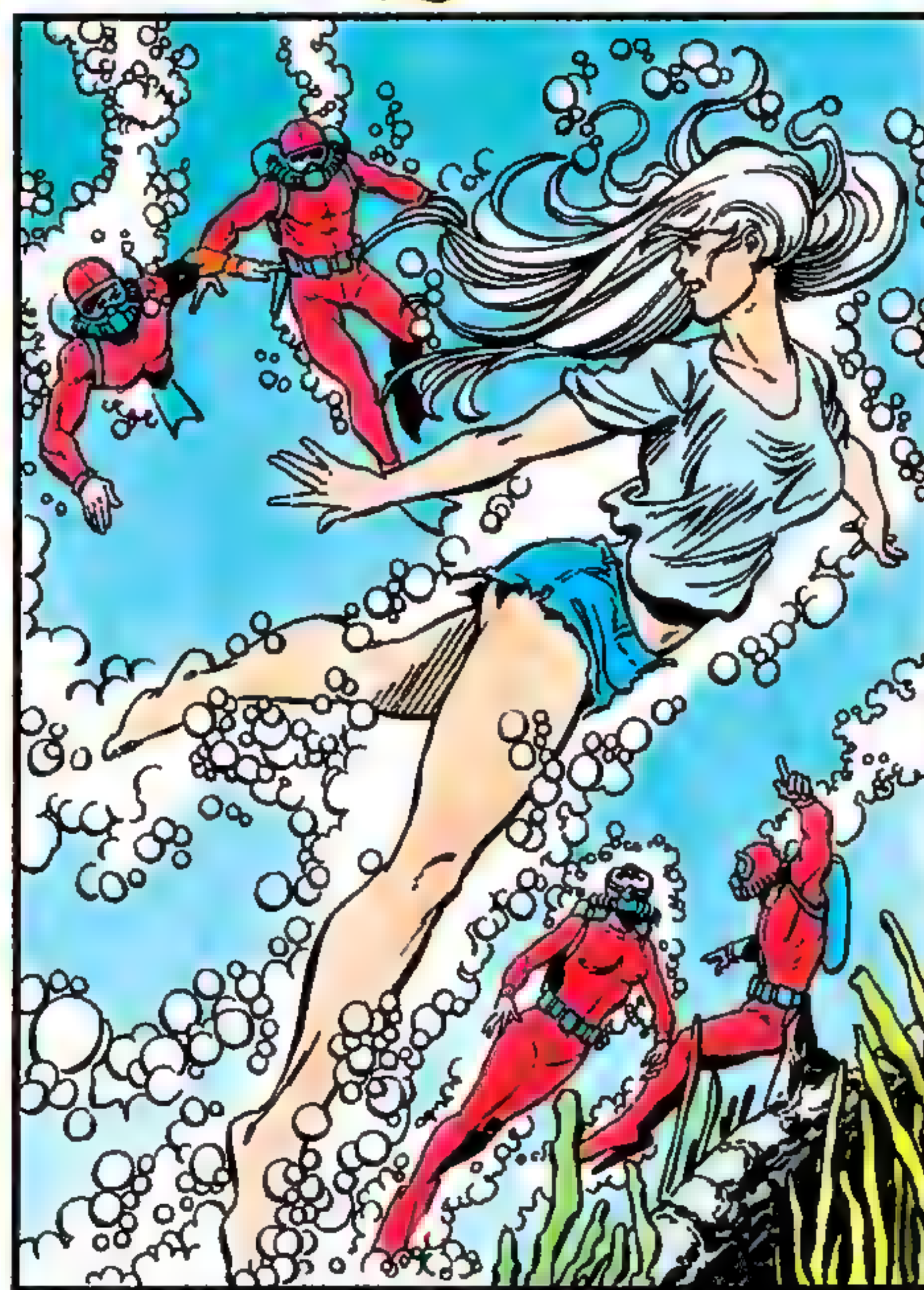


The planet Tamaran is conquered and their Princess is enslaved. But young Koriand'r would one day return to Tamaran to help destroy the Citadel despots.



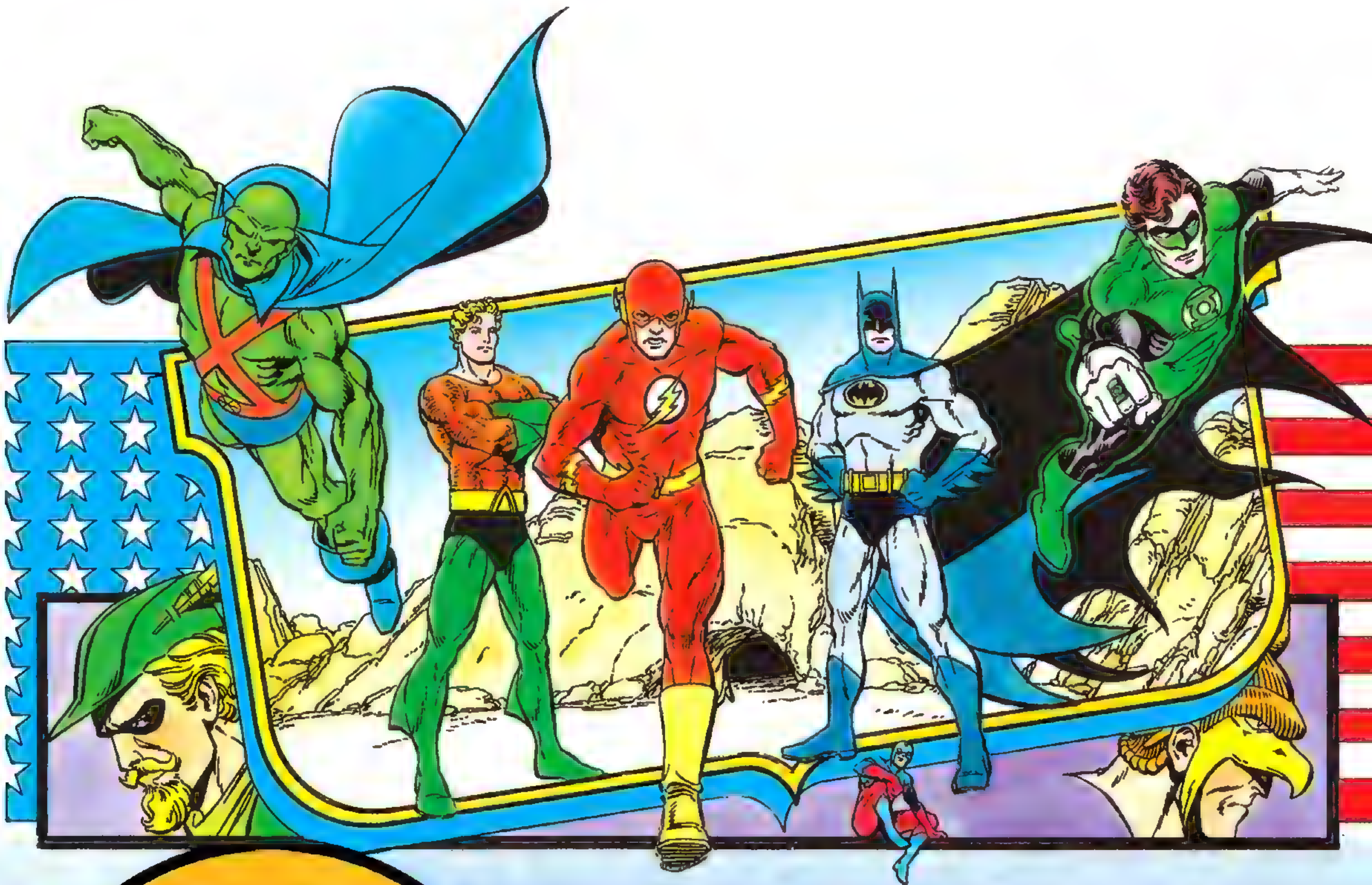
On Earth, the heroic tradition continues. Scientists such as geologist Cave Carson left the safety of the laboratory to help mankind in times of danger, joining courageous adventurers such as The Challengers of the Unknown.

Archaeologist Adam Strange was transported accidentally more than 25 trillion miles from Earth to the planet Rann. There he became their greatest champion, saving their troubled planet from peril after peril.



Heroes are found everywhere, from deep space to the depths of the seven seas...from ordinary divers such as the famed Sea Devils, to mysterious beauties such as the enigmatic Dolphin.

This was now the Silver Age of heroes, and some of the greatest who ever lived banded together to fight evil on Earth and throughout the stars. Inspired by the wartime exploits of the famed All-Stars and the Justice Society, these young heroes took the name the Justice League of America.



While the adult heroes formed what was to become the greatest of all super-teams, their young partners banded together as well, forming the first version of The Teen Titans.

But not all super-heroes are born; some are made: of iron and lead, of platinum and tin, of gold and mercury. Under the inventive eye of Dr. Will Magnus came the Metal Men.





I asked The Monitor what spark, what inner drive, what common denominator existed between all these people. What could drive Ultra, the Multi-Alien? What could drive B'wana Beast? What made young Robby Reed risk his life time and time again when he would Dial "H" for Hero? I understood the magician Zatanna—her father, the great Zatara, was of the Golden Age of Heroes—and I understood the philosophy that made Peter Cannon don the guise of Thunderbolt.

Born in another galaxy on a planet of water, Mera possessed great powers, and Metamorpho, the Element Man, could reshape his body into almost any form he wished. They possessed powers which made them special, and were almost invulnerable to harm. But why do those without unique abilities risk their lives without promise of reward?



They came from everywhere, and in all forms and disguises. From the mysterious faceless crimefighter known as The Question to the supernatural wizard called Prince Ra-Man.

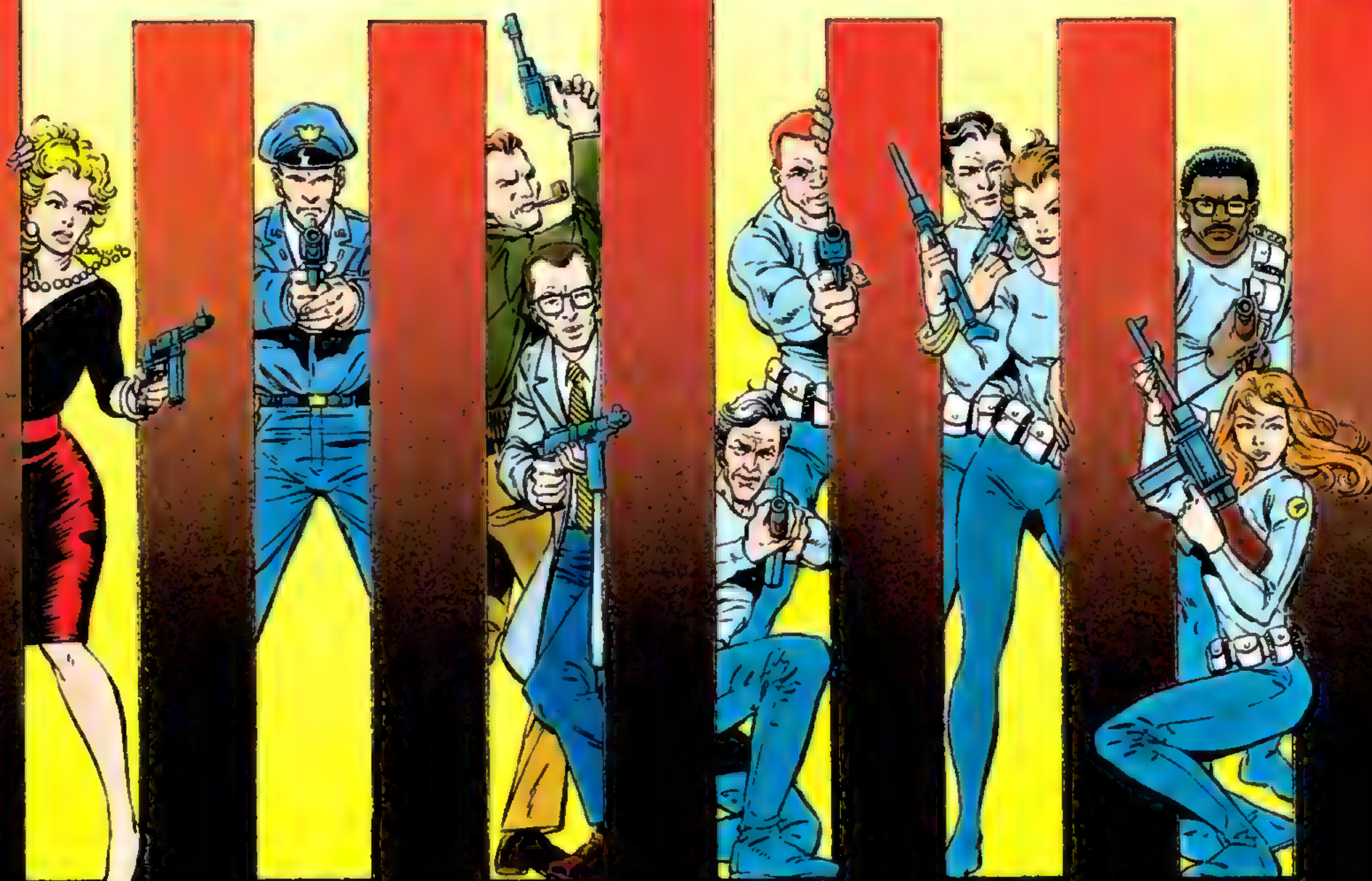
At times, the way fate creates its heroes appears almost capricious. Scientist Bruce Gordon appeared normal, but the rays of a total eclipse would change the young scientist into the evil Eclipso.

Boston Brand suffered the most capricious of all fates when he was killed by a cadre of assassins only to be resurrected as Deadman.

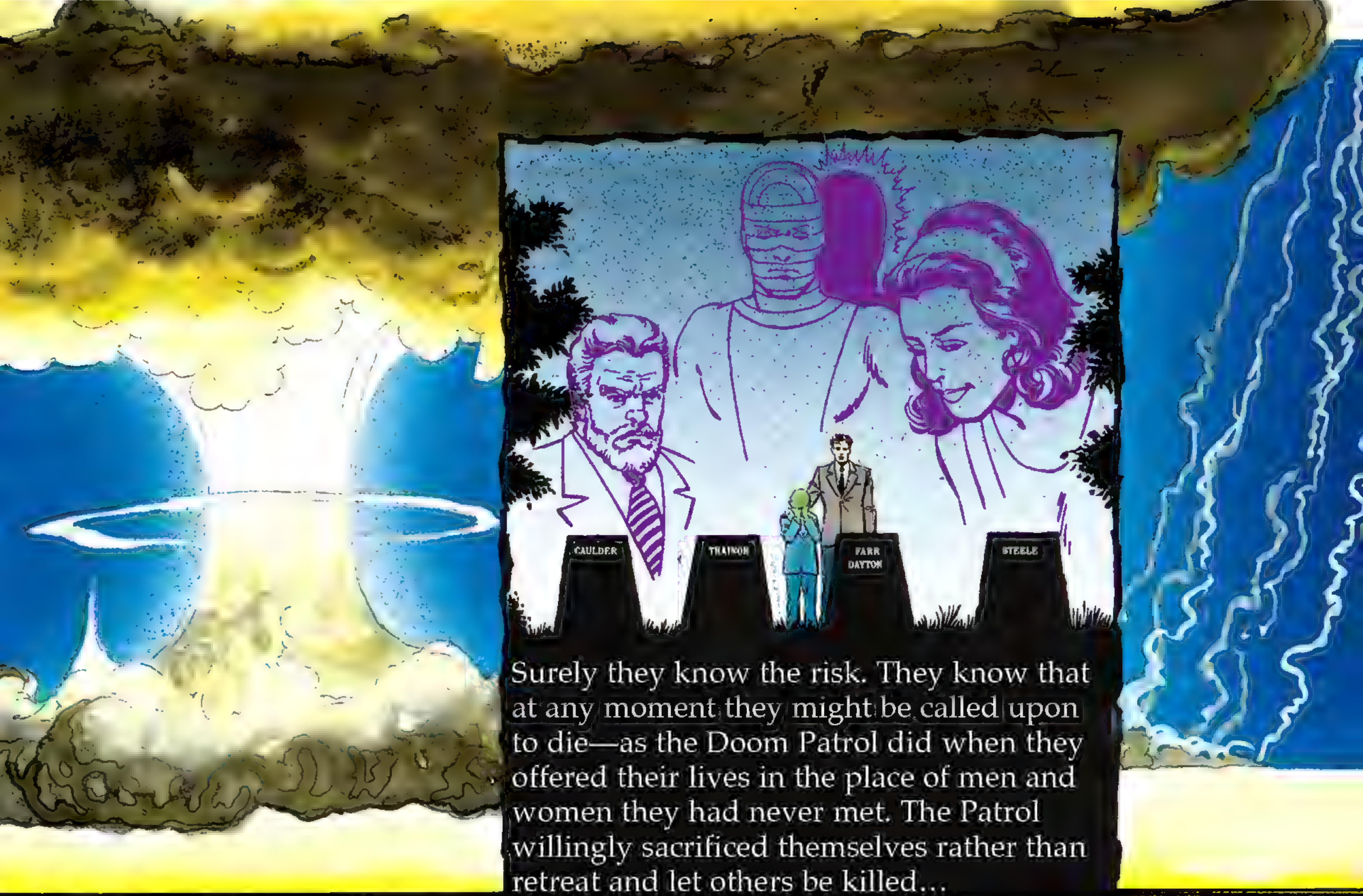
Aboard the Monitor's satellite I met hundreds of Earth's most courageous souls. People like Buddy Baker, the Animal Man; Jack Ryder, the fearsome Creeper; Johnny Mann, The Son of Vulcan: literally hundreds of brave men and women who risked their lives for the lives of others.



What could make men such as King Faraday and Sarge Steel join in the battle against evil? What could motivate Rick Flag, Jr. to risk not only his life but the lives of his friends in re-forming The Suicide Squad?



Perhaps the mysterious Mockingbird originally blackmailed the individuals who formed The Secret Six, but why did they relish their every assignment? Did they have some secret drive which pushed them ever further into missions of danger? What is it that makes one a Hero?

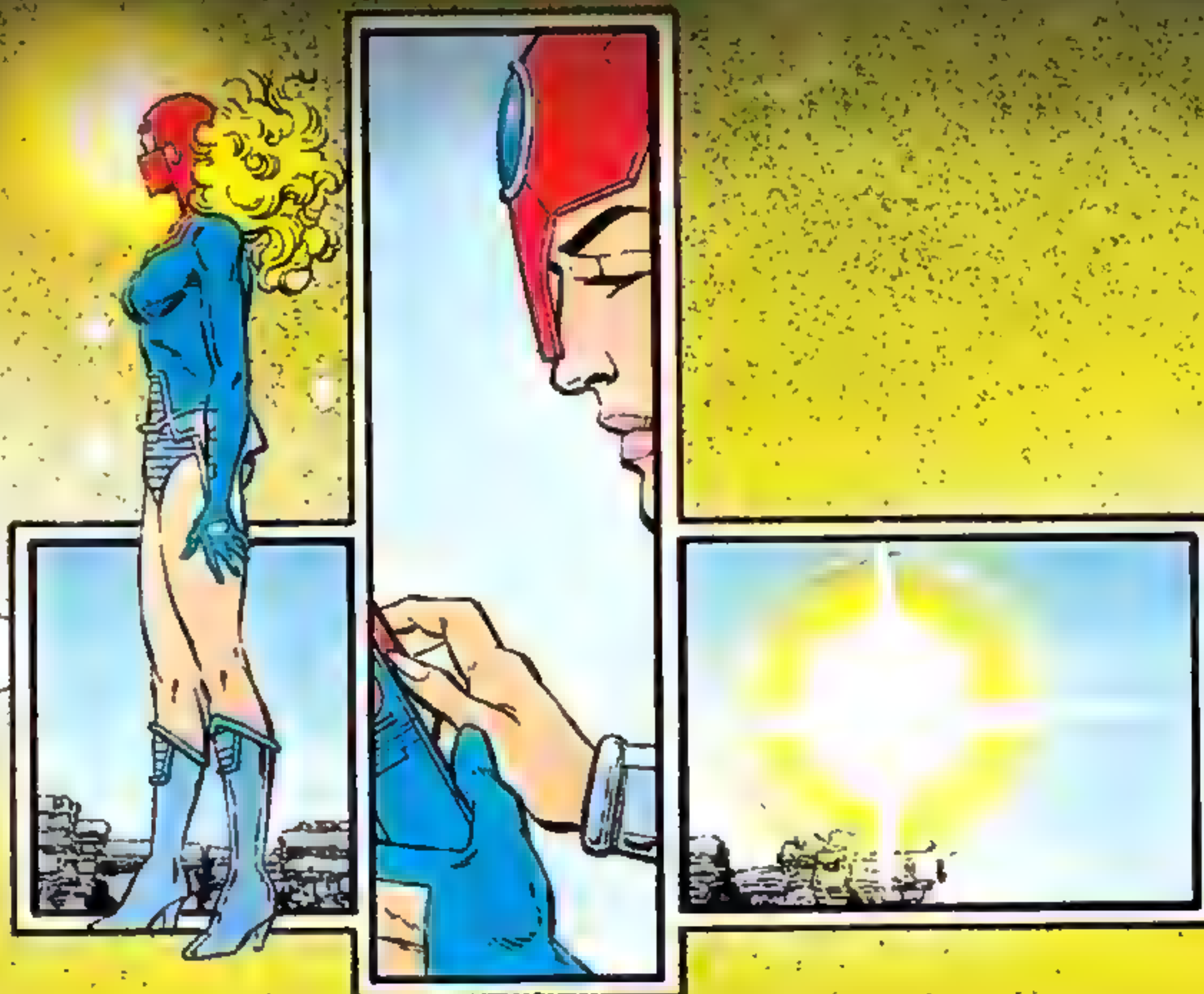
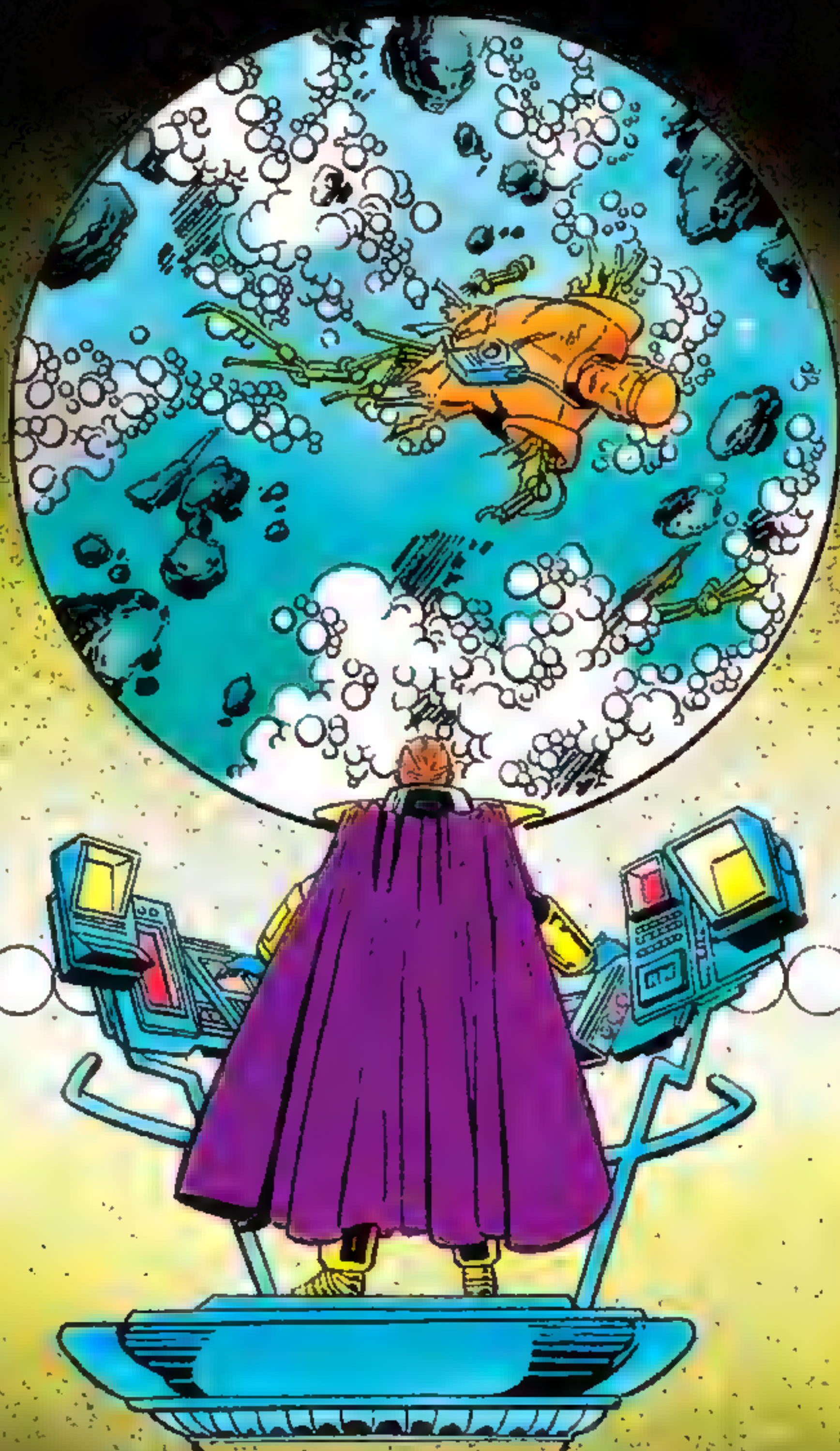


Surely they know the risk. They know that at any moment they might be called upon to die—as the Doom Patrol did when they offered their lives in the place of men and women they had never met. The Patrol willingly sacrificed themselves rather than retreat and let others be killed...



The so-called “freaks” of the Doom Patrol perished, but Robotman was rebuilt. Cliff Steele would sacrifice himself again and again when the need arose.

The Monitor told me that throughout the history of the universe there always have been sentient beings who have been willing to lay down their lives for others. Without them, the cause of humanity would never progress. It is this innate need to do good, this drive to help, that has allowed mankind alone among all preceding creatures to rise from its environment.



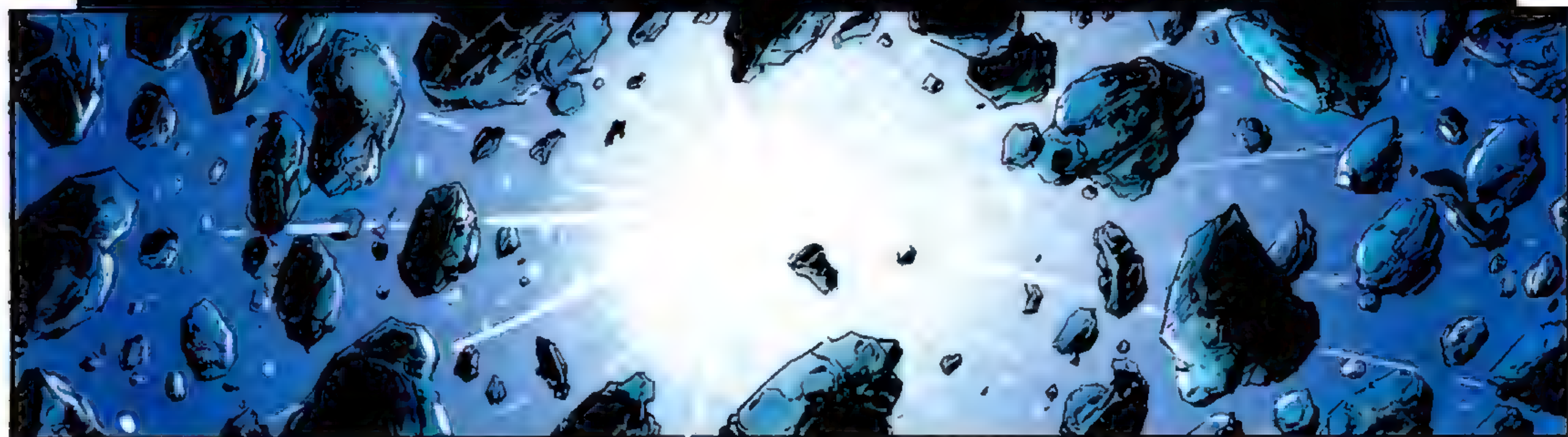


Heroes are not confined to Earth. Struggles for survival exist throughout the known universe, for wherever there is a society there will be those who seek its destruction.

The godlike beings of New Genesis—a world born in peace—faced their challenge from the hordes of dark Apokolips: a twisted mockery of a world shaped by the greatest evil the universe has ever known: Darkseid the Destroyer. His mad lust called for the total destruction of his enemies, and he was, at long last, mere days from victory.

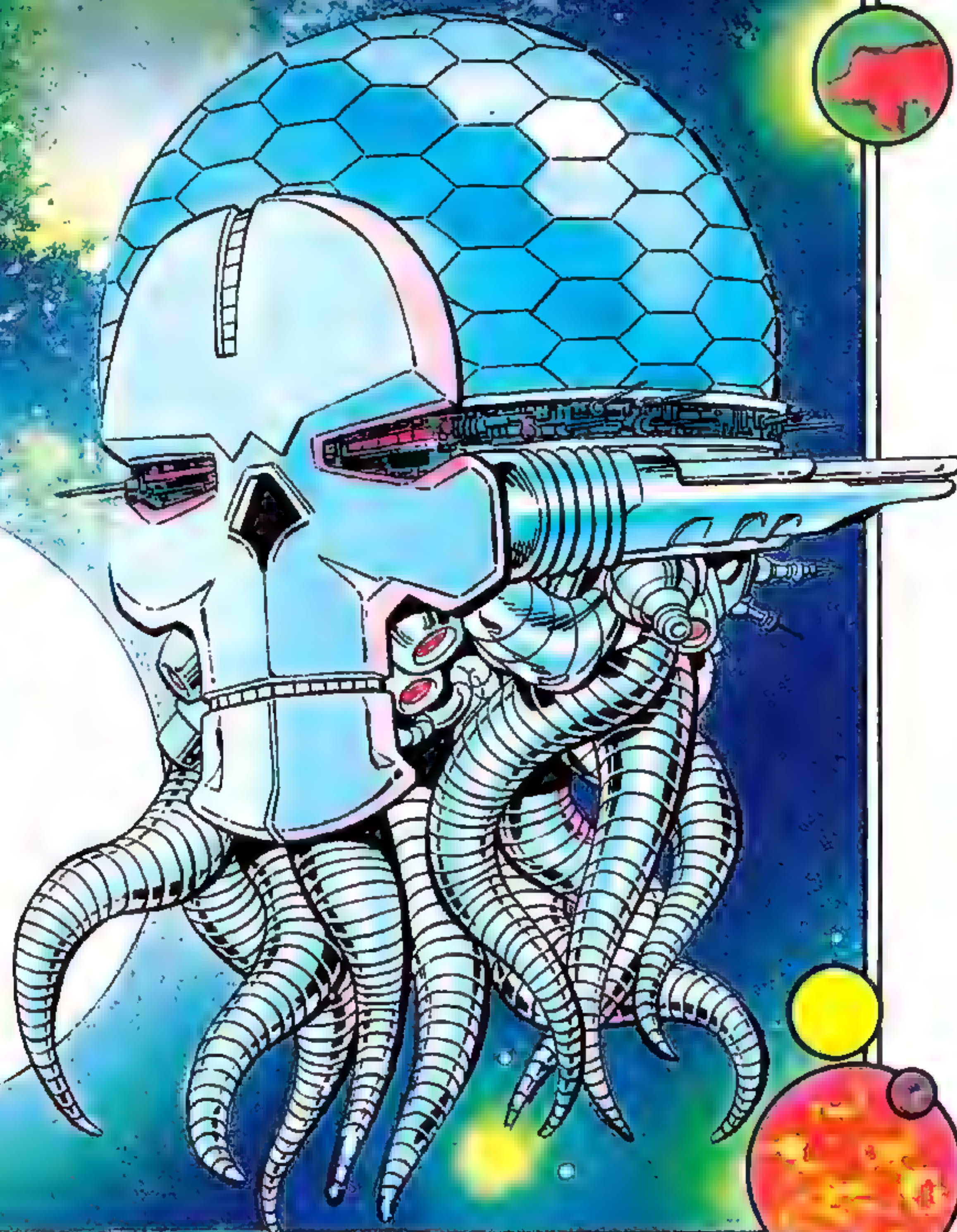
Darkseid's Hunger Dogs swarmed across New Genesis, leveling its jeweled beauty and replacing it with the scarred trenches of war. A great battle raged and New Genesis was destroyed, but its heroes and their heroic spirit survived in the great sprawling citadel called Supertown.

From the New Gods and The Forever People to Mister Miracle and the Black Racer, the survivors of New Genesis banded together and took what was left of their race to a peaceful sector of the universe.





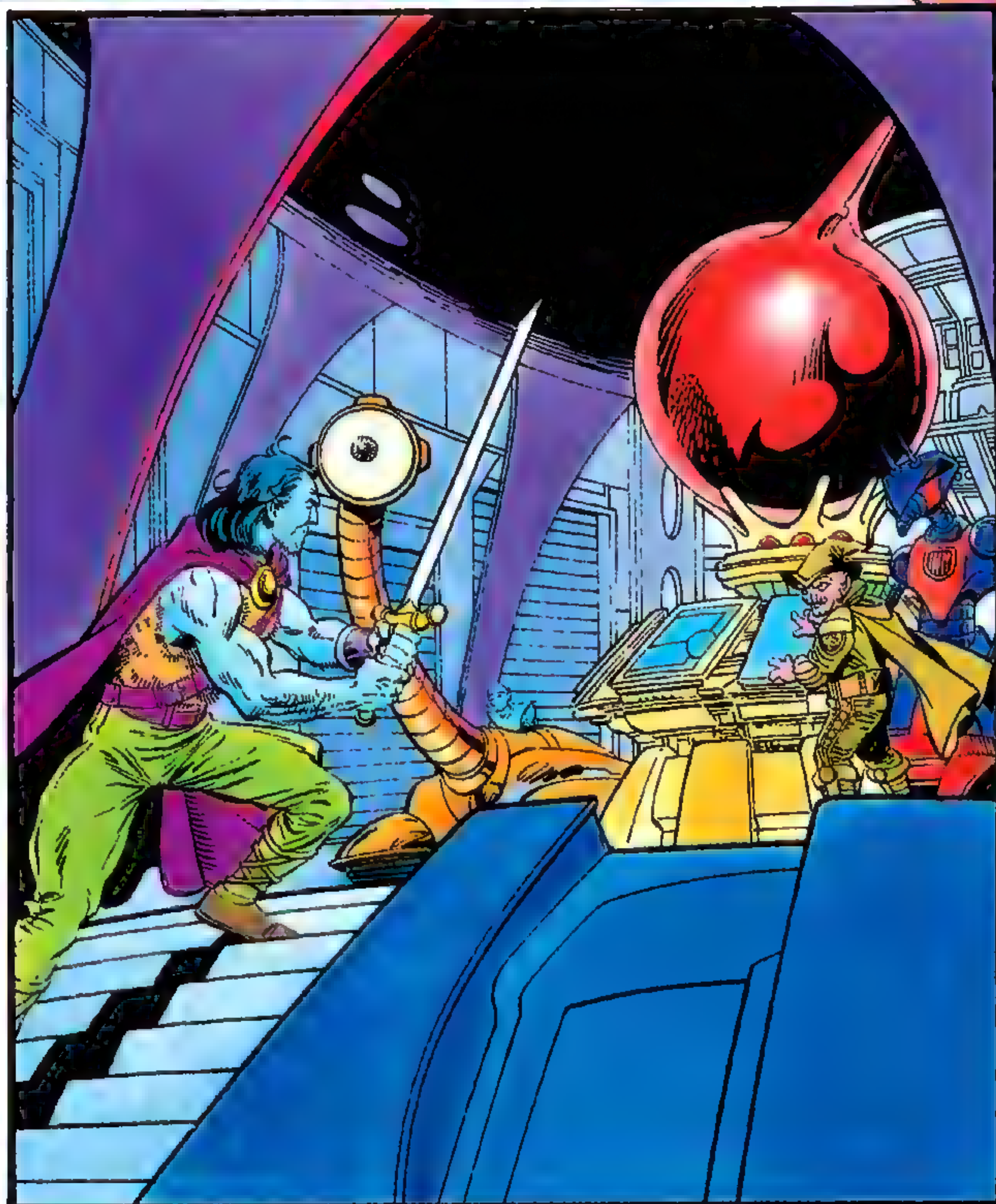
The robot rebellion on Colu brought about the first of the robot tyrants. Named Brainiac, his orders were to travel the galaxy to rid each world of its human inhabitants.



Brainiac was later destroyed by the Omega Men when it attacked the Vegan star system.

A second robot, also named Brainiac, would be created two years after the first was destroyed. This Brainiac, unlike its predecessor, had its origins as much in the laboratories of Earth as in the stars.

Kalok VIII, as Earth, was a nexus for heroes. Mallor, the first of these heroes, saved Kalok from destruction and gained great powers. His heroic lineage extends into the thirtieth century and beyond.



On Earth, the remains of Cliff Steele— Robotman of the Doom Patrol—were discovered by scientist Will Magnus. Robotman was rebuilt, then teamed with Tempest, Negative Woman, and Celsius to form the New Doom Patrol: a driven group of outcasts operating without government sanction.



The Silver Age exploded with new heroes: mild-mannered Rose Forrest, unbeknownst even to herself, would become the terrifying Thorn;

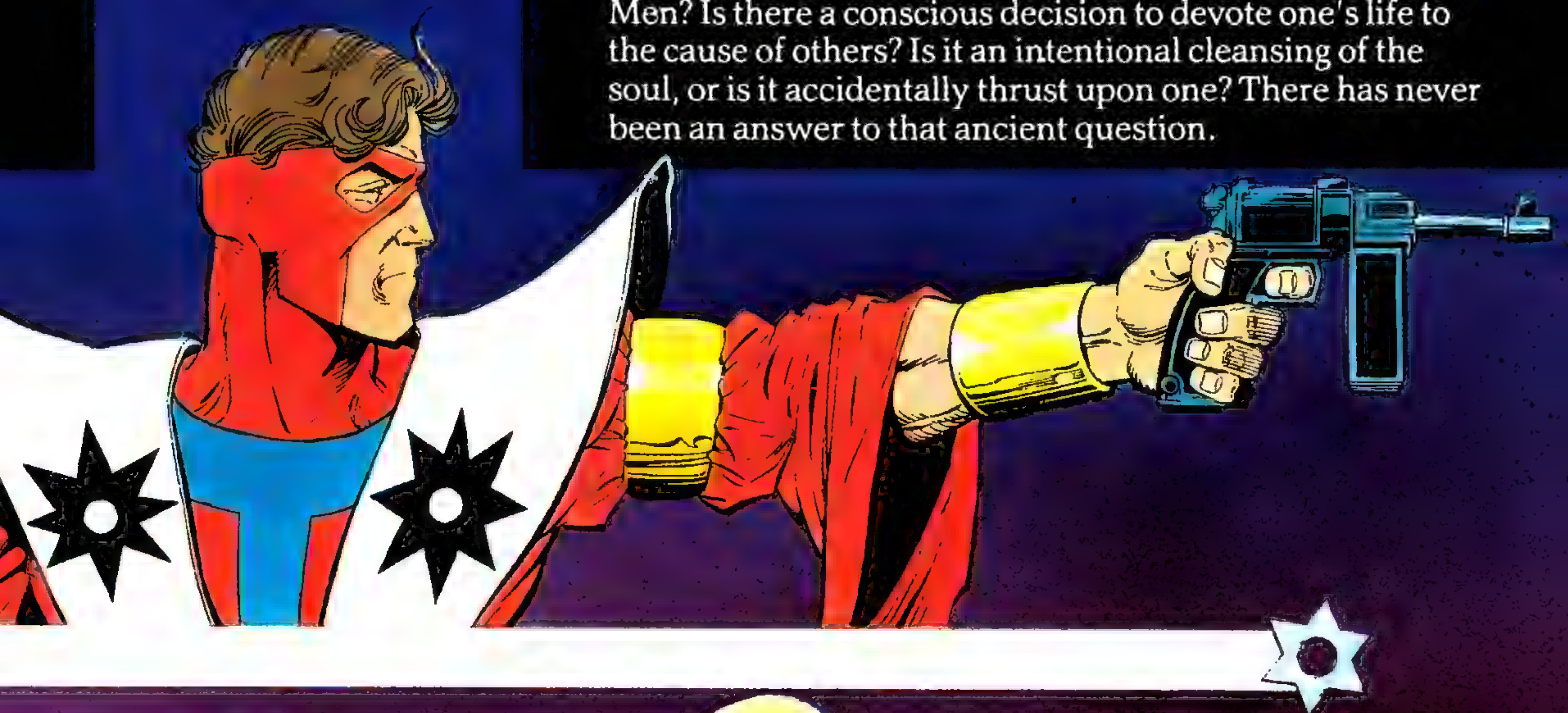


Teacher Jefferson Pierce was given great electrical powers and became Black Lightning;

Scientist Alec Holland died in a chemical explosion, but his essence was reborn in the form of the sentient man-monster Swamp Thing.



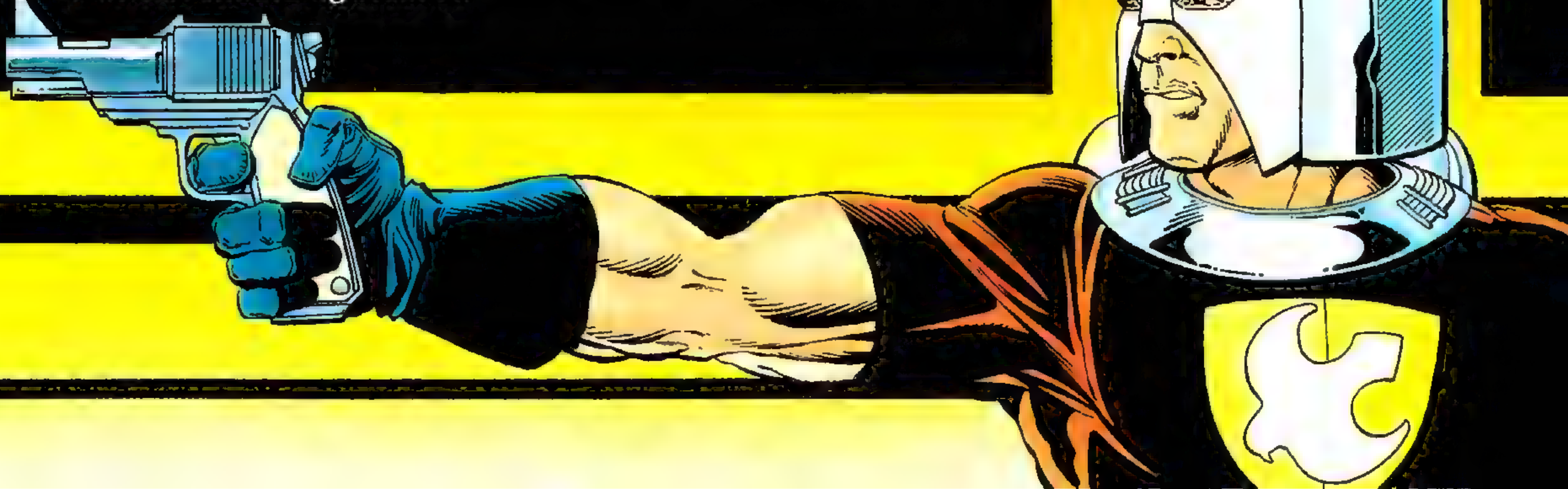
Are heroes born or are they constructed, like the Metal Men? Is there a conscious decision to devote one's life to the cause of others? Is it an intentional cleansing of the soul, or is it accidentally thrust upon one? There has never been an answer to that ancient question.



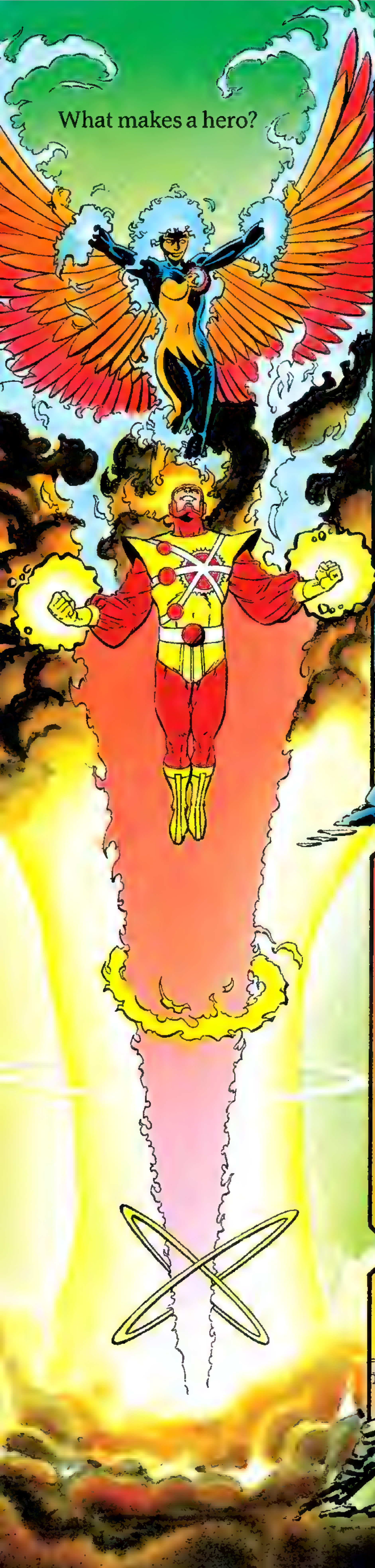
What is the stuff that makes the legend? Paul Kirk had no answers when first he became The Manhunter. Are heroes born, or can they be made?



We have yet to celebrate the ordinary person in this narrative: those who are without powers to protect them, for in many ways they are truer heroes. The ordinary person, the private citizen, the policeman, fireman, detective...those whose mortality is on the line, whether dressed in civilian garb or in gaudy costumed colors like The Peacemaker, a government agent who loved peace so much he had to fight for it.



What makes a hero?



Heroes with powers
and heroes without...
like Firestorm, the
Nuclear Man, and
Firehawk — both with
powers that make them
demigods — and Travis
Morgan, the Warlord,



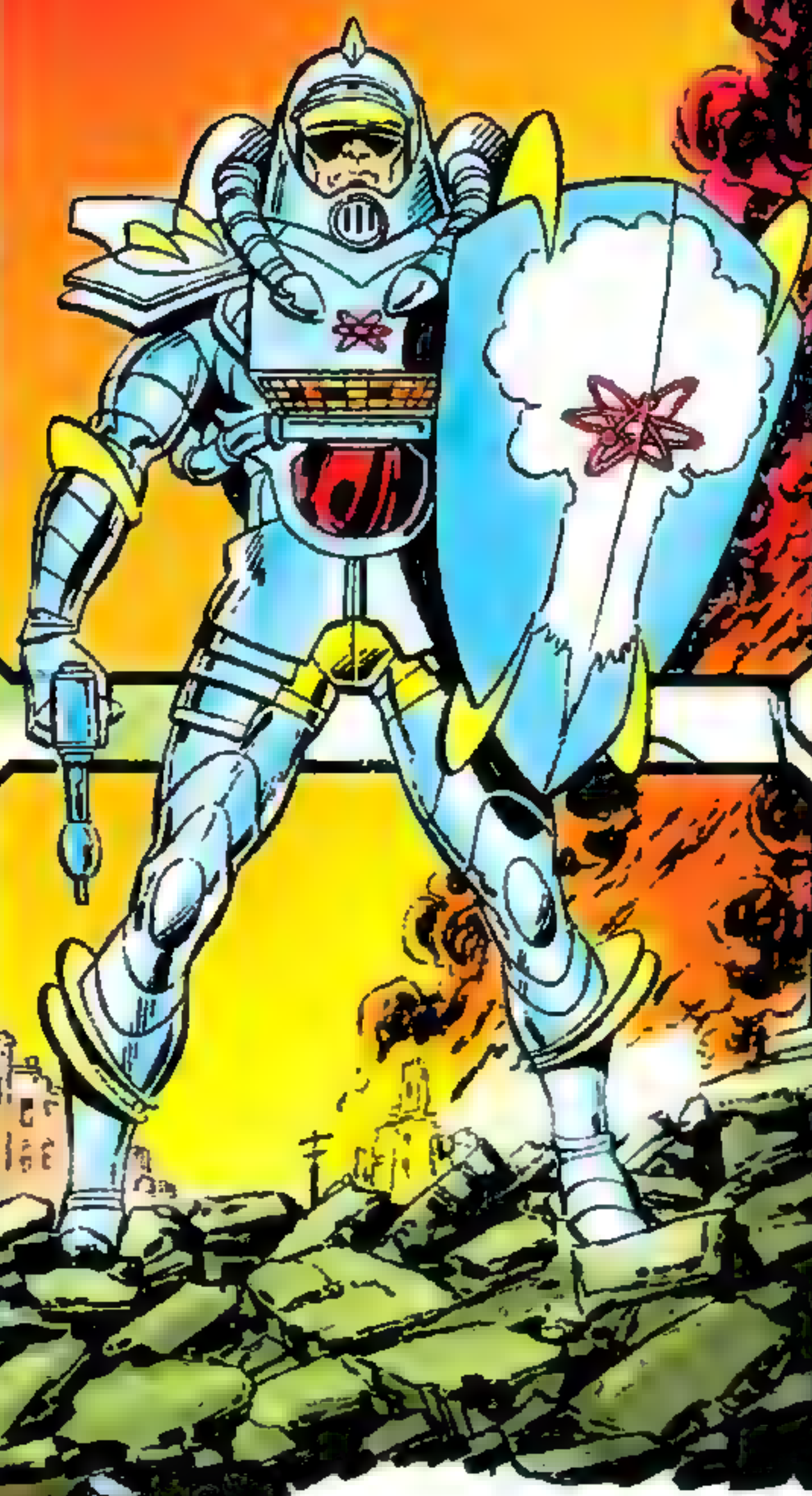
who possesses
nothing more than his brave
soul and his natural skills.



His name was Jemm,
and the powers he
brought from his native
world of Saturn helped
bring peace to the souls
of men.



The Atomic Knight,
who was born from the
nightmarish fears of
nuclear destruction.

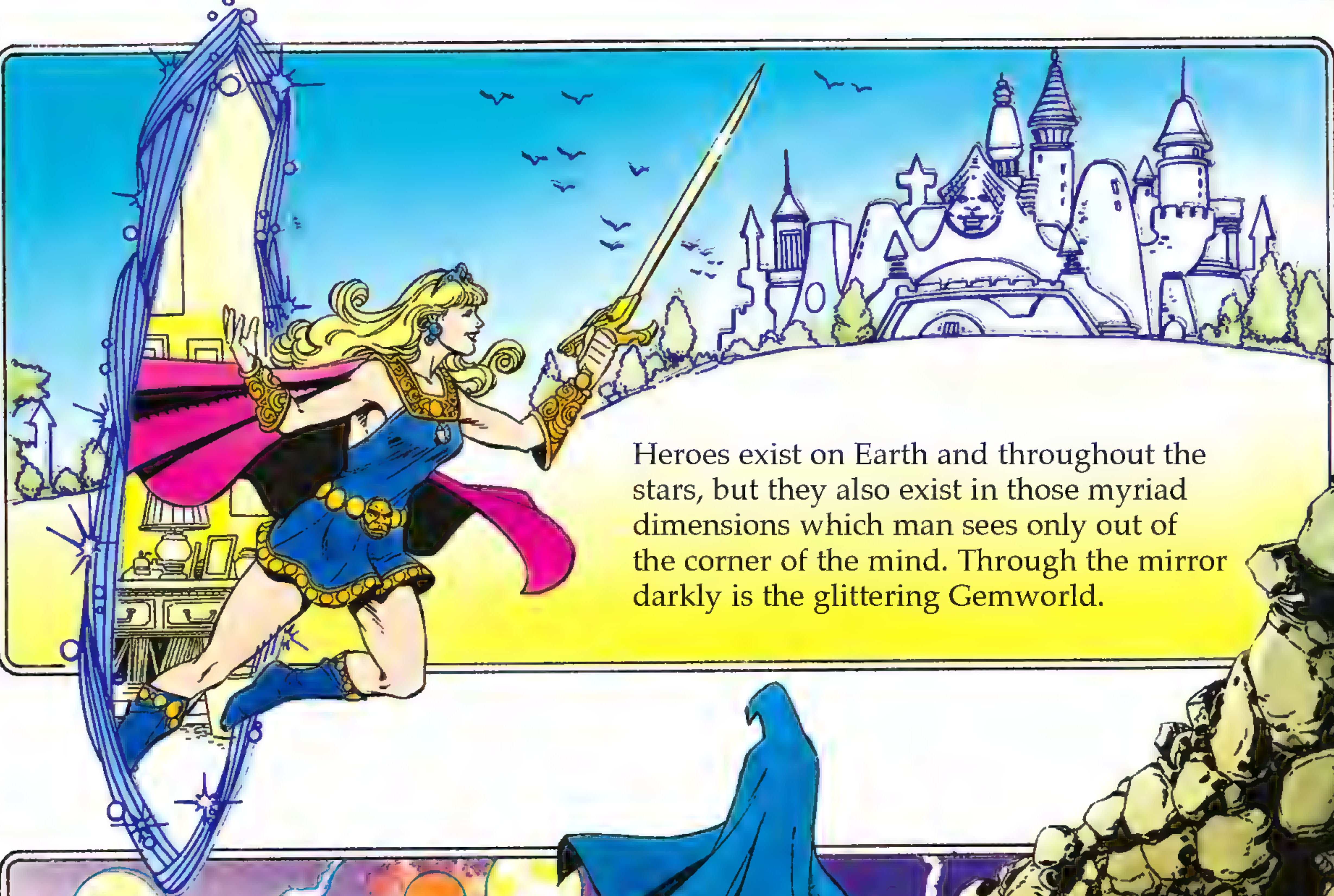


Can the mysterious
Baron Winters be
thought of as a hero?
Rude, acerbic,
certainly an elitist... his
Night Force takes on
missions that would
frighten more gentle
souls.

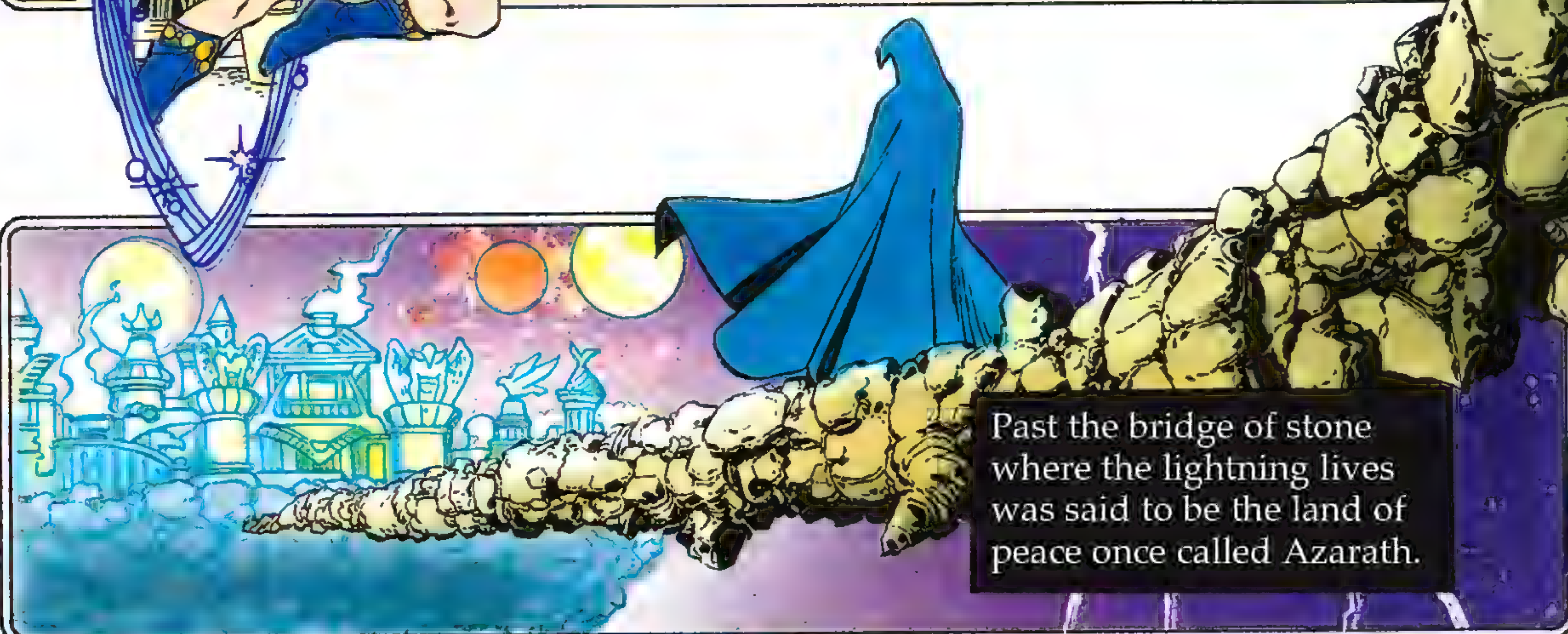


What makes a hero?

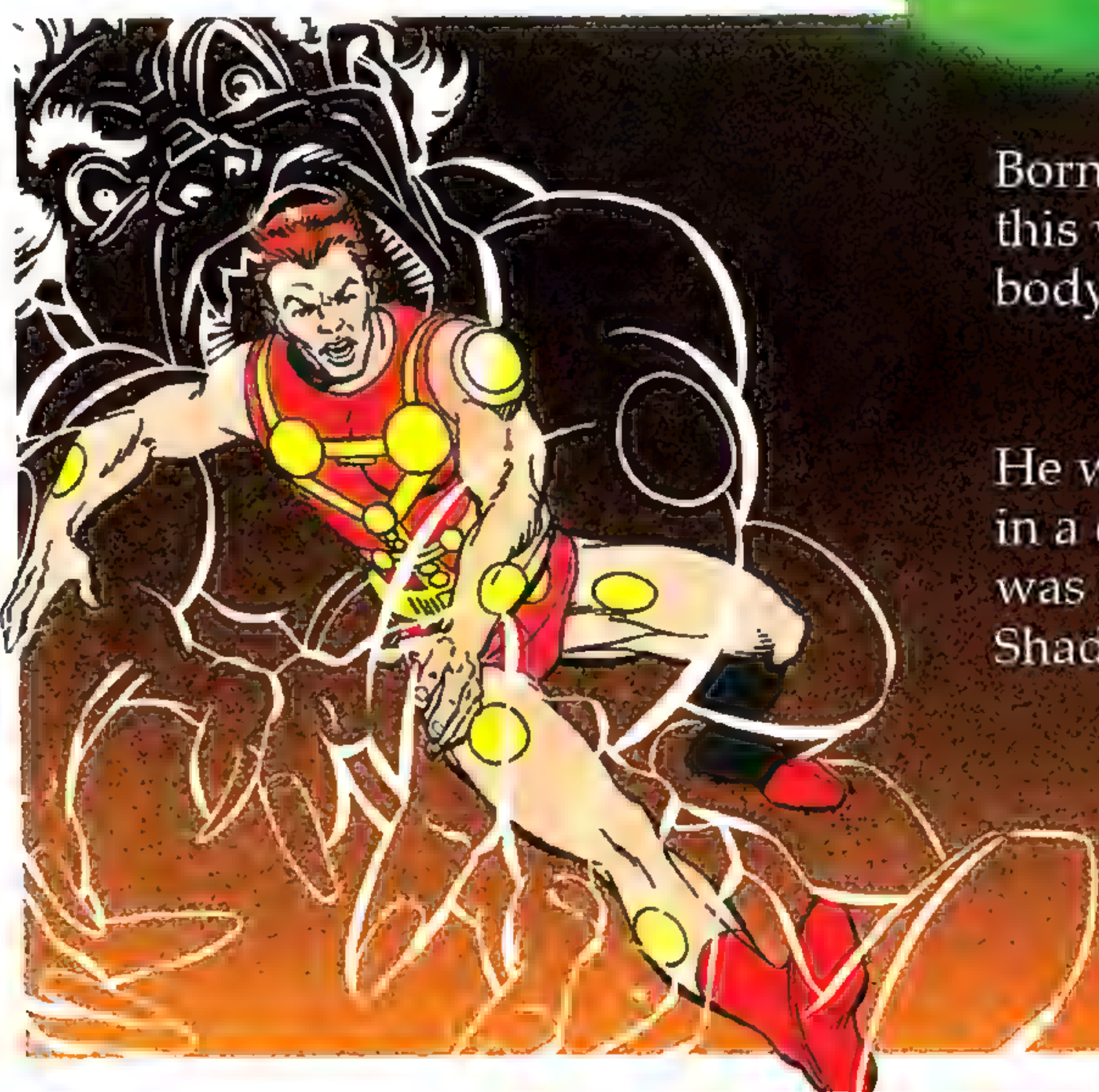
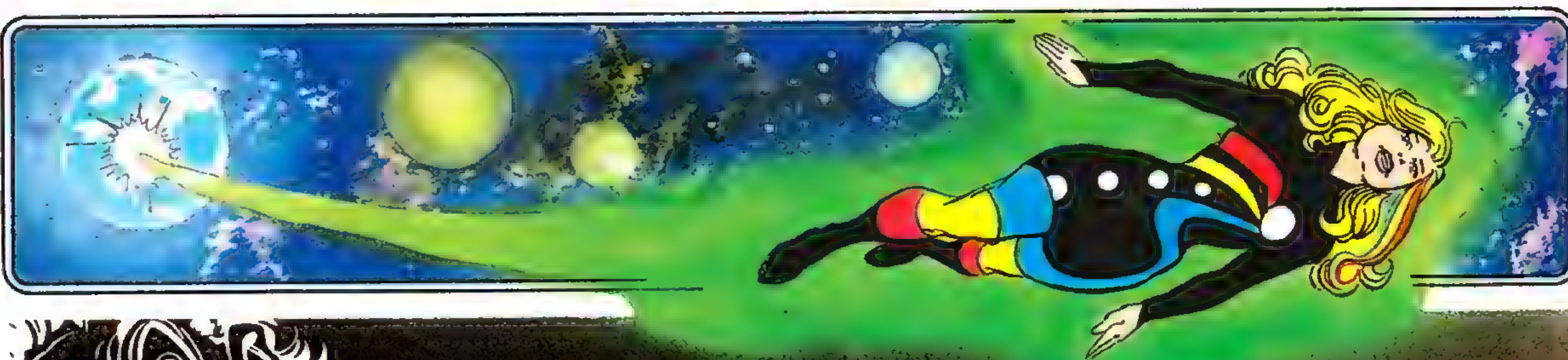
Perhaps the need to
help others becomes
greater than the desire
to benefit oneself.



Heroes exist on Earth and throughout the stars, but they also exist in those myriad dimensions which man sees only out of the corner of the mind. Through the mirror darkly is the glittering Gemworld.



Past the bridge of stone where the lightning lives was said to be the land of peace once called Azarath.



Born of light, the Aurakles knew nothing of this world until one of them possessed the body of an Earth girl known as Halo.

He was born on the other-world of Metazone, in a dimension far from ours, but Rac Shade was forced to flee to Earth in the guise of Shade, The Changing Man.



I have asked this question before, but as long as I inscribe this narrative I am compelled to repeat it: Where do heroes come from? Are they the stuff of legend—remembered in the past but never truly existing—or are they reborn today, new and fresh and waiting for new life?

A subway station in San Francisco leads a young boy to discover a legend dimly remembered by mortals. Billy Batson stands on the threshold of a new existence: with one magic word—Shazam!—he becomes the World's Mightiest Mortal: Captain Marvel.

The new hero maintains a low profile, until Darkseid the Destroyer challenges the very soul of heroism and inspires Captain Marvel to take his rightful place alongside the legends of the universe.



The original Teen Titans disbanded three years after its inception as its members moved on through school and college. Some retired, others continued their unending quest against evil.

One year after the original group parted, a new Teen Titans was formed with some of the original members along with others the likes of which this world had never seen. The kidnapped alien princess from Tamaran joined with the demonic daughter from peaceful Azarath; a half-man, half-robot cyborg joined with a mute who could enter and control the bodies of his enemies.

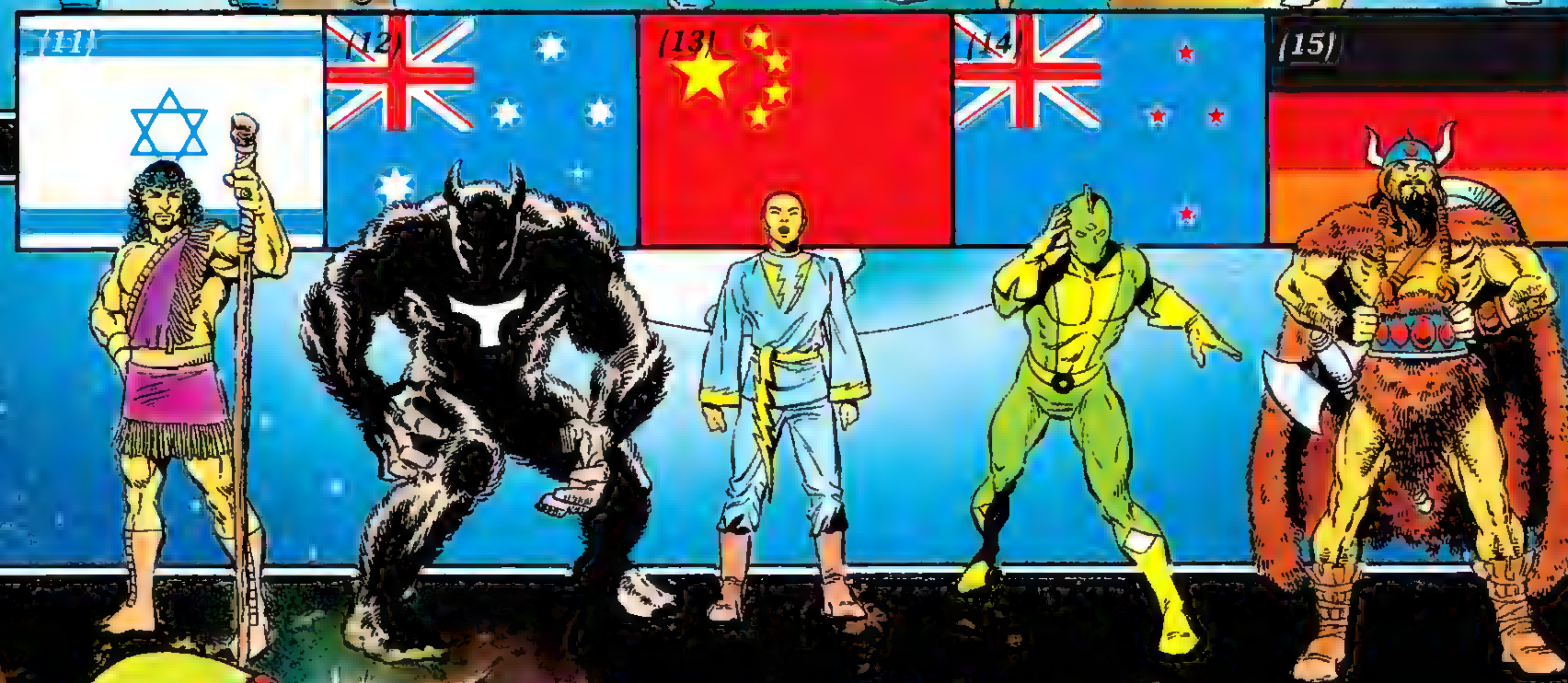
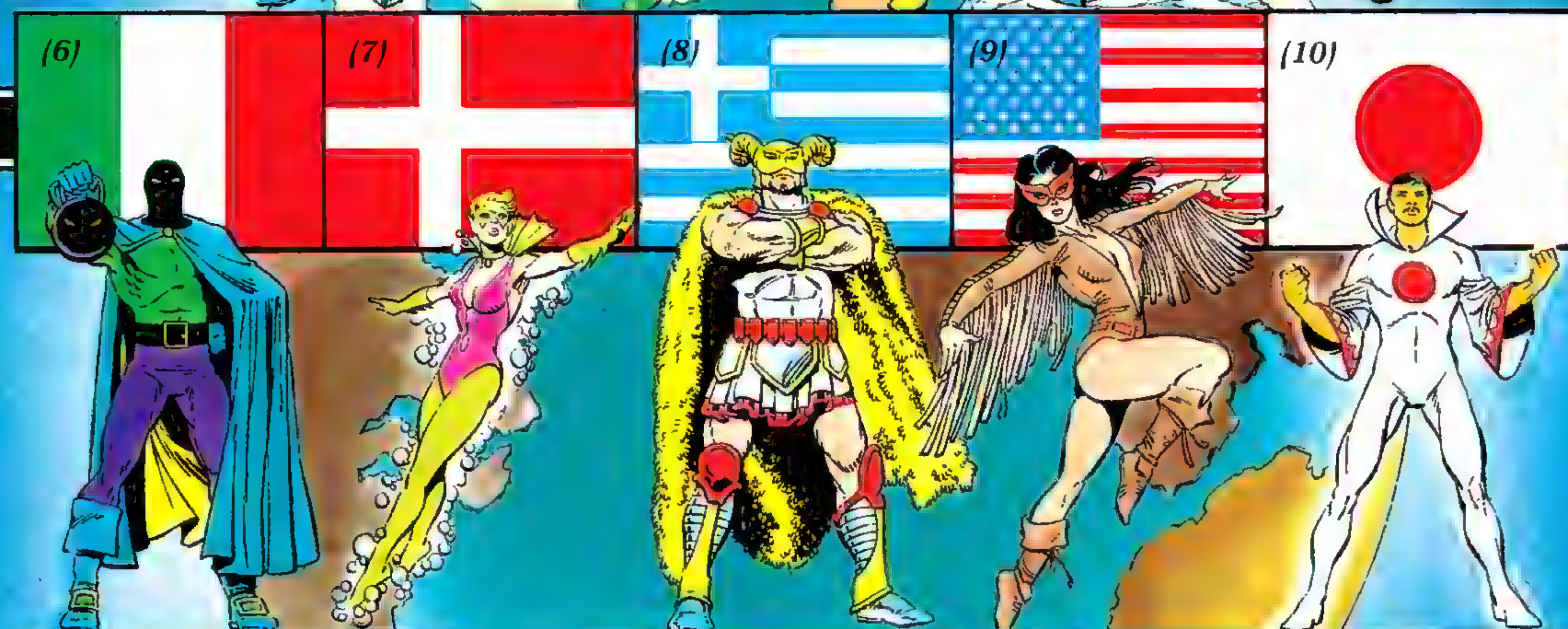
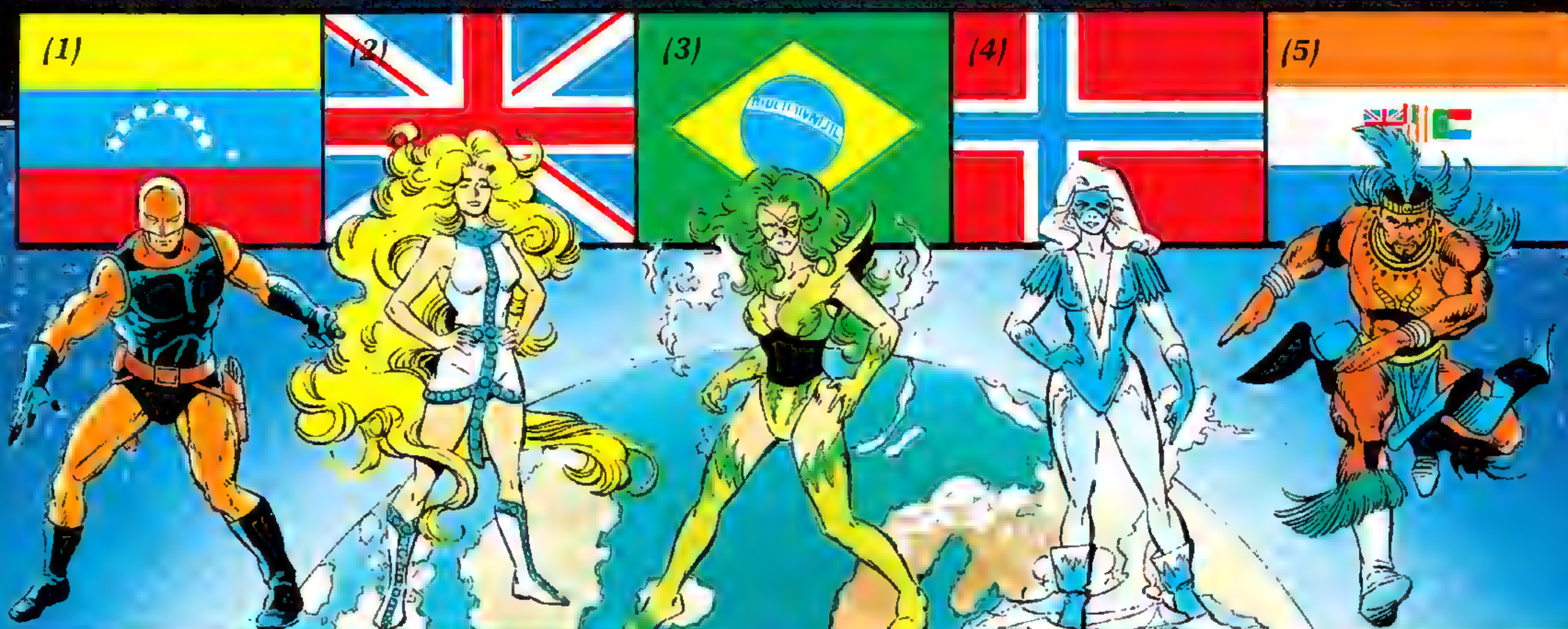


Halo joined with Black Lightning, Katana, Geo-Force, Looker, and Metamorpho to form The Outsiders.



This group that teamed new heroes with old was founded by the child who had seen his parents slain on a Gotham City street many years before. The Batman not only worked with The Outsiders, he also returned to battle alongside the newly re-formed Justice League of America, but not even the brilliant mind of the Dark Knight Detective could warn him that many members of this latest Justice League would not survive.

Thus far in this narrative, I have centered on the heroes of North America because this is where exists the greatest concentration of heroes. But there are heroes outside the United States, and many banded together to form The Global Guardians.

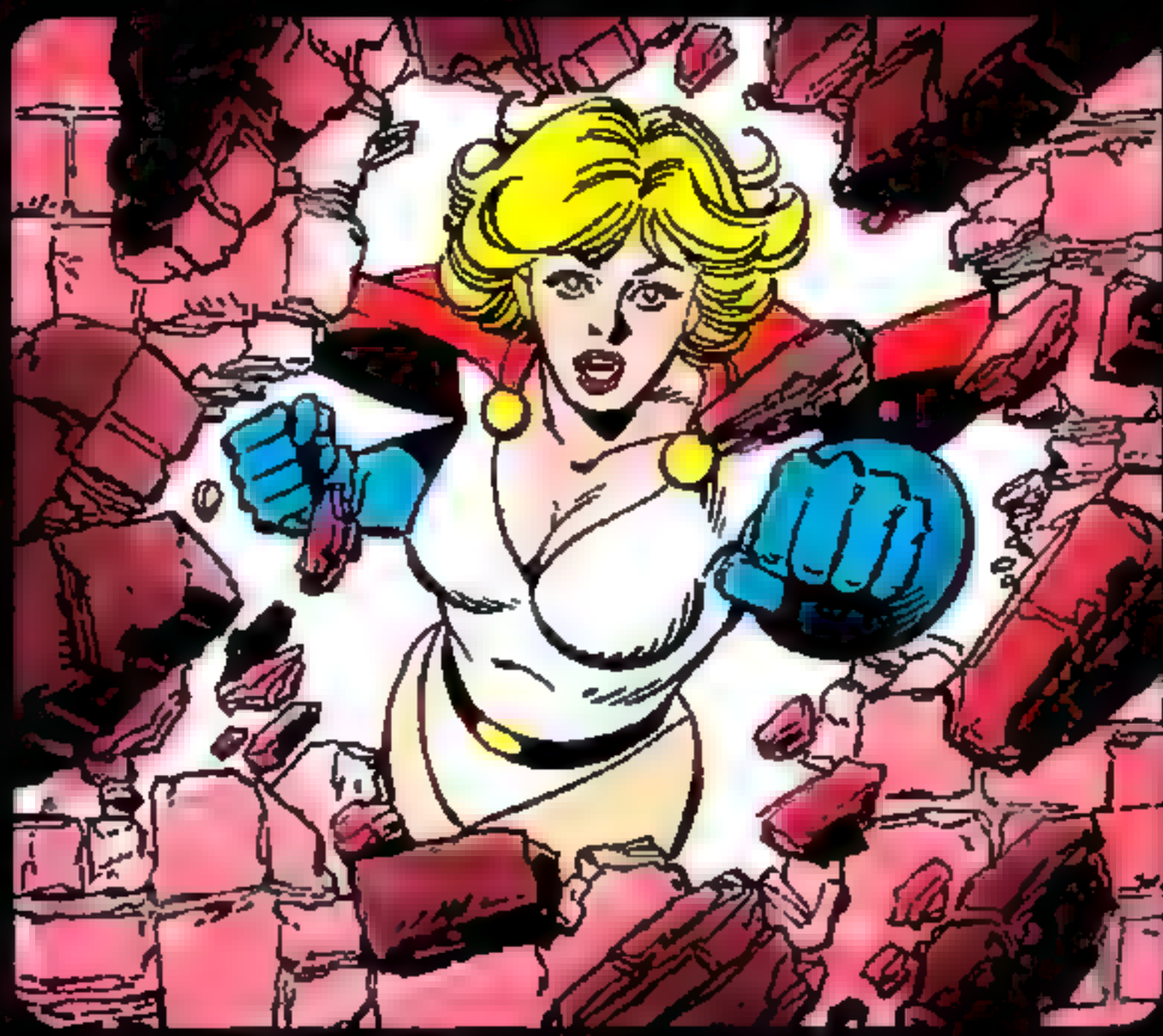


- (1) Bushmaster
- (2) Godiva
- (3) Green Flame
- (4) Icemaider
- (5) Impala
- (6) Jack O' Lantern
- (7) Little Mermaid
- (8) Olympian
- (9) Owlwoman
- (10) Rising Sun
- (11) Seraph
- (12) Tasmanian Devil
- (13) Thunderlord
- (14) Tuatara
- (15) Wild Huntsman

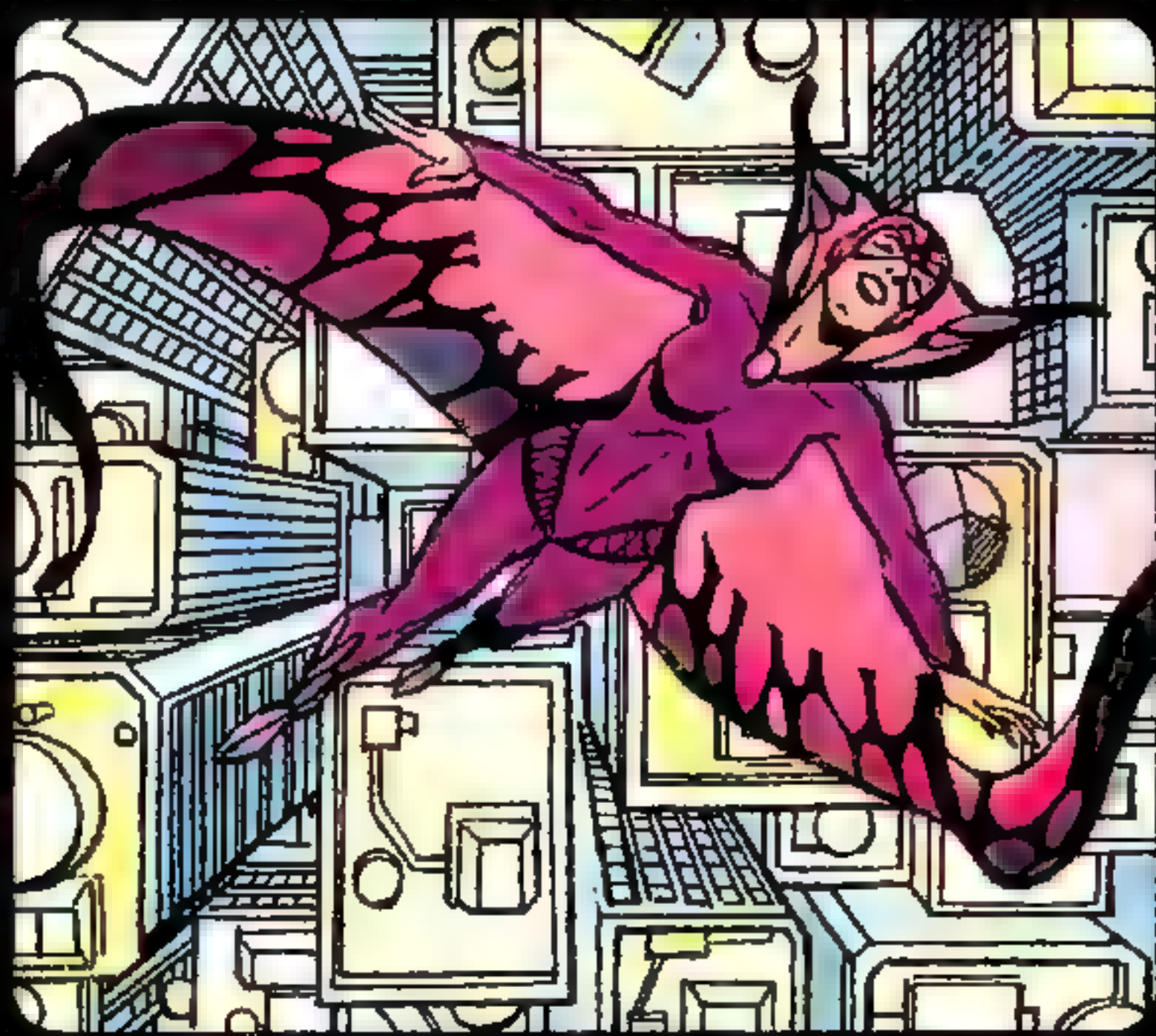




The Blue Devil...
...Power Girl...



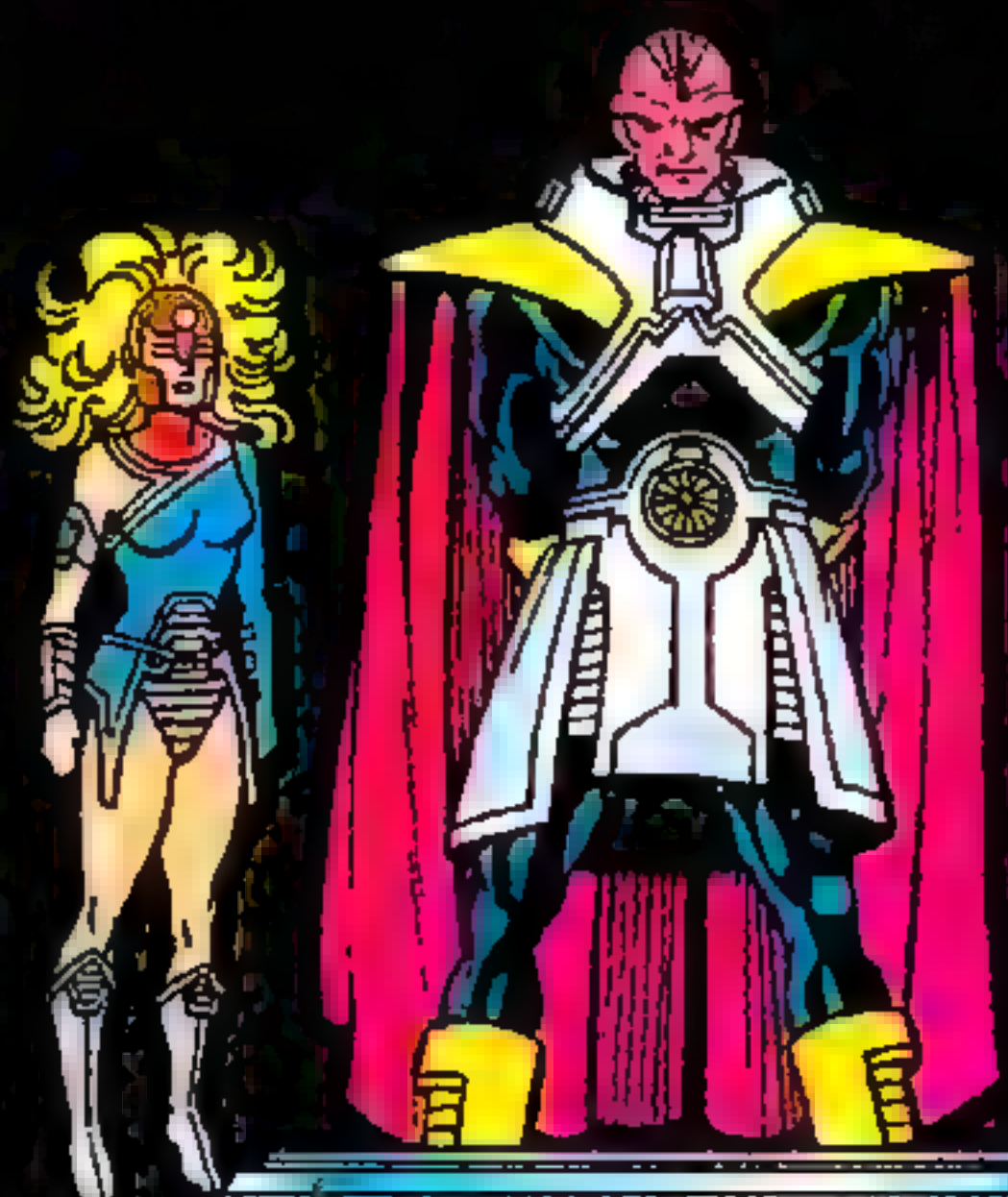
...the mysterious
Black Orchid...



Still other heroes abound —

I must pause now for what is to become a personal history. Until now I have merely read the computer files of The Monitor, with my comments clearly marked. But now the history involves me and the actions which led me to kill my mentor.

Ten billion years ago, two beings were born. In our universe came The Monitor, but his brother was born in the anti-matter universe of Qward.



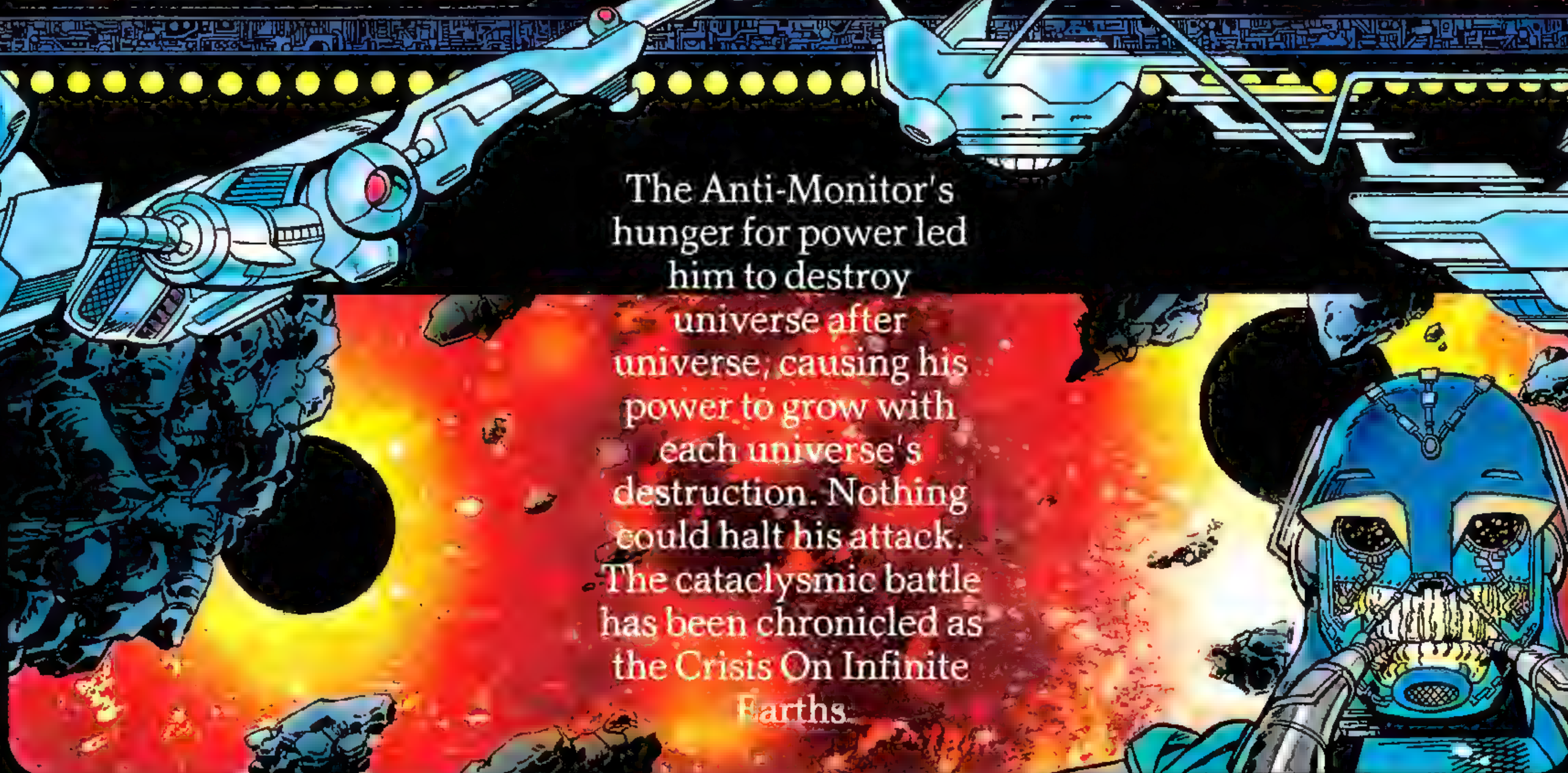
...Air Wave...
...The Vigilante...

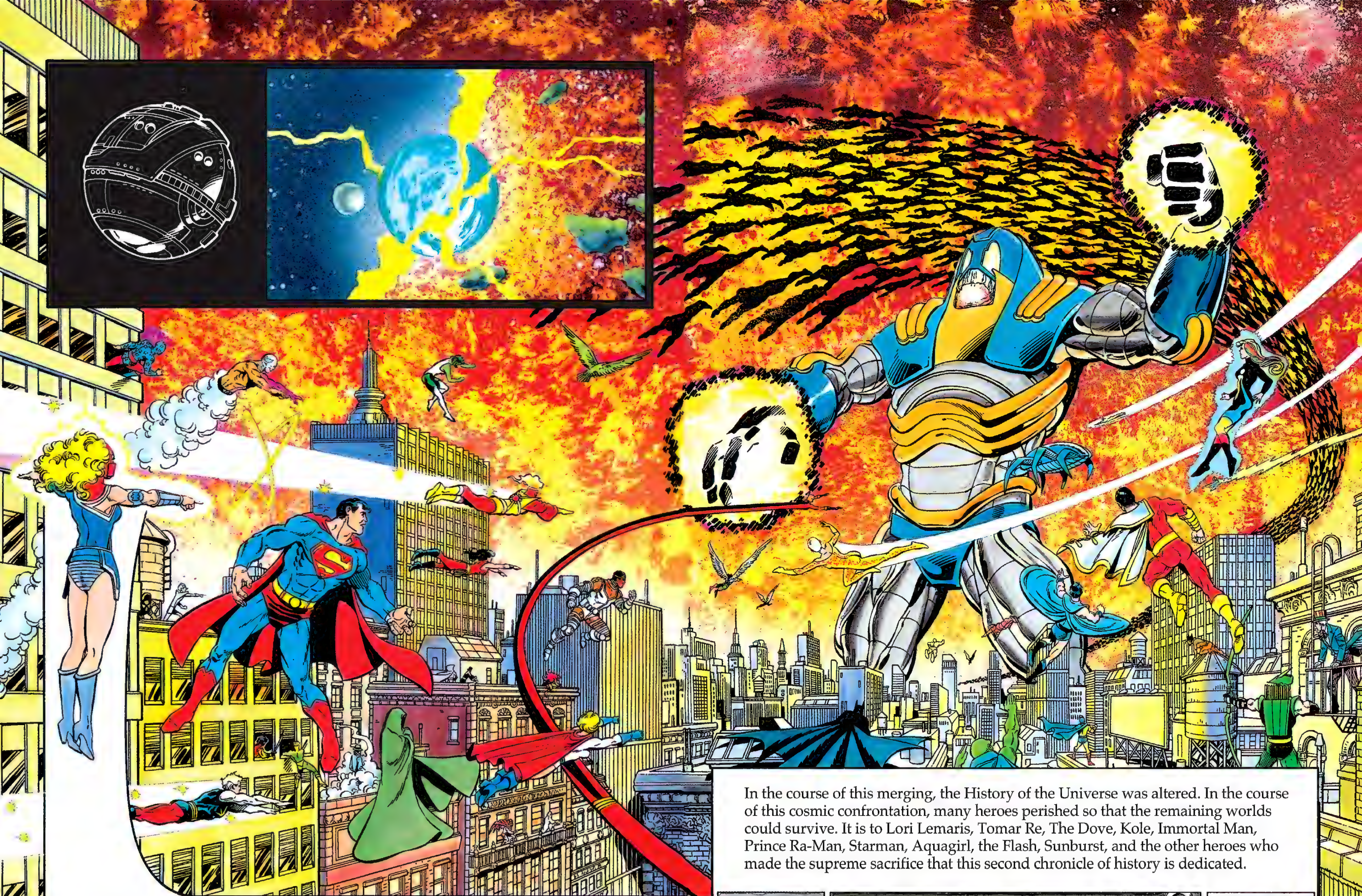


...and the robotic Red Tornado.
The world would be safe,
for a time.



The Anti-Monitor's hunger for power led him to destroy universe after universe, causing his power to grow with each universe's destruction. Nothing could halt his attack. The cataclysmic battle has been chronicled as the Crisis On Infinite Earths.





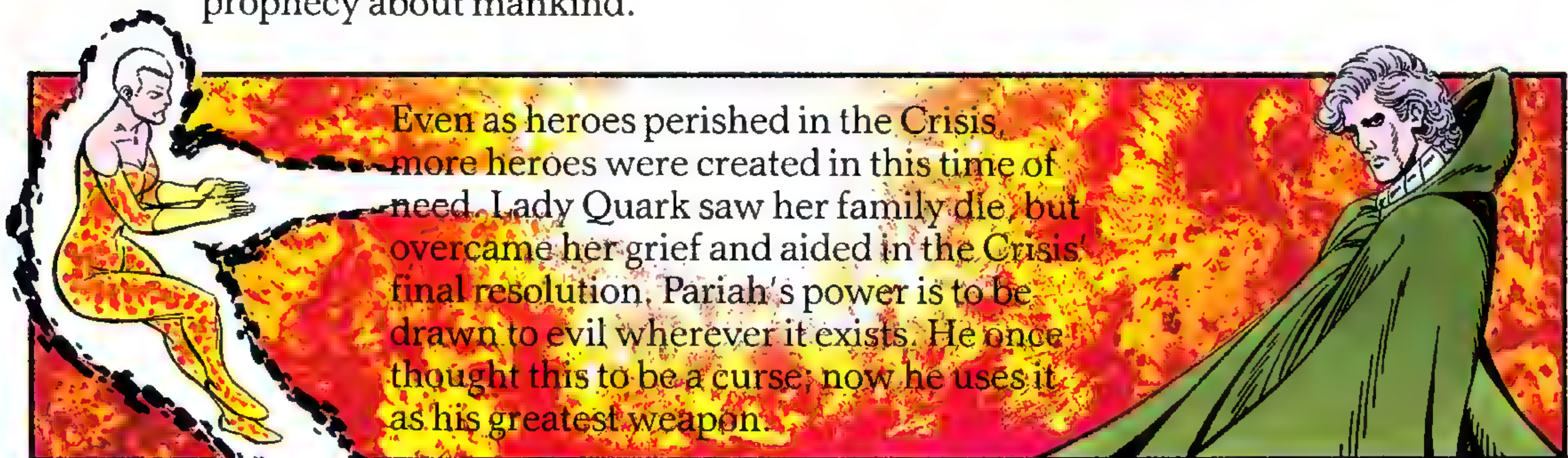
Five Universes remained, and with them five Earths. The Monitor brought together the greatest heroes and villains from all the Earths and forged them into a fighting army. The battle raged throughout the universes and across time itself, and during the battle I was compelled by the Anti-Monitor to fatally strike down his brother. Finally, the remaining universes were merged into one and enough force was brought to bear to destroy the Anti-Monitor.

In the course of this merging, the History of the Universe was altered. In the course of this cosmic confrontation, many heroes perished so that the remaining worlds could survive. It is to Lori Lemaris, Tomar Re, The Dove, Kole, Immortal Man, Prince Ra-Man, Starman, Aquagirl, the Flash, Sunburst, and the other heroes who made the supreme sacrifice that this second chronicle of history is dedicated.





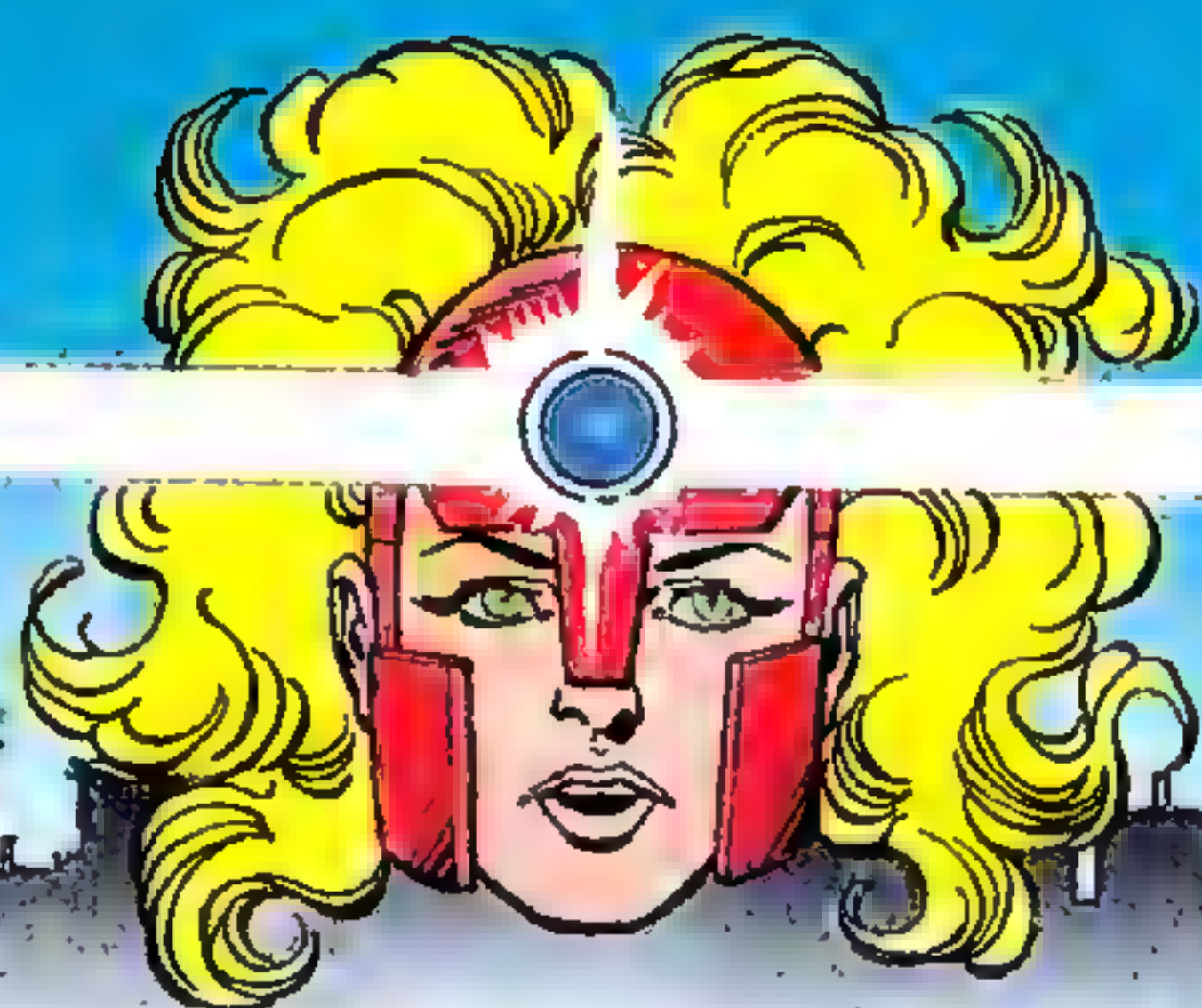
The universe was irrevocably altered by the Crisis on Infinite Earths. The Guardians of the Universe turned their backs on their home on Oa, leaving the fabled Green Lantern Corps to fulfill their mysterious prophecy about mankind.



Kimiyo Hoshi saw heroes sacrifice their lives to save the universe, and so Dr. Light swore to become one of the Earth's champions.

Booster Gold was born in the far future, but journeyed to our present to achieve fame and glory.

Yolanda Montez saw her godfather and mentor Ted Grant fall in battle, crippled saving a child's life. Yolanda donned his uniform in tribute to one of the world's earliest, finest heroes: Wildcat.

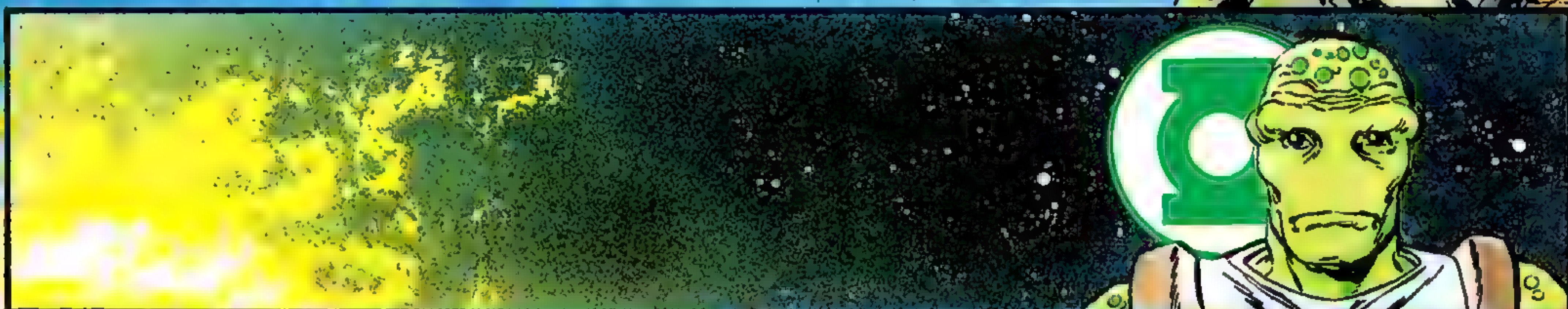




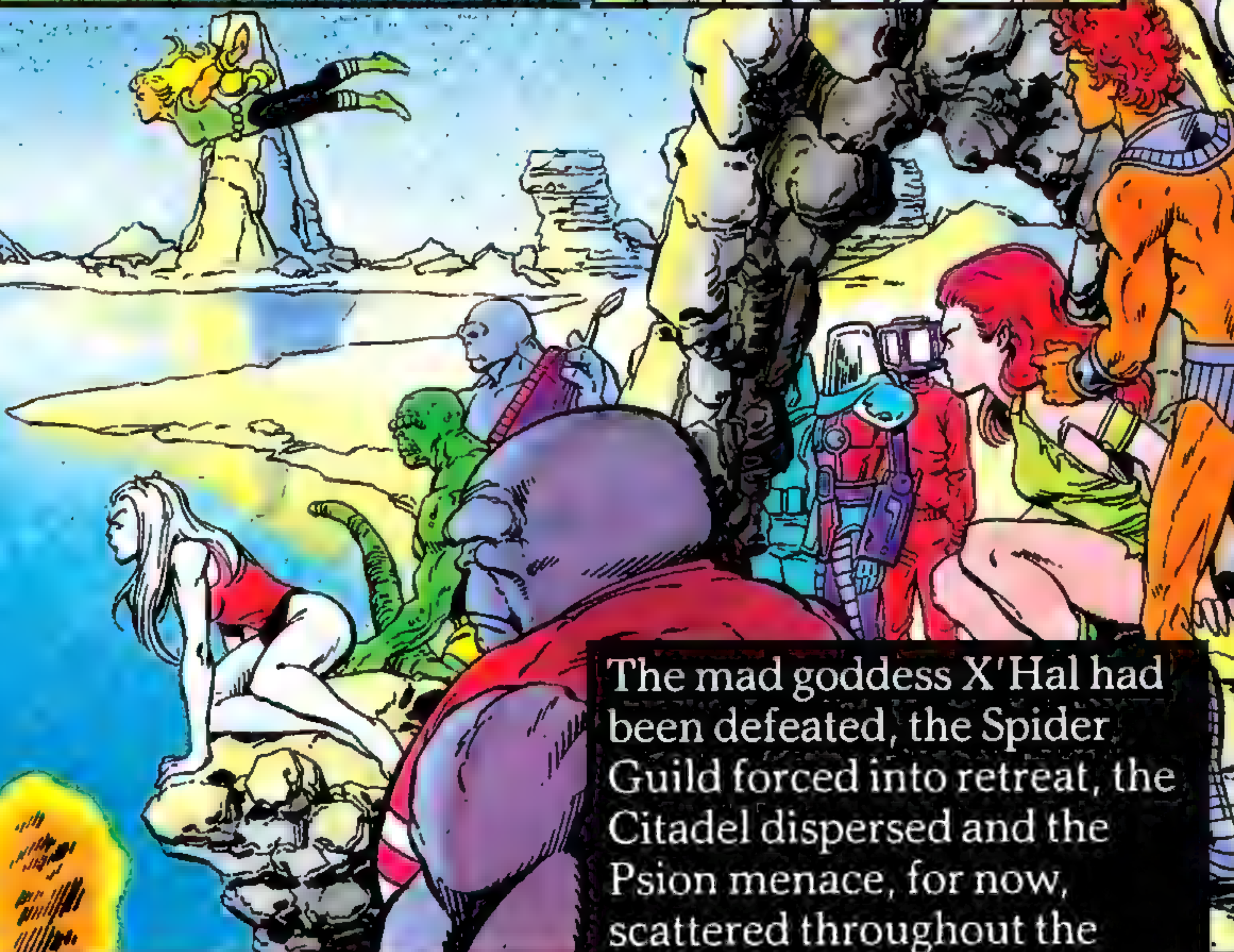
In the Vegan star system, the Citadel Wars were finally resolved when the evil empire was crushed by the forces of the Omega Men.

No sooner had the Citadellians been dispatched, however, than the twenty-two war-weary Vegan worlds found themselves under attack by the infamous Spider Guild.

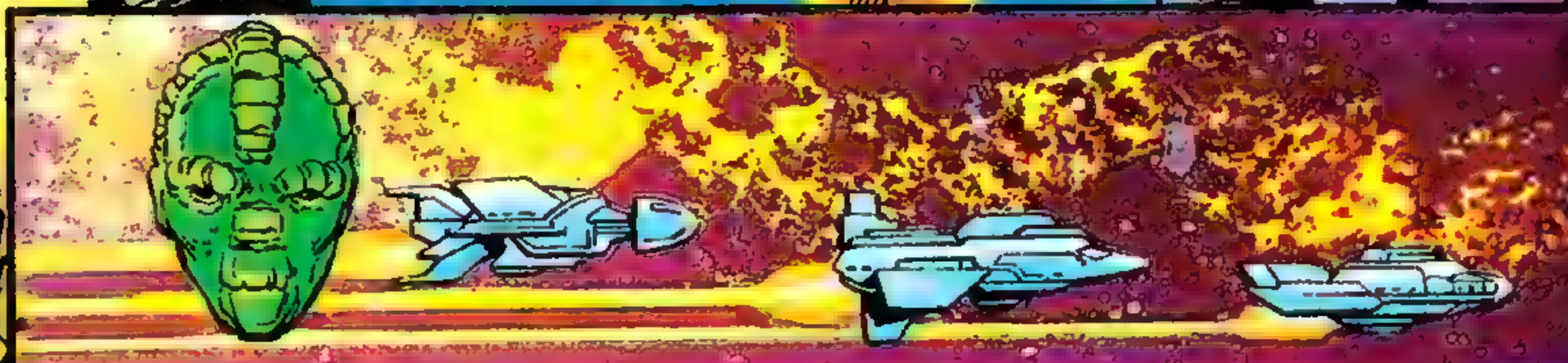
The Omega Men regrouped, bringing new members into service. Old and new warriors alike banded together to once more free Vega from tyranny.



The Spider Guild was beaten back, but not destroyed. Outside the Vegan system, a strange hostile refuge world was discovered. The Omega Men, under the leadership of Primus and his cyberlink Artin, offered a refuge to any Vegan who wished to settle this harsh new land. Those who answered the call knew they would never see their home worlds again.



The mad goddess X'Hal had been defeated, the Spider Guild forced into retreat, the Citadel dispersed and the Psion menace, for now, scattered throughout the galaxy in the wake of the departure of their jailers, the Guardians. The universe was on the verge of peace. It was not to last.

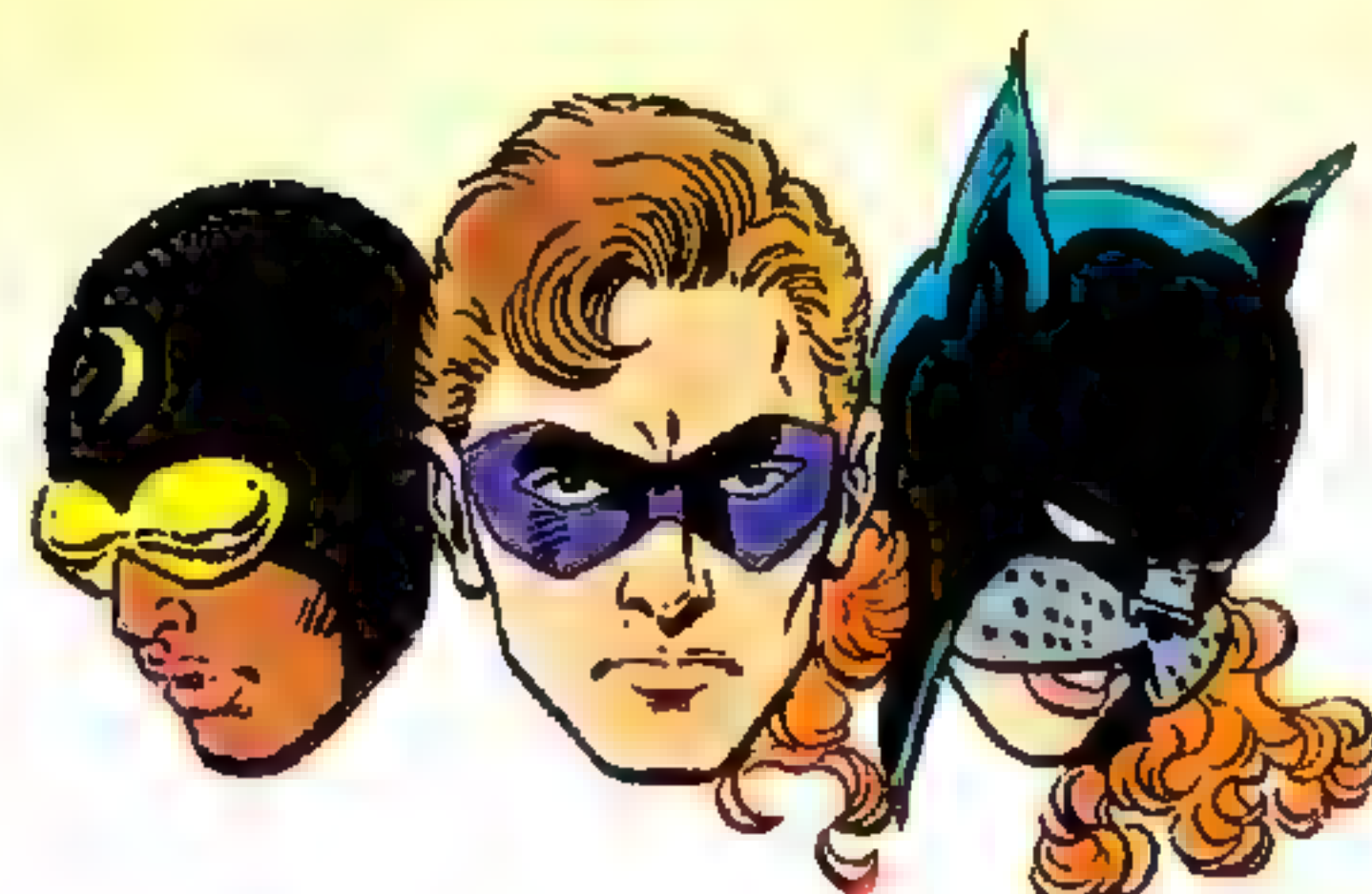




For one brief, magic moment there was peace throughout the galaxies. But this was short-lived as the famed Justice Society of America found themselves locked in an eternal battle in Valhalla. Perhaps their kind would never be seen again.



The Justice Society was gone, but their children lived on to lend continuity to the heroic ideal. These children of great heroes became great heroes themselves in the mighty group called Infinity, Inc.





Great heroes and terrible villains...the stuff of legends. When you hear of the great gods of myth, you forget that they once were real, for now only their legends survive.

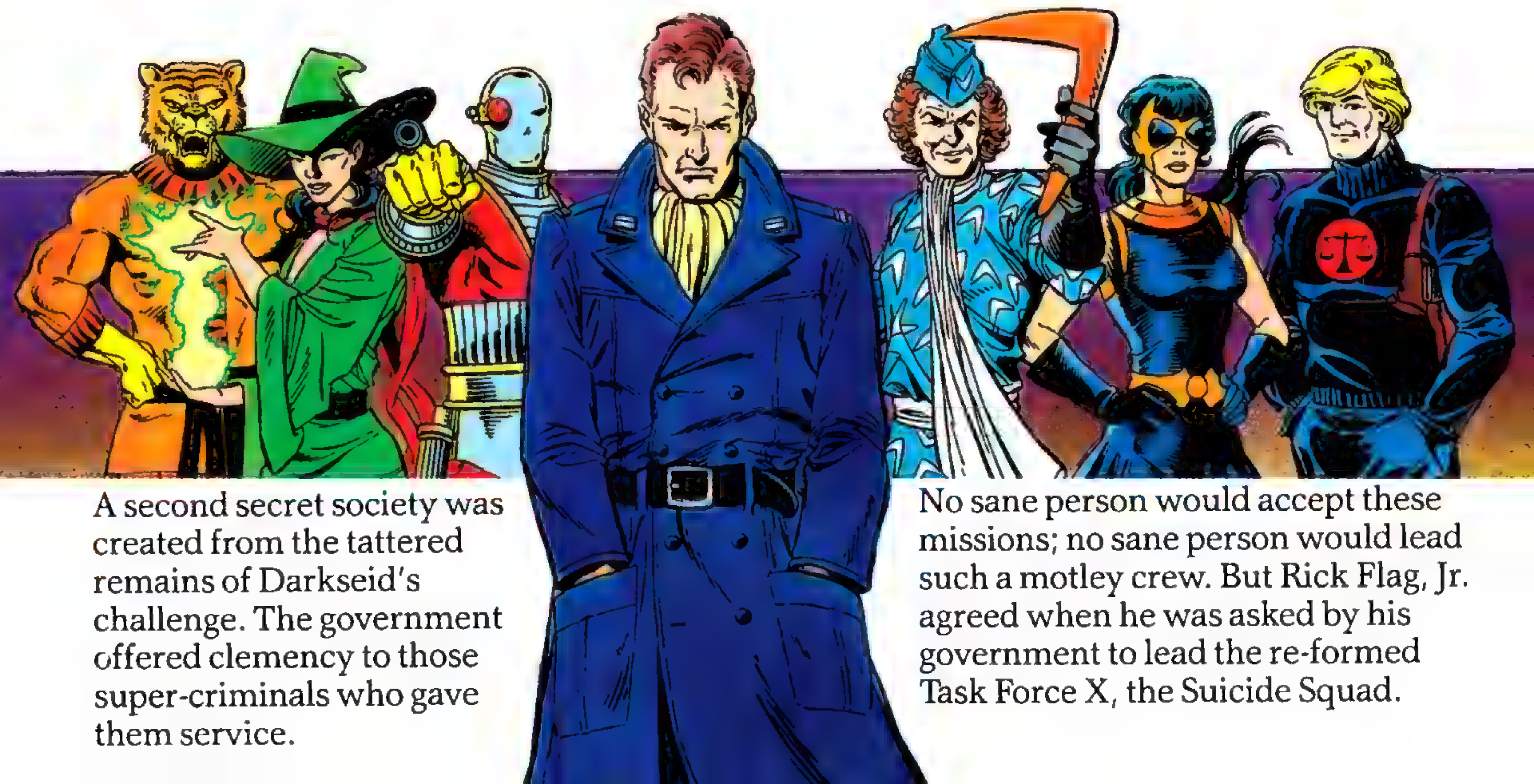
But take a legend — twist it, destroy it — remove it from conscious memory; take the legend of greatness and reduce it to nothingness. That was the plan of Darkseid the Destroyer. Through his destruction of legends, the great devil sought to make himself a god unto mankind.

Darkseid's dreams of glory faded, but from his fevered wish to destroy the fabric of legend, new ones were given birth.





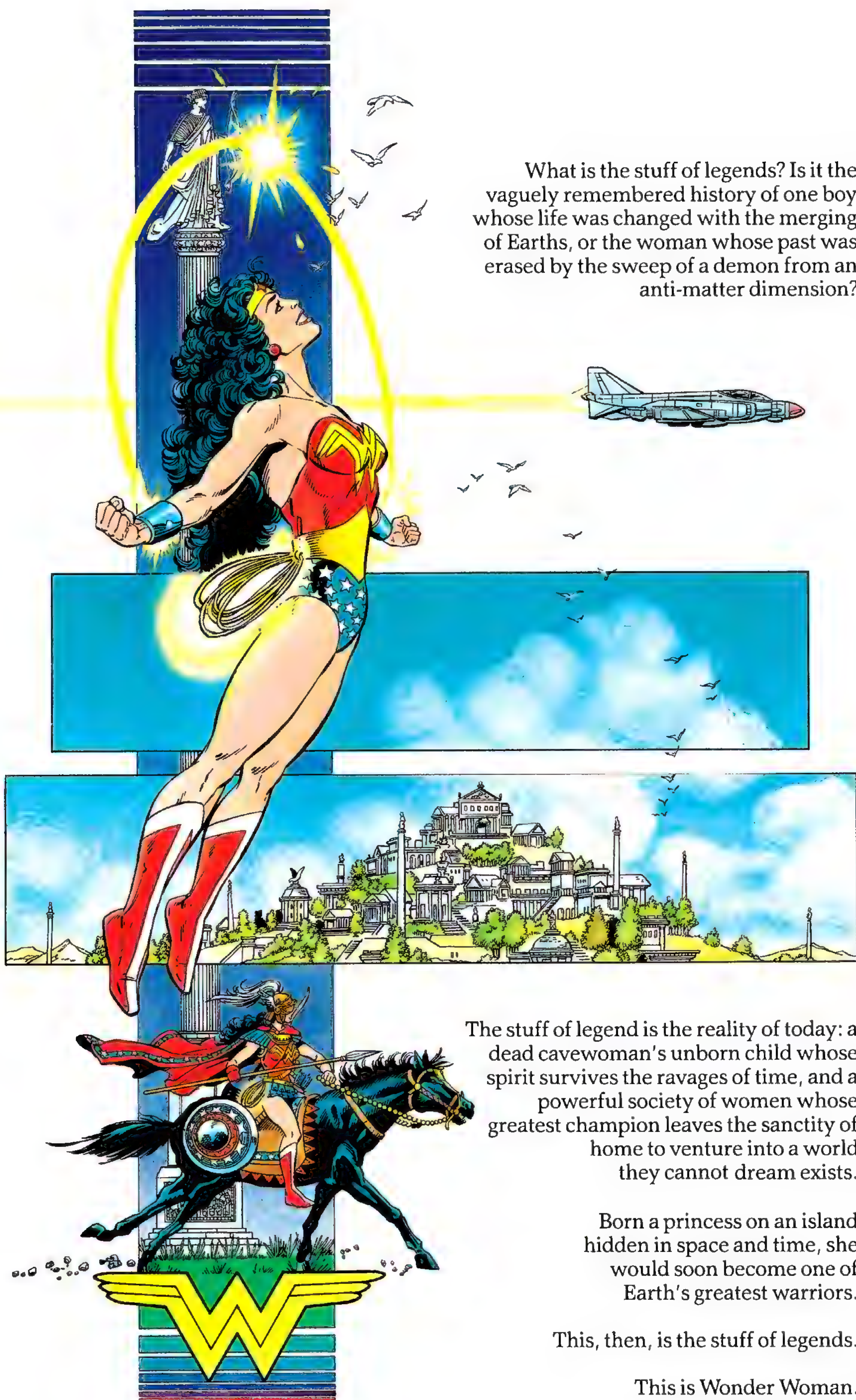
The Justice League of America was no longer, but in its wake a new force was born. Forevermore this international — even interplanetary — team would be called The Justice League.



A second secret society was created from the tattered remains of Darkseid's challenge. The government offered clemency to those super-criminals who gave them service.

No sane person would accept these missions; no sane person would lead such a motley crew. But Rick Flag, Jr. agreed when he was asked by his government to lead the re-formed Task Force X, the Suicide Squad.

What is the stuff of legends? Is it the vaguely remembered history of one boy whose life was changed with the merging of Earths, or the woman whose past was erased by the sweep of a demon from an anti-matter dimension?



The stuff of legend is the reality of today: a dead cavewoman's unborn child whose spirit survives the ravages of time, and a powerful society of women whose greatest champion leaves the sanctity of home to venture into a world they cannot dream exists.

Born a princess on an island hidden in space and time, she would soon become one of Earth's greatest warriors.

This, then, is the stuff of legends.

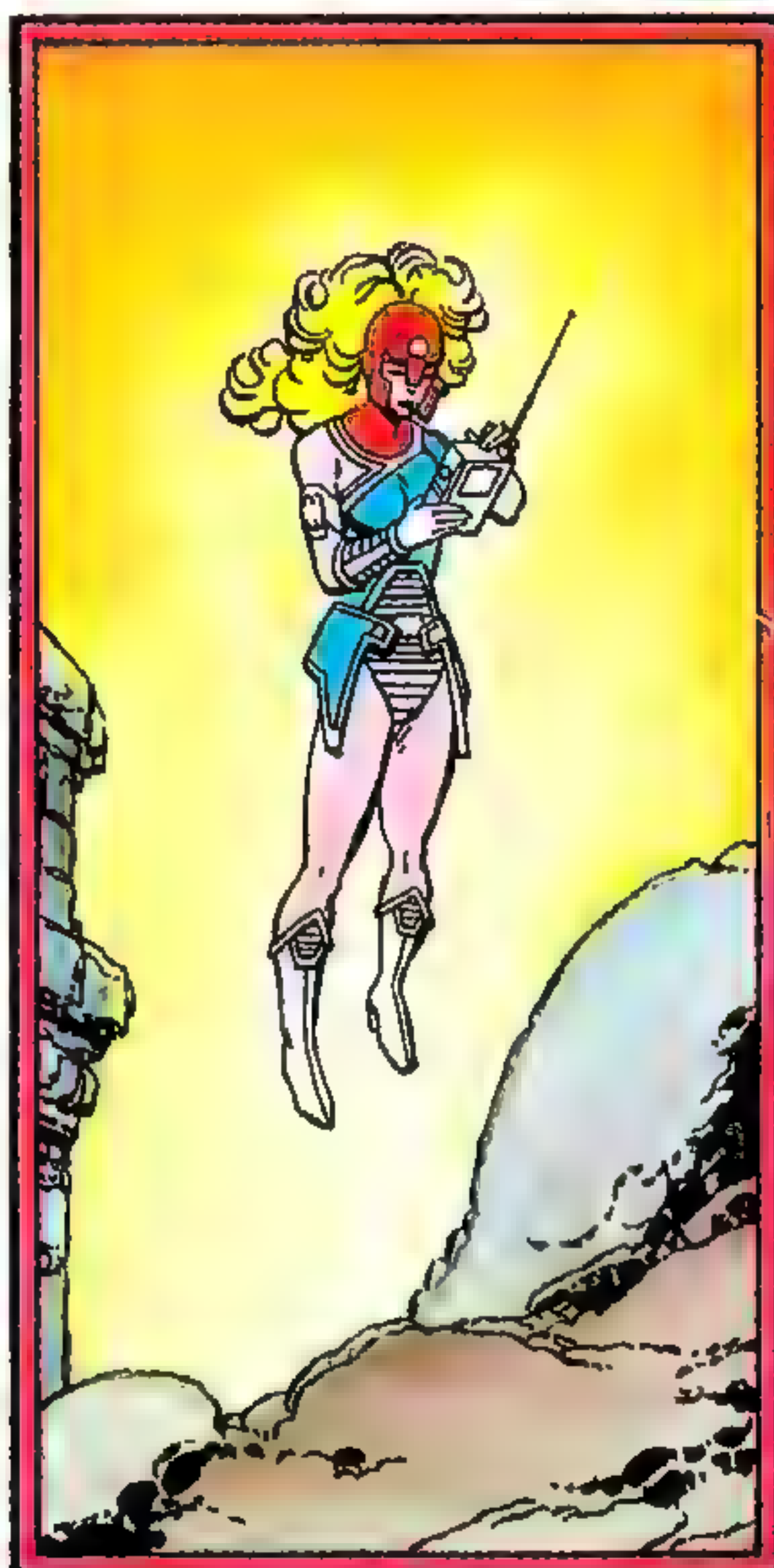
This is Wonder Woman.

Until now this narrative has dealt with times past and present. We have seen the history of the universe and its current events. But The Monitor's computers can see not only what was and is, but what will be.

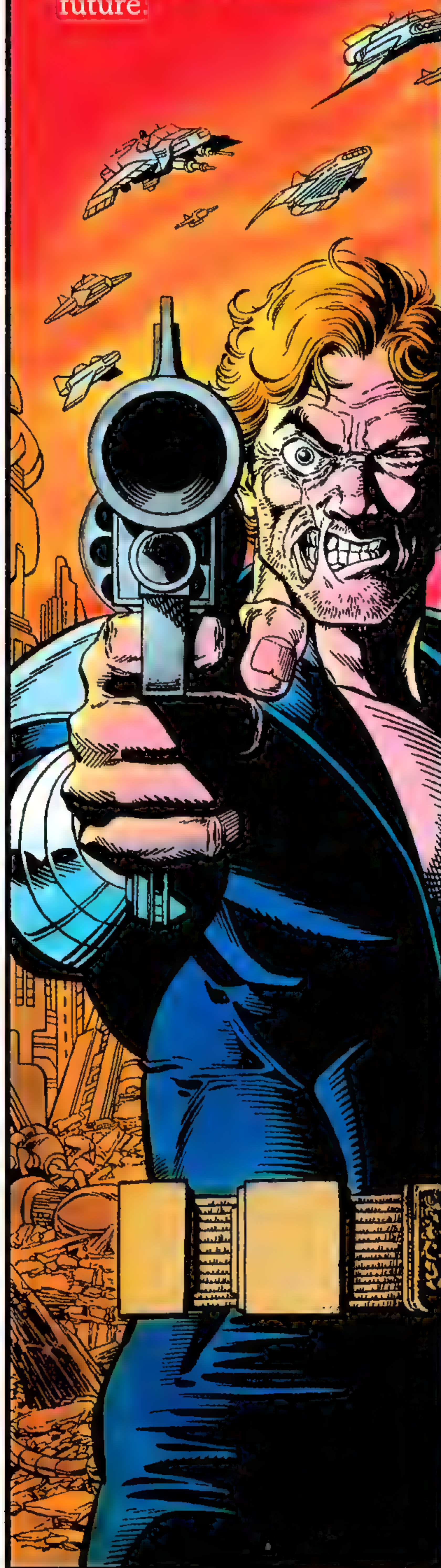
With the merging of the universes, there came one consistent future.

The twenty-first century began not with the hoped-for peace between nations, but with the harsh reality of war. The seven superpowers that existed at the dawn of the new millennium withheld the use of their nuclear arsenal until the war's final days.

Even then, deployment of the nuclear arsenal was surprisingly limited. Fear of global catastrophe and annihilation prevented even the Terrorist Triumvirate from launching a full-scale attack. In all, only seventeen nuclear missiles were launched. Only six reached their targets. Destruction, though widespread, was contained to a half-dozen areas around the globe, but even this limited war could not prevent the chaos that ensued. The Earth became a new, grim world.



It took almost sixty years for order to return. And it took the rebirth of heroes to insure the world would survive until order prevailed. From the past came men like Jonah Hex to fight for a peaceful future.



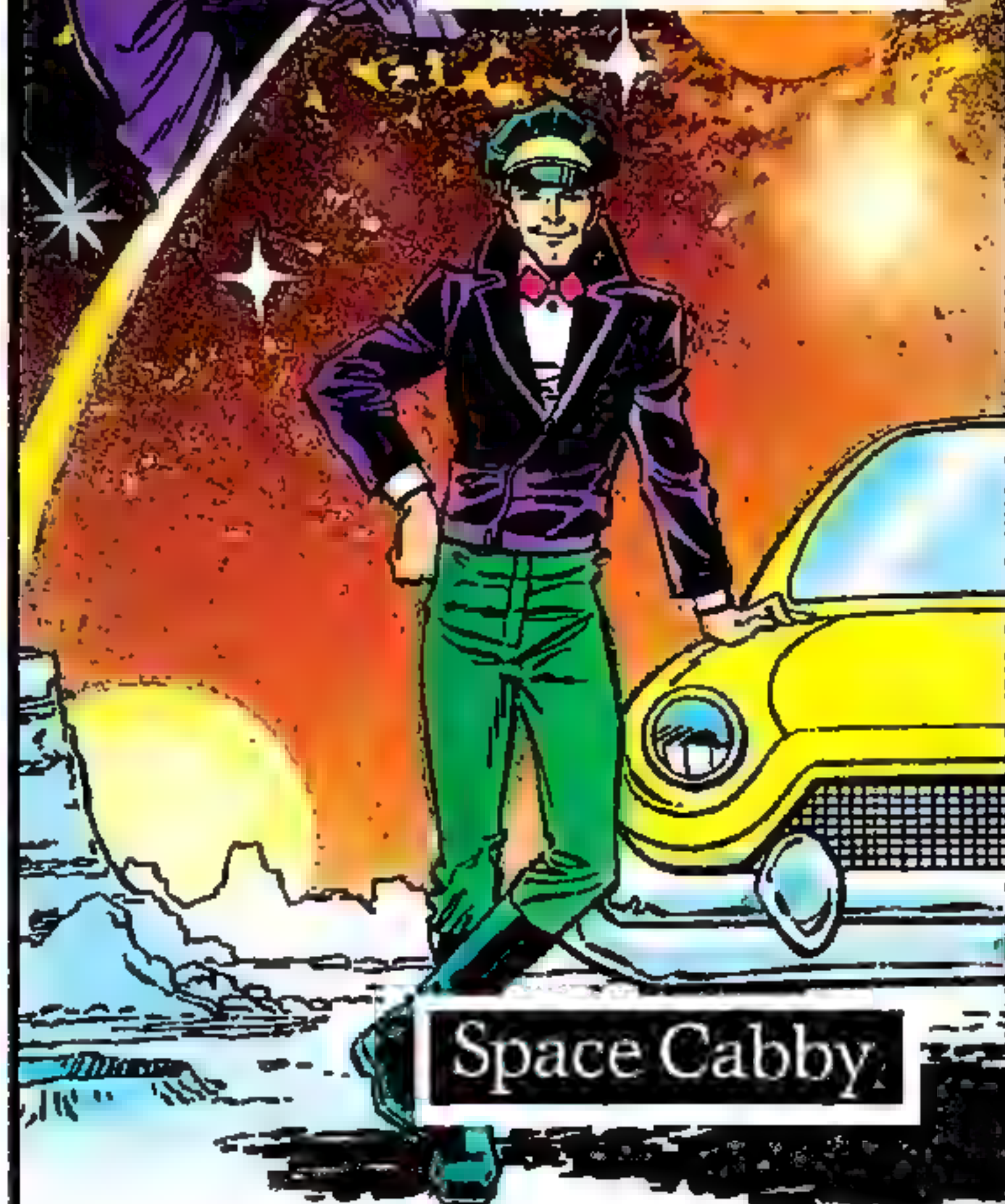
Chris KL-99



Star Rovers



Star Hawkins

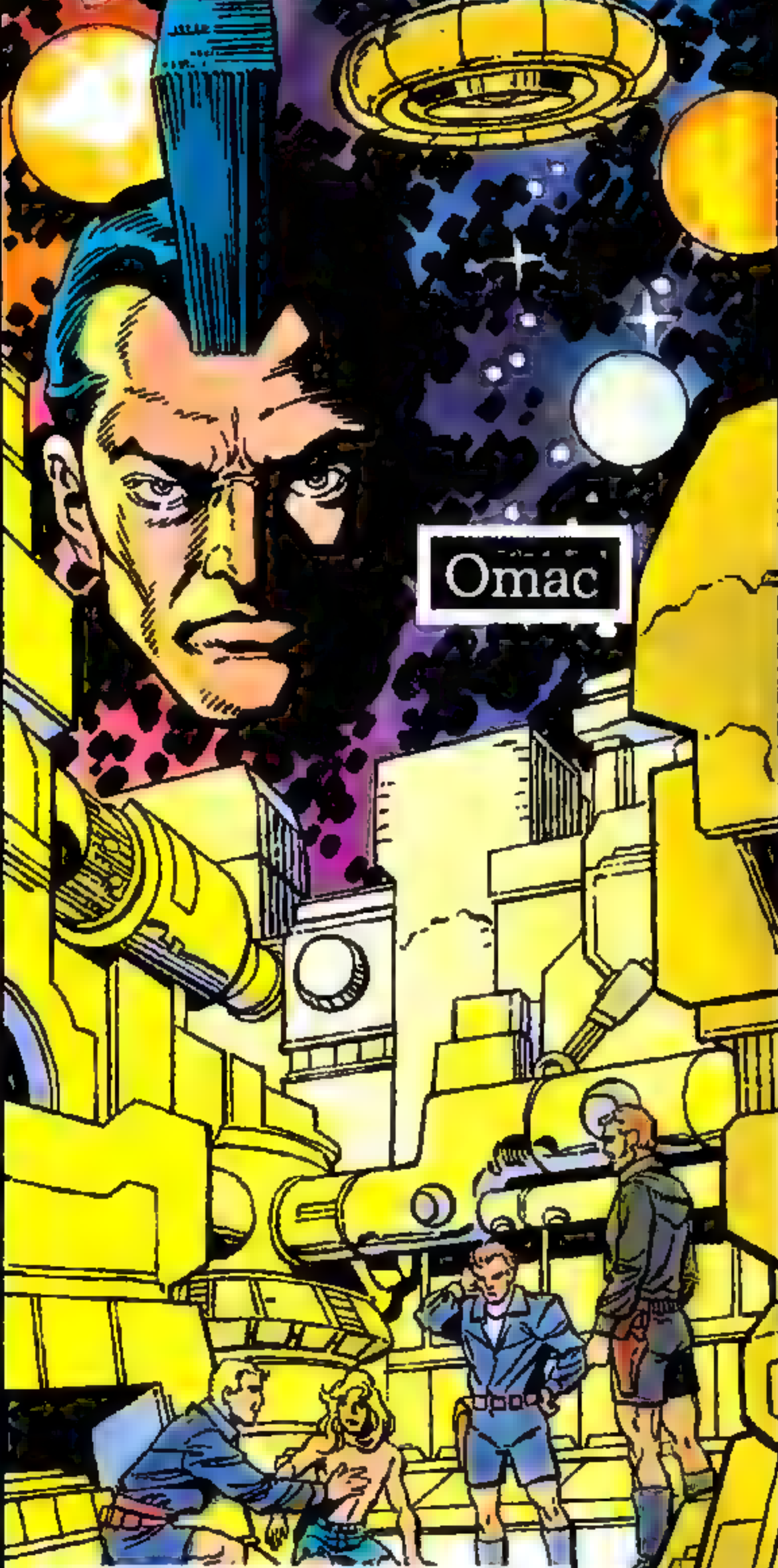


Space Cabby

The future was one of peace. Within one century, mankind had regained its control over the Earth. Space was conquered. At long last, Earthlings had reached the stars!

A young orphan boy was found in the Command D bunker of Space Planeteer Headquarters by Gen. Horatio Tomorrow.

Young Tommy Tomorrow would grow up to become the greatest Planeteer of all.



Omac

Tommy Tomorrow



The Planeteers were the prime peace-keeping armed forces of the future. The Space Rangers became the future policemen.

This was a time for exploration and courage. Man reached beyond his solar system, journeyed to the farthest reaches



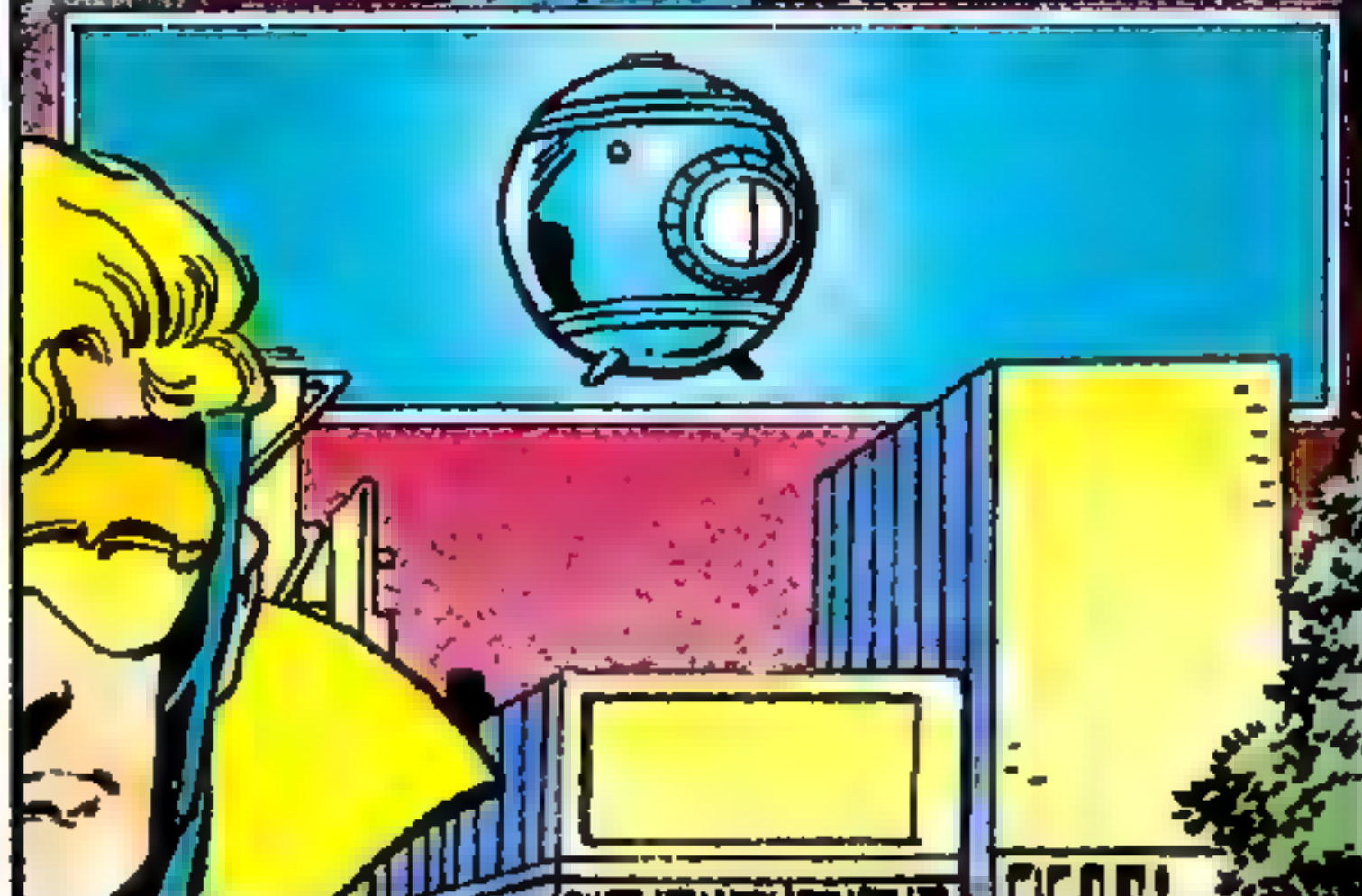
Space Ranger

of the Milky Way galaxy. The courageous spirit of past explorers was rekindled in the far future.

Throughout the twentieth century, popular literature claimed the future would be sterile and unemotional. Instead, the future became a place where humanity was rediscovered. The pioneer spirit was alive and inspired all.

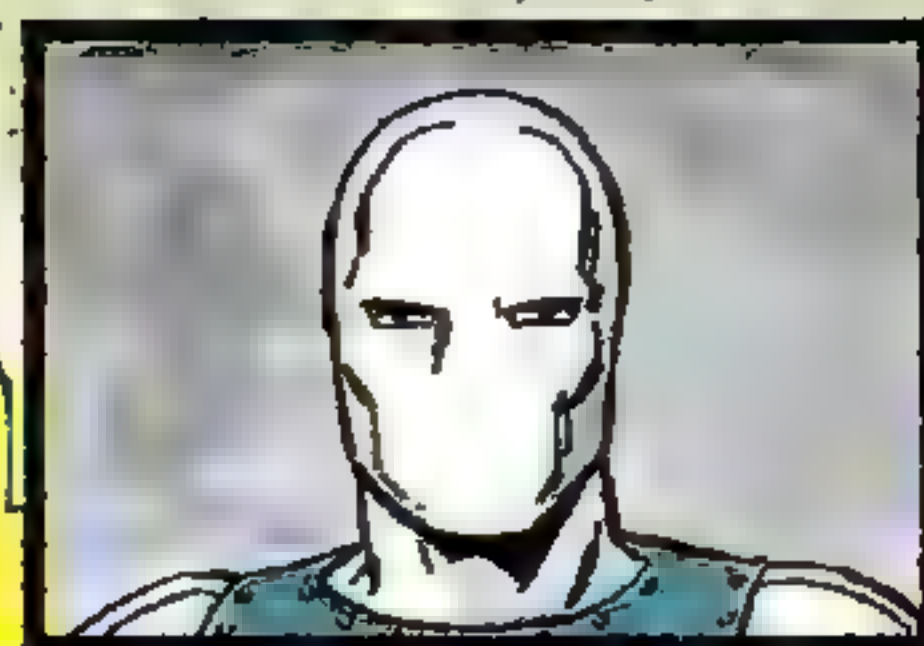
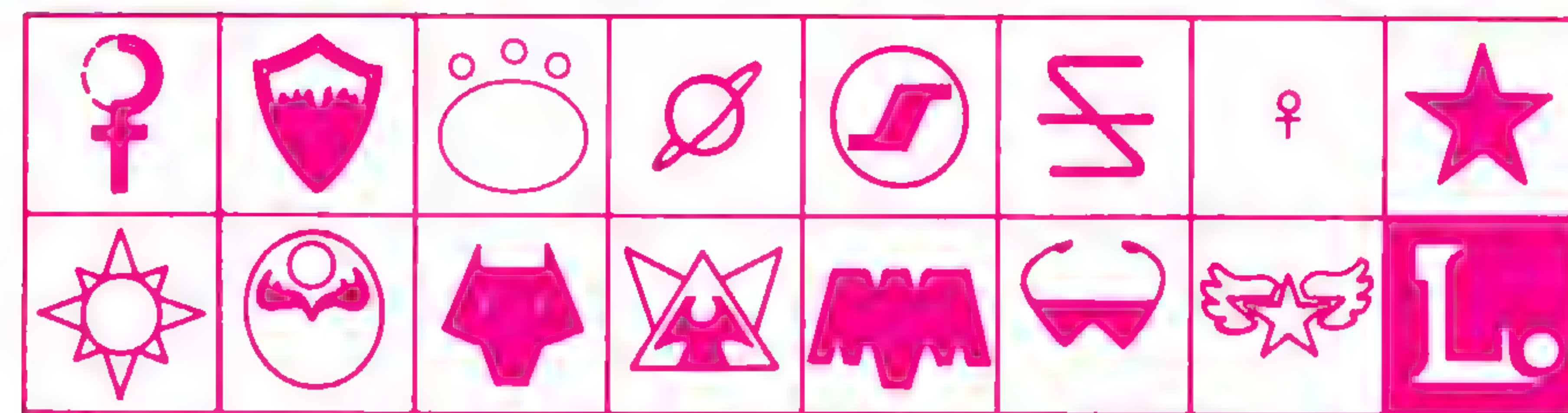
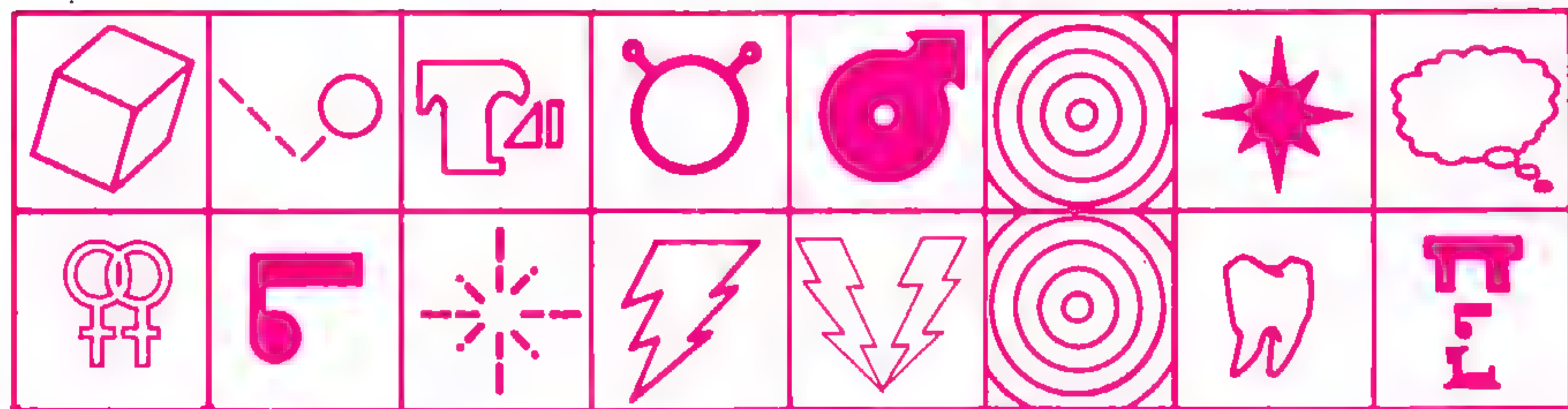
This was a time not only of great peace, but one of great hope. The time for war was over and it looked, at last, that Earth could become a utopia.

Booster Gold



There was a millennium of peace as planets throughout this galaxy and others became colonized by our children's children. The future was bright and the heroic ideal flourished again. It was in the thirtieth century that the third wave of heroes came into being with what was to be the greatest of all heroic societies.

They came from planets everywhere. They were the most powerful teenagers in the universe and they called themselves The Legion of Super-Heroes.



With the birth of the Legion came others in their wake: The Heroes of Lallor.



And in deepest space, another set of heroes grew to become legends, as The Wanderers sailed throughout the universe. Their successes were many — until their sudden disappearance.



Some have said that the presence of heroes creates the need for foes for them to fight.

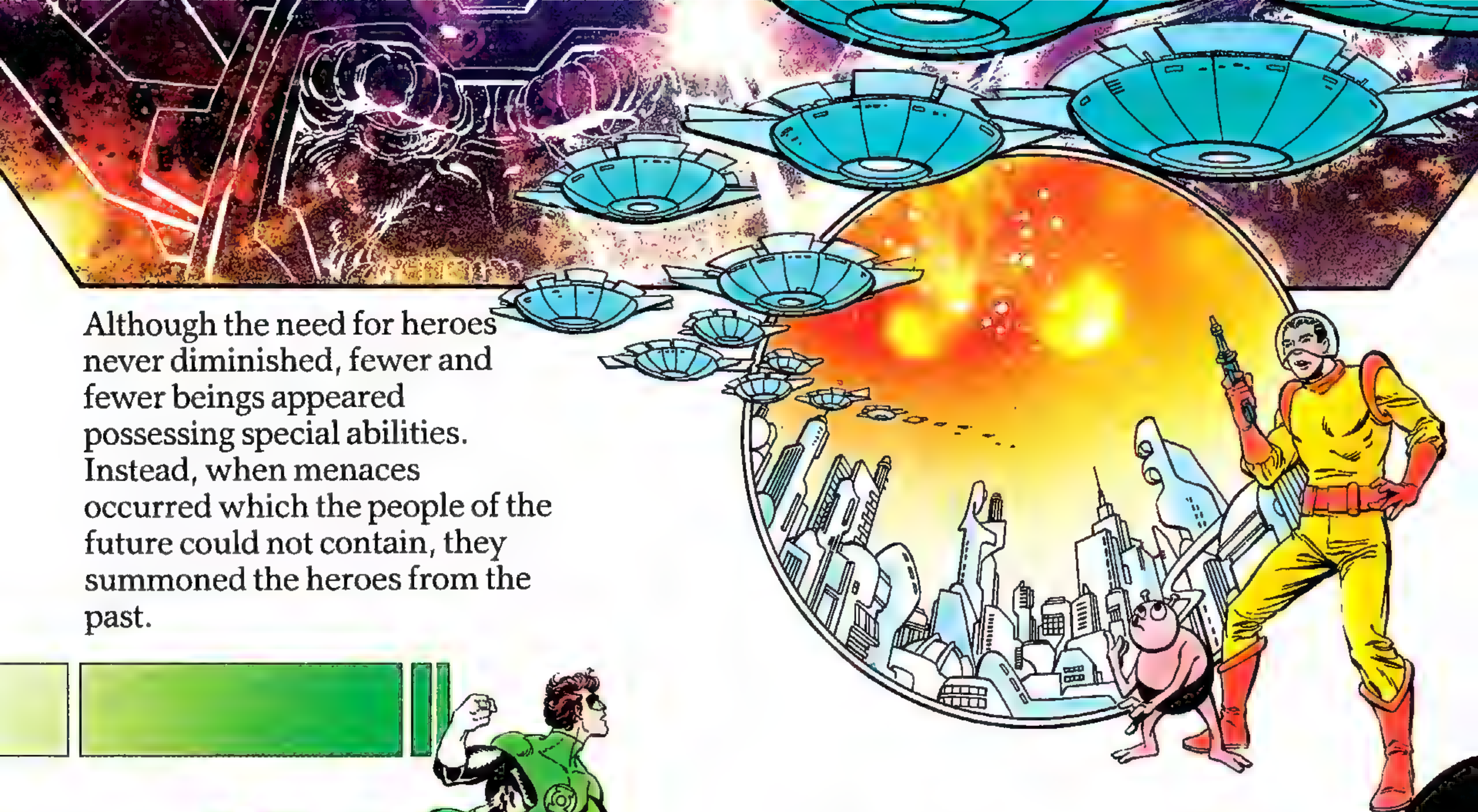


The Monitor repeatedly told me the same forces which create heroes create their enemies, born out of yin and yang — the cosmic and terrestrial and counterpoint.

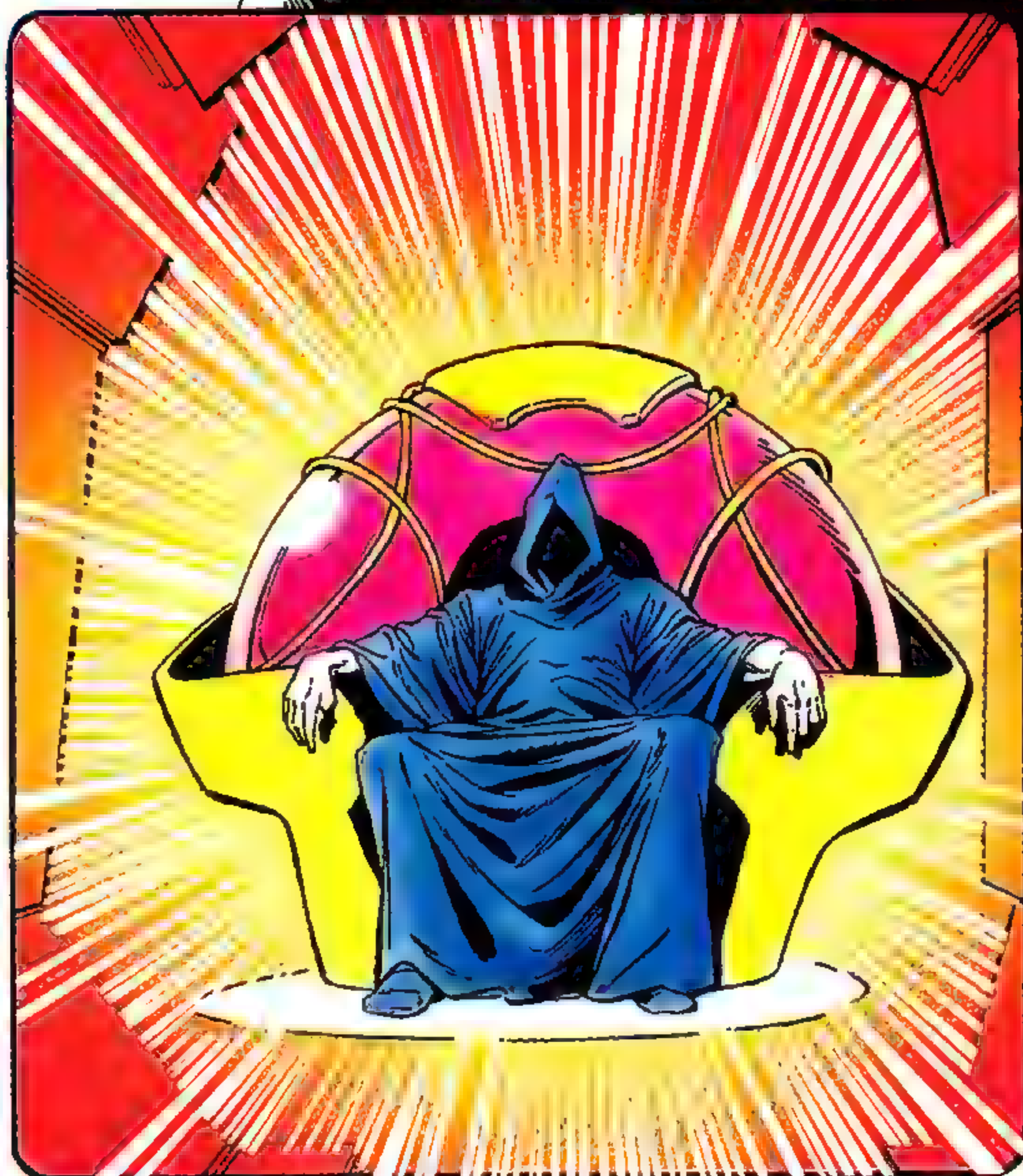
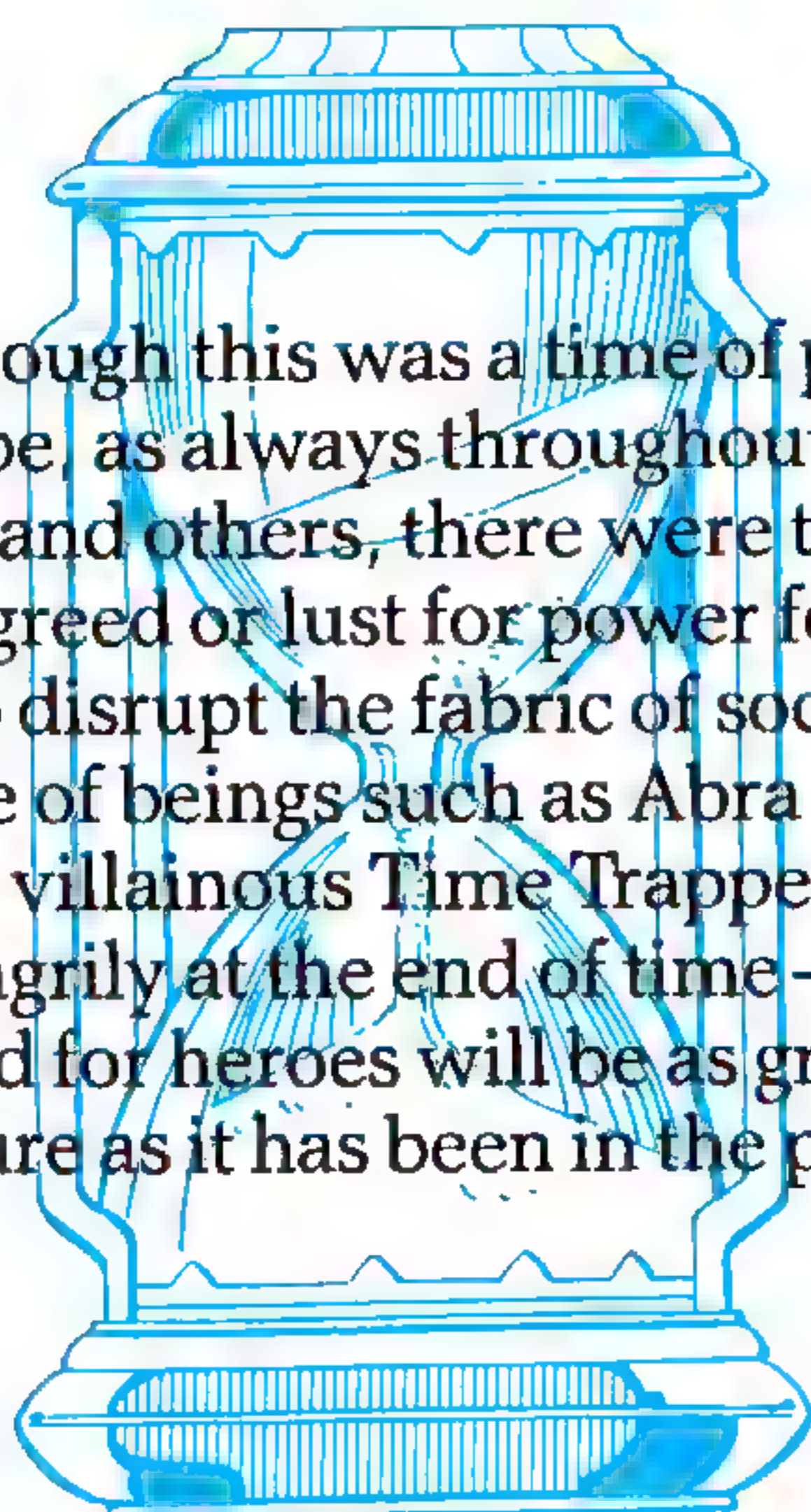
The Khunds were a despotic race; nurtured in a world forever eclipsed, their power spread throughout the galaxy. It took the combined powers of all the Legionnaires to end their menace.

Some evil cannot be destroyed: Great Darkseid the Destroyer survived for centuries. His ultimate vanquishment has never been recorded.

Although the need for heroes never diminished, fewer and fewer beings appeared possessing special abilities. Instead, when menaces occurred which the people of the future could not contain, they summoned the heroes from the past.



Even though this was a time of peace and hope, as always throughout this history and others, there were those whose greed or lust for power forced them to disrupt the fabric of society. It is because of beings such as Abra Kadabra and the villainous Time Trapper — who sits hungrily at the end of time — that the need for heroes will be as great in the future as it has been in the past.

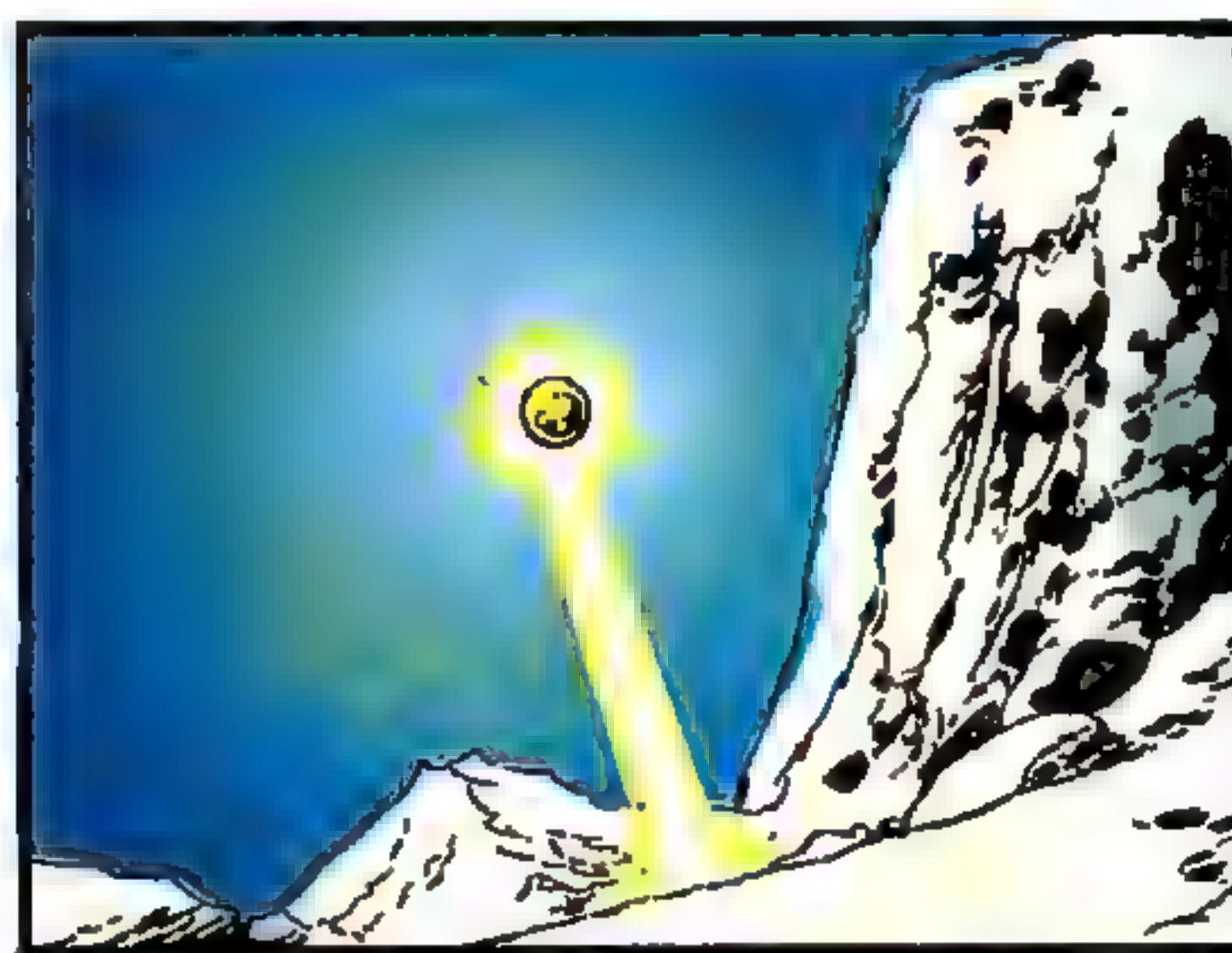
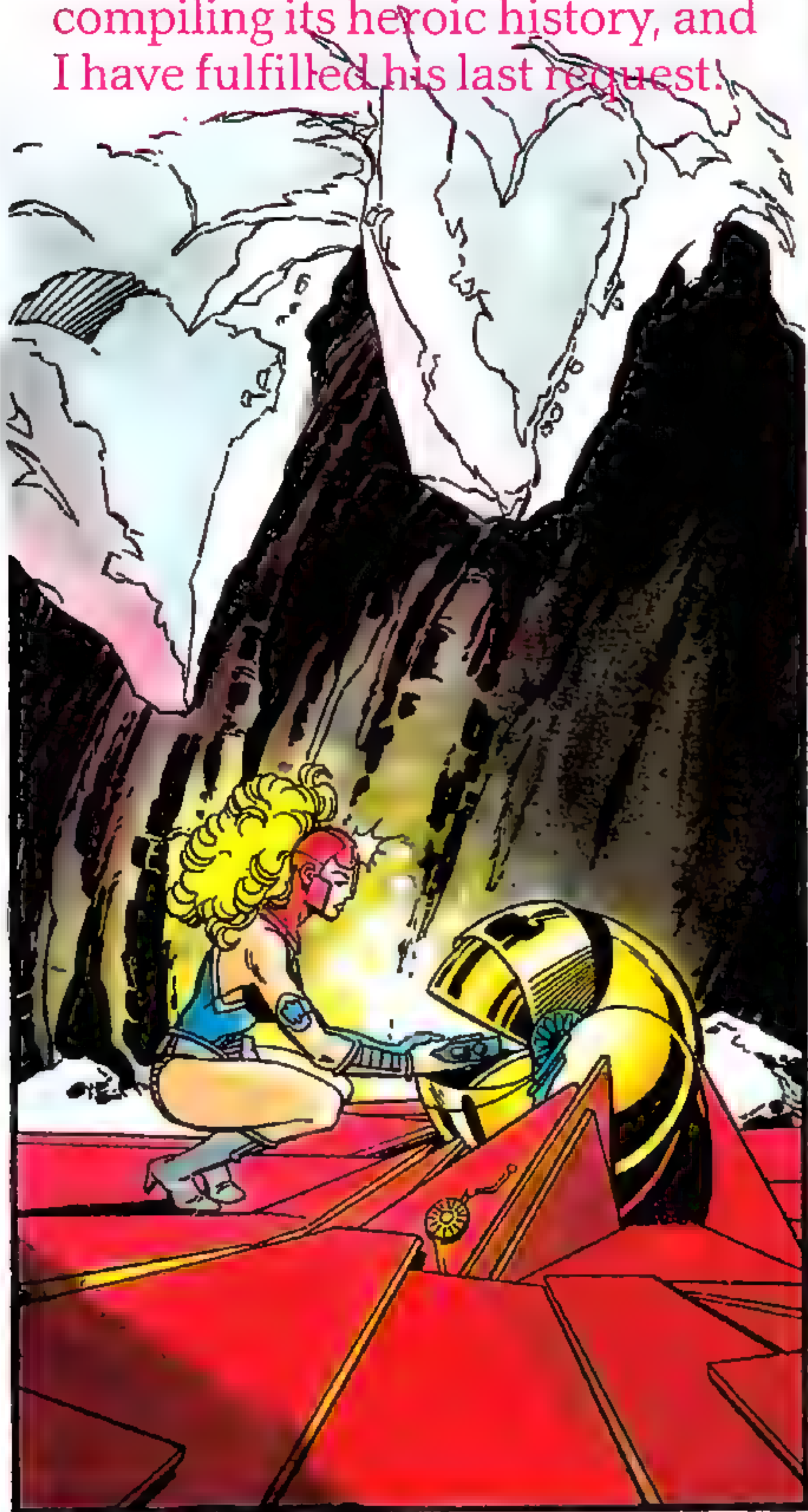




This tome of history is done. There were untold numbers I could not discuss, those billions of souls who would never be considered special, but whose common work each day makes them as great as any with unique powers and gifts.

I had sworn that I would complete the Monitor's work, and so I have, but this history may not be seen by any mortal eyes. The future must unfold as it comes — day by day, allowing for the ebb and flow of change.

It ends now. The Monitor had dreamed of saving the universe, and so he did; he dreamed of compiling its heroic history, and I have fulfilled his last request.



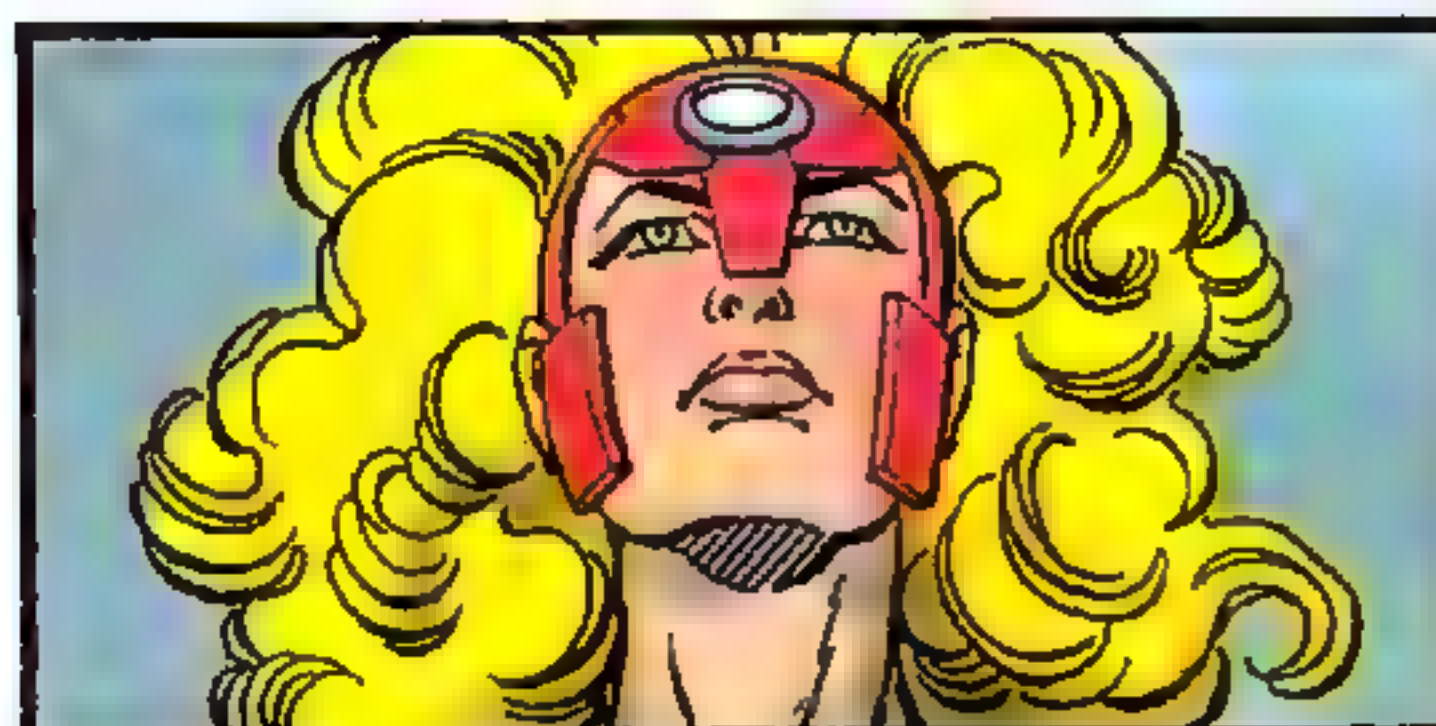
And is so doing, I have learned the truth: the stuff of heroes is within us all—the willingness to go beyond the normal routine and lend help to those who need it.

Give food to the hungry, freedom to the oppressed, safety to the victim, peace to the survivors of war.

I remember as a child the so-called Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. To be a hero is to live by those words.

It is as simple as that.

I bid you now farewell.



Superman Post-Crisis Chronology Volume 011 Legends

"Once Upon a Time...!", first appeared in Legends issue #1, released August 26, 1986

Joe Orlando (writer), John Ostrander (writer), Len Wein (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Jose Delbo (penciller), John Byrne (inker), Karl Kesel (inker), Pablo Marcos (inker)

"Breach of Faith", first appeared in Legends issue #2, released September 25, 1986

Len Wein (writer), John Ostrander (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker), John Byrne (inker)

Excerpt from "Those Who Will Not Learn the Lessons of History...", first appeared in Cosmic Boy issue #1, released October, 1986

Paul Levitz (writer), Ernie Colon (penciller), Keith Giffen (penciller), Steve Lightle (penciller), Bob Smith (inker), Steve Lightle (inker)

"Send For... The Suicide Squad!", first appeared in Legends issue #3, released October 23, 1986

Len Wein (writer), John Ostrander (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"Legends From The Darkside", first appeared in Superman issue #3, released January, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (inker), Terry Austin (inker)

"From the Dregs", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #426, released January, 1987

Marv Wolfman (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker), Jerry Ordway (inker)

"The Champion!", first appeared in Action Comics issue #586, released January, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker), John Byrne (inker), John Byrne (inker)



"Let Slip the Dogs of War!", first appeared in Legends issue #5, released December 26, 1986

Len Wein (writer), John Ostrander (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"Finale!", first appeared in Legends issue #6, released January 29, 1987

Len Wein (writer), John Ostrander (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker), Karl Kesel (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"The History of the DC Universe, Book One", first appeared in History of the DC Universe issue #1, released October, 1987

Marv Wolfman (writer), George Pérez (penciller), George Pérez (penciller), George Pérez (inker), George Pérez (inker), Karl Kesel (inker)

"The History of the DC Universe, Book Two", first appeared in History of the DC Universe issue #2, released October, 1987

Marv Wolfman (writer), George Pérez (penciller), George Pérez (inker), Karl Kesel (inker)



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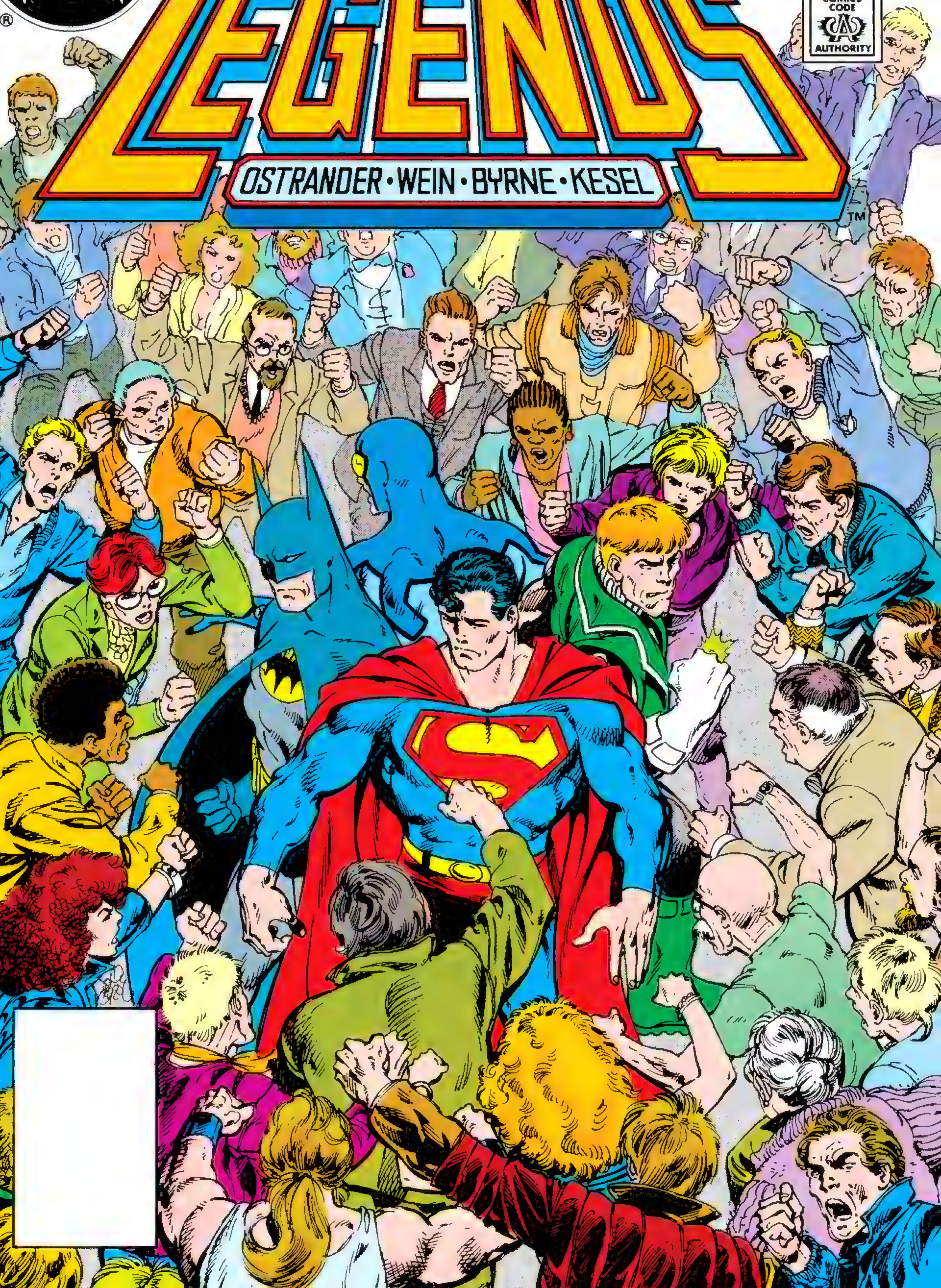
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